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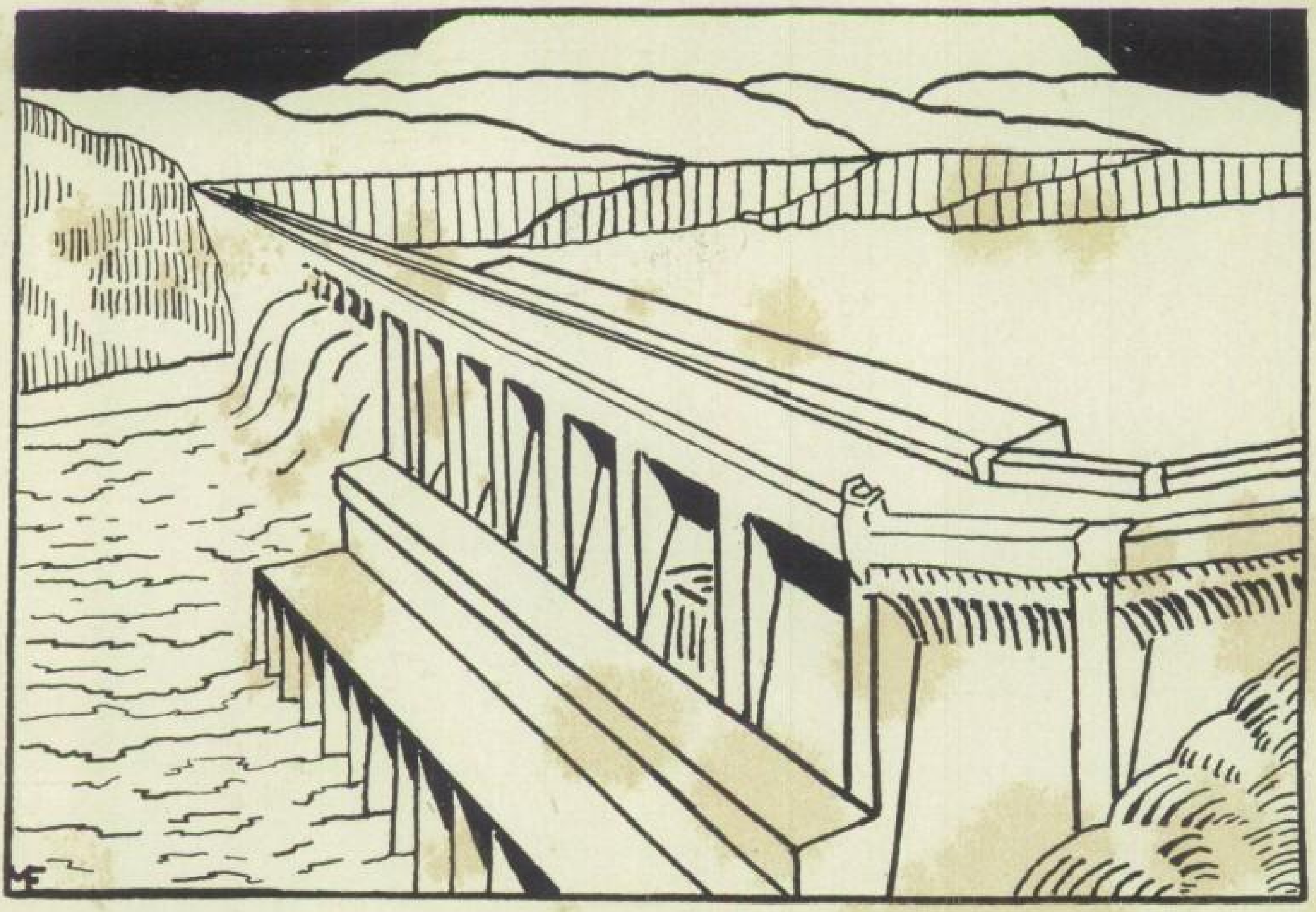
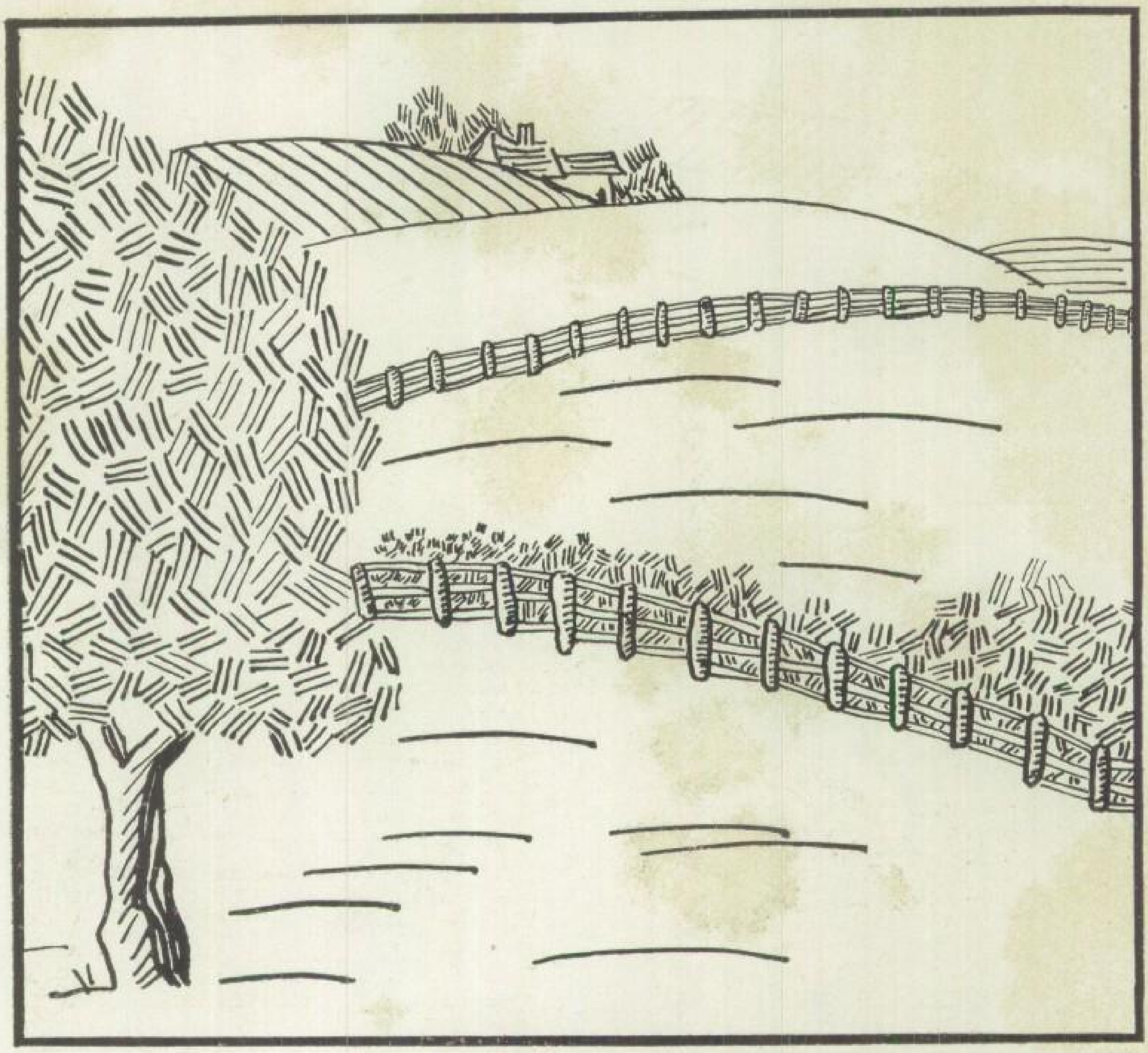
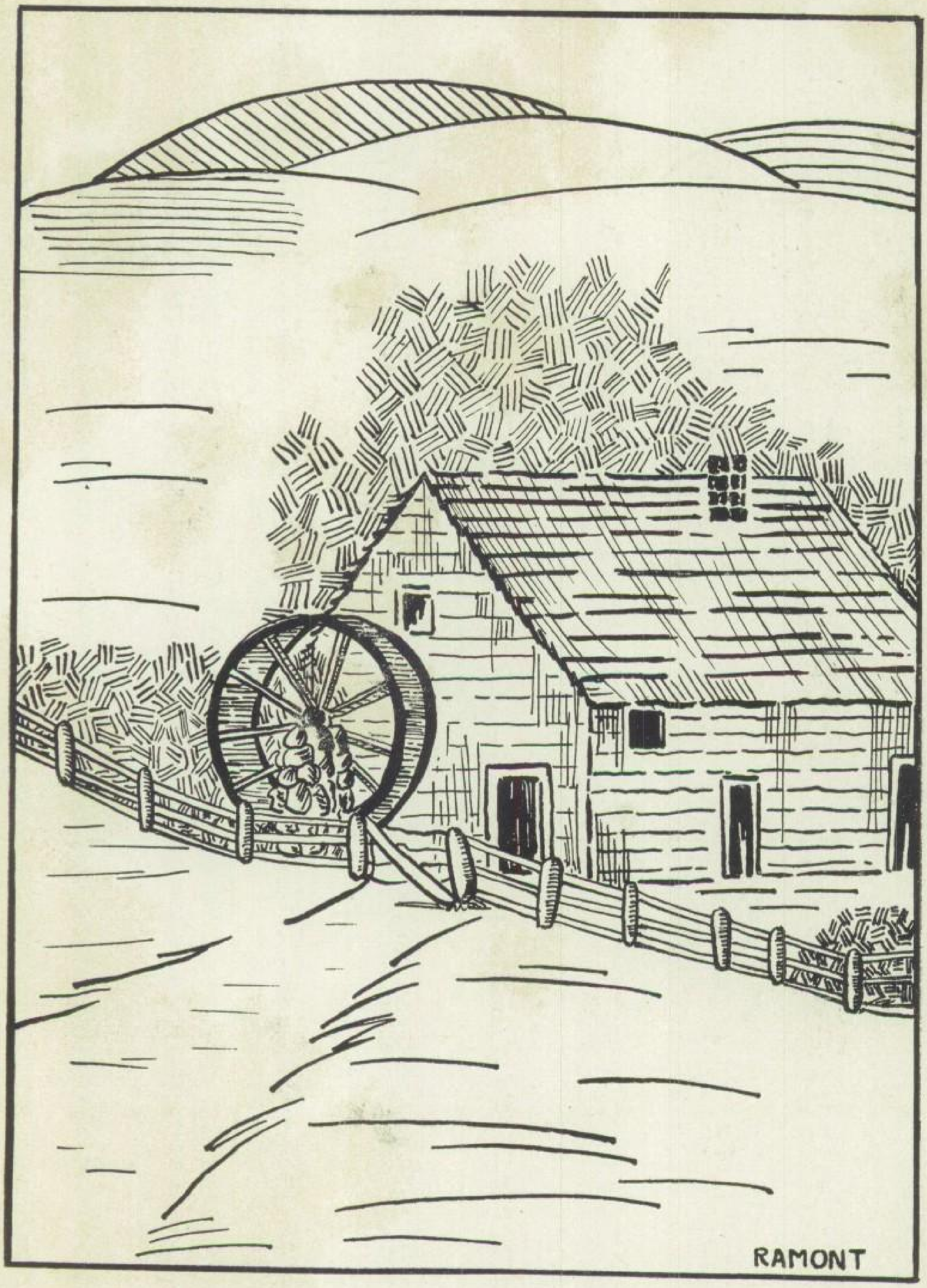


ROOSEVELT

JAN. St. Louis 1937



Dedicated to the
HIGHWAYS and BY-WAYS
of MISSOURI


RAMONT

For the art work in this book we
are indebted to Miss Marcella
Chapman's fifth term class.

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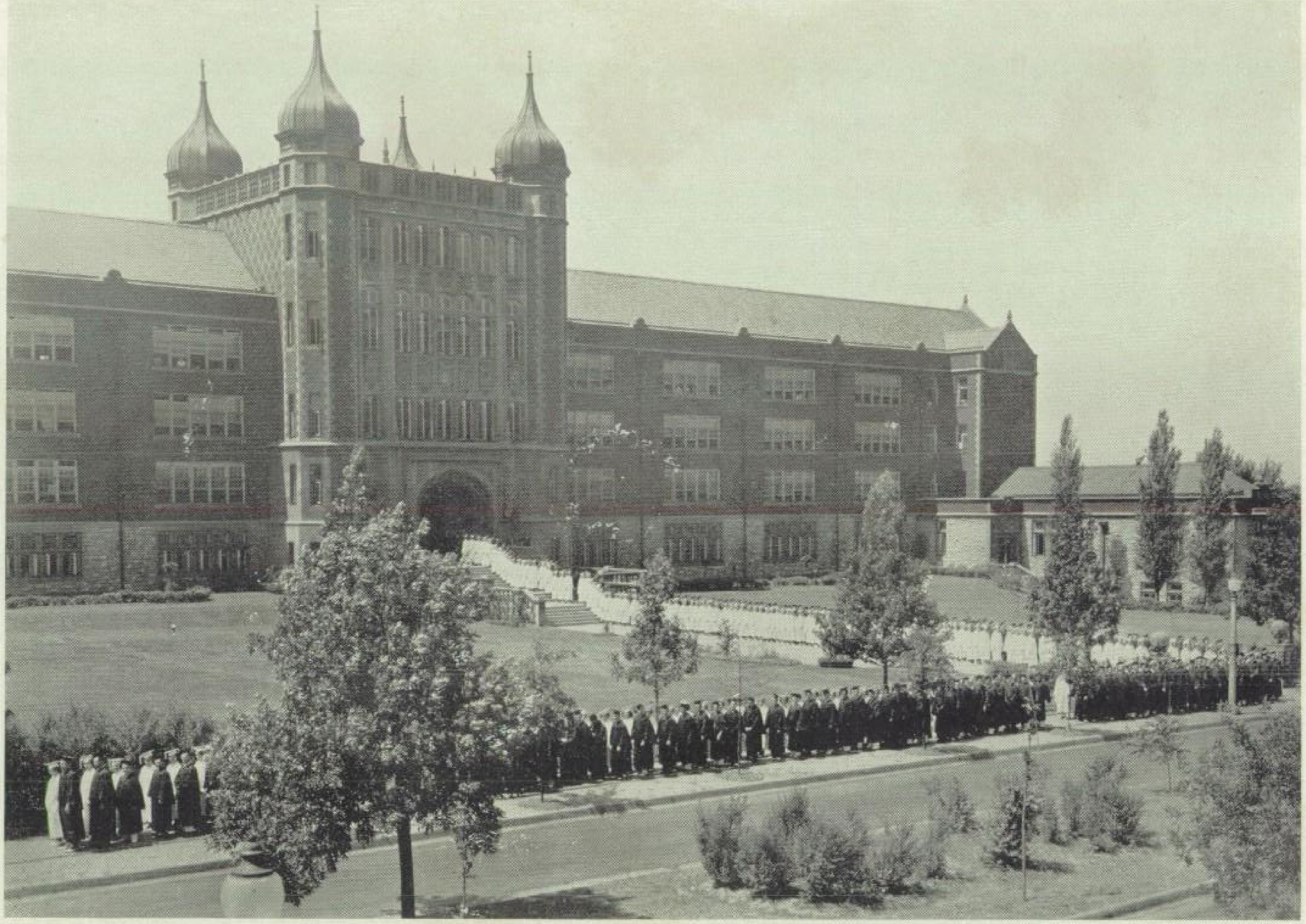
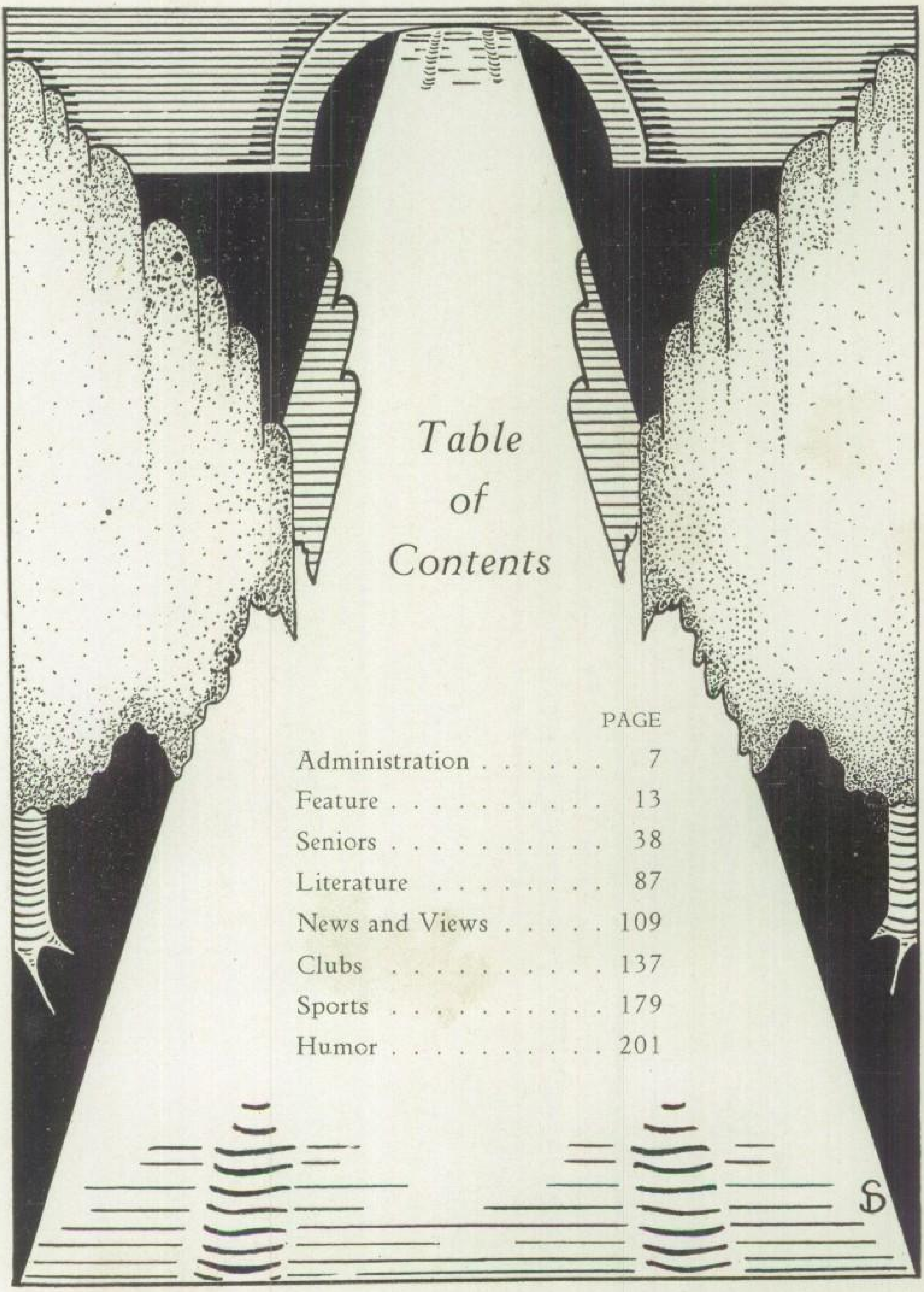


ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL
(Class of June, 1936, the first class to wear caps and gowns)



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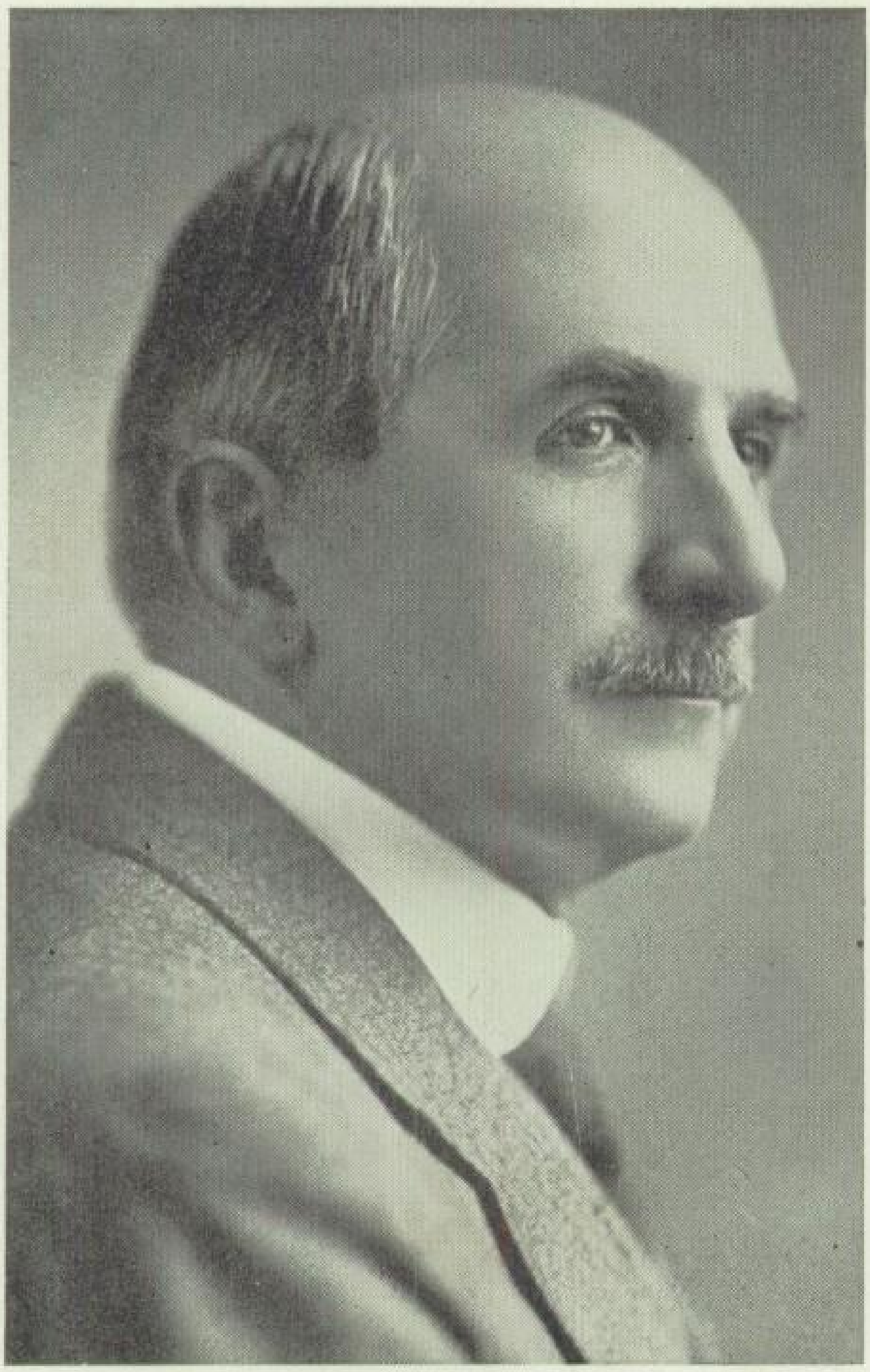

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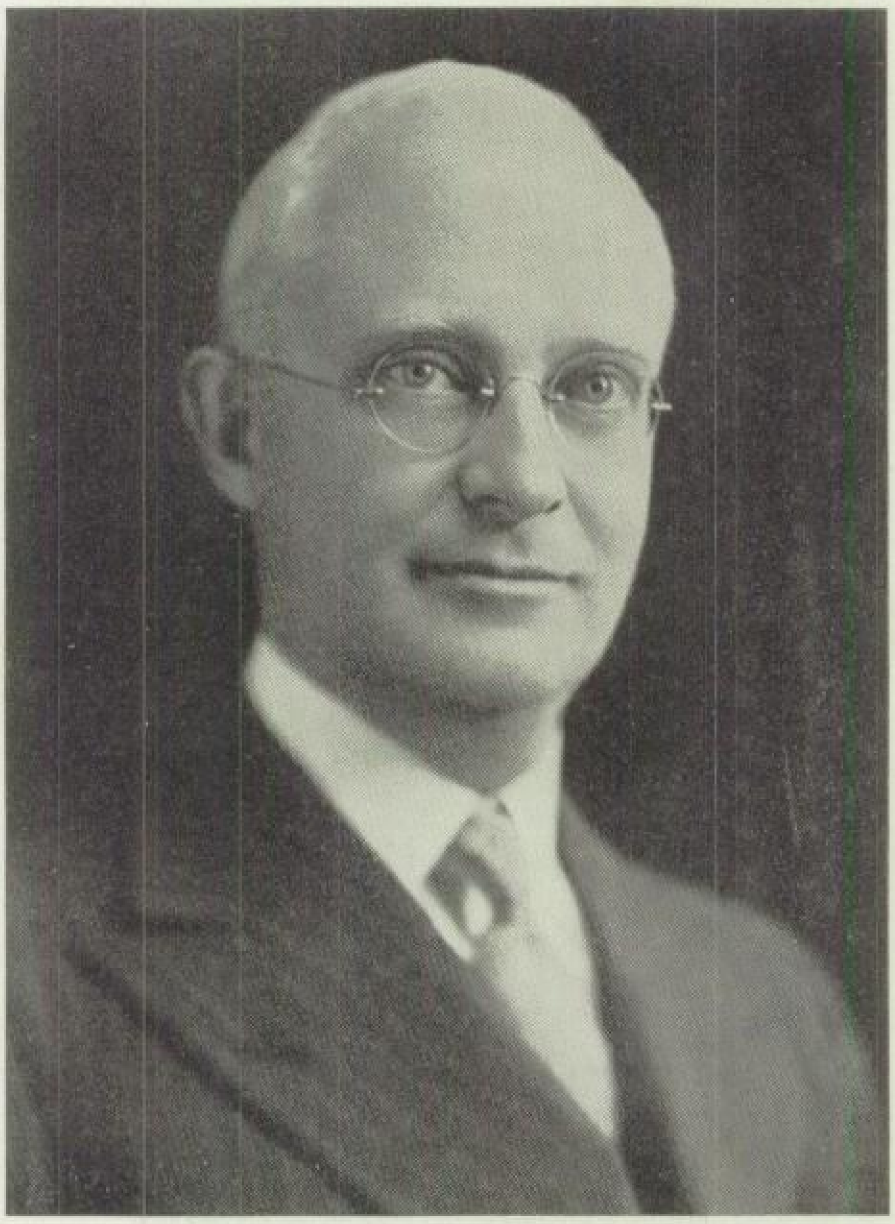

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Assistant Principal

MAIN ENTRANCE—ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

ALMA MATER

Tune: Alma Mater—Cornell

Far away we view her glory
Noble, great and grand!
She is standing, standing ever
With an outstretched hand!

CHORUS

Raise the Crimson
Speed it onward,
Make its presence felt!
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail, Roosevelt!

Then, and now, and e'en forever,
All our love deep felt
Shall usurp our other feelings,
Praising thee, Roosevelt!

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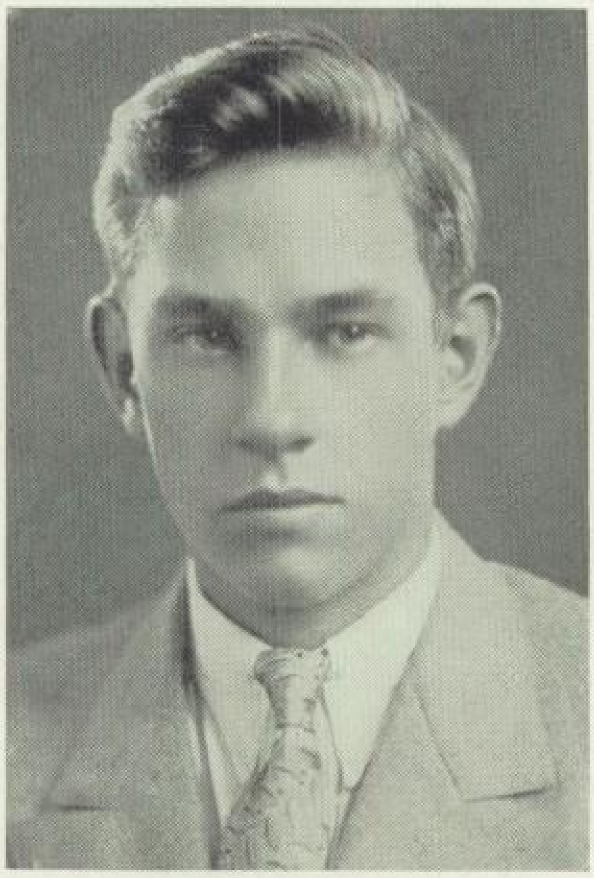
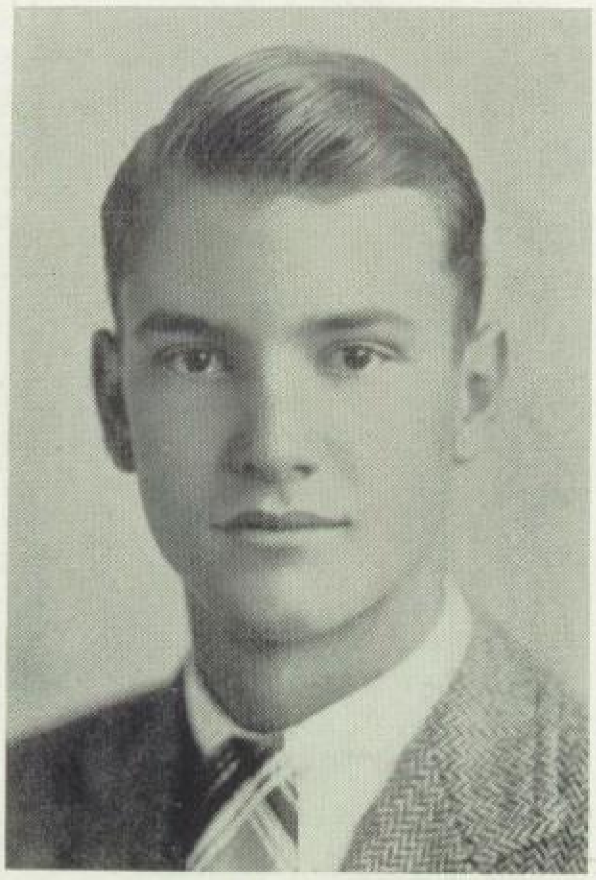
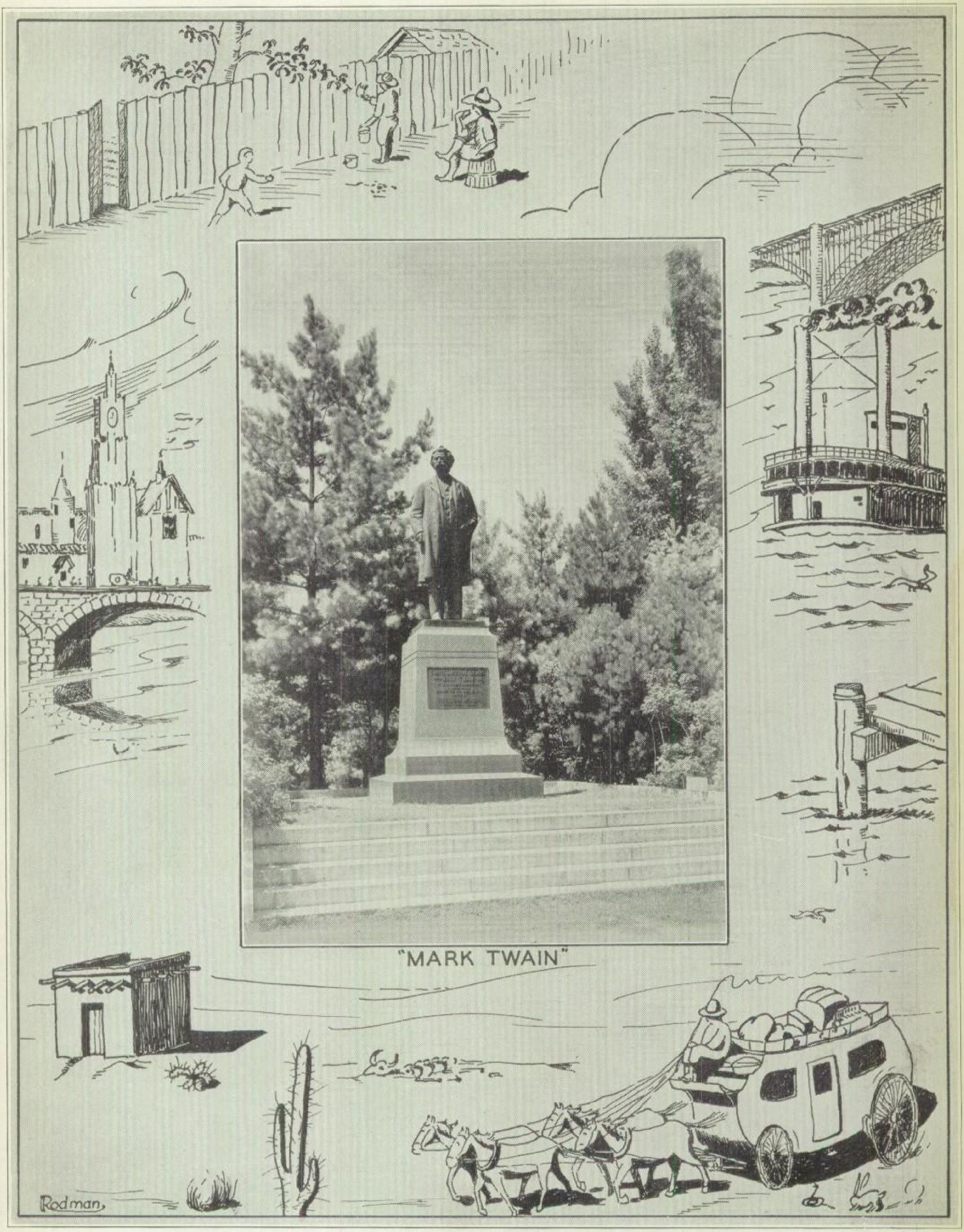


WILBERT BERG

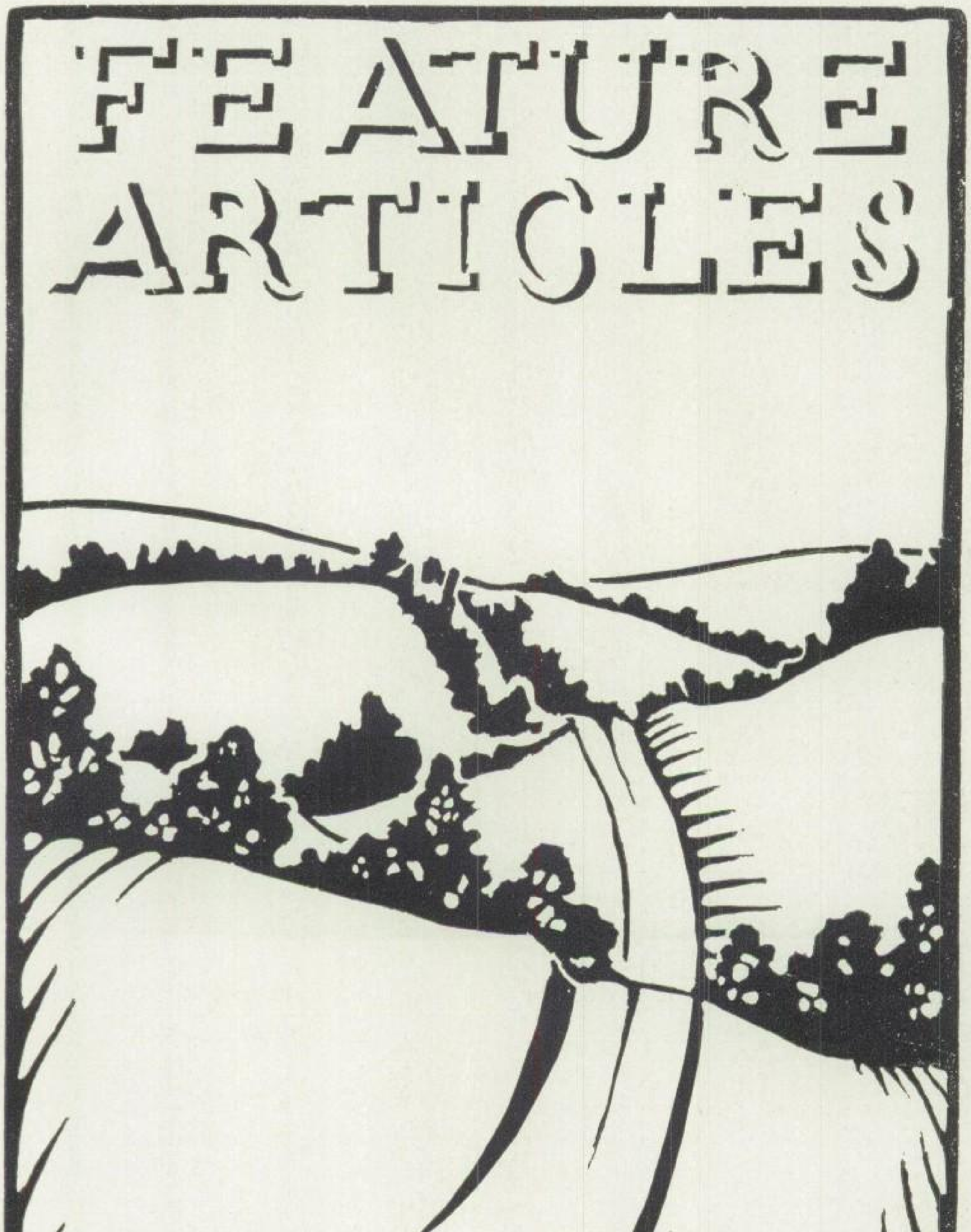


JACK BEARDSLEY
Mayors of Roosevelt High School, 1936


"MARK TWAIN"
Rodman

Courtesy Missouri State Highway Commissio

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL—HANNIBAL, MISSOURI


FEATURE
ARTICLES

Courtesy Schuster Studio, Hermann, Mo.

A MODERN MISSOURI HIGHWAY

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF MISSOURI

EVERY year many people of Missouri spend huge sums of money traveling. They travel through all the states of the Union, and even through some foreign countries, in search of beautiful scenery, recreation, and adventure. These people do not seem to realize that right here in Missouri we have the beautiful Ozark mountains, easily accessible. The Ozarks may be reached in a half-day of travel over smooth paved highways, which have every convenience to make driving a pleasure, and a safe pleasure.

A trip over a Missouri highway is never a dull one because there is always something new and interesting to attract the attention of the traveler. The highway may at one time wind around the edge of a high cliff, giving the traveler a fine view of the country for miles around; and at another time may take its way through a fertile valley of farms, hemmed in on each side by the mountains. Now and then it passes through a quaint village, which at times consists of no more than a general store. As we draw near the mountains, these villages become more and more interesting because of their more or less old-fashioned buildings and their backwoods populations, which today are becoming more modernized, because of closer contact with the rest of the country through telephone, telegraph, radio, and highways.

In the Ozarks, the traveler may find any kind of recreation he may want: fishing, hunting, horseback-riding, swimming, and hiking; or he may explore the many caves, springs, cliffs, rivers, and lakes.

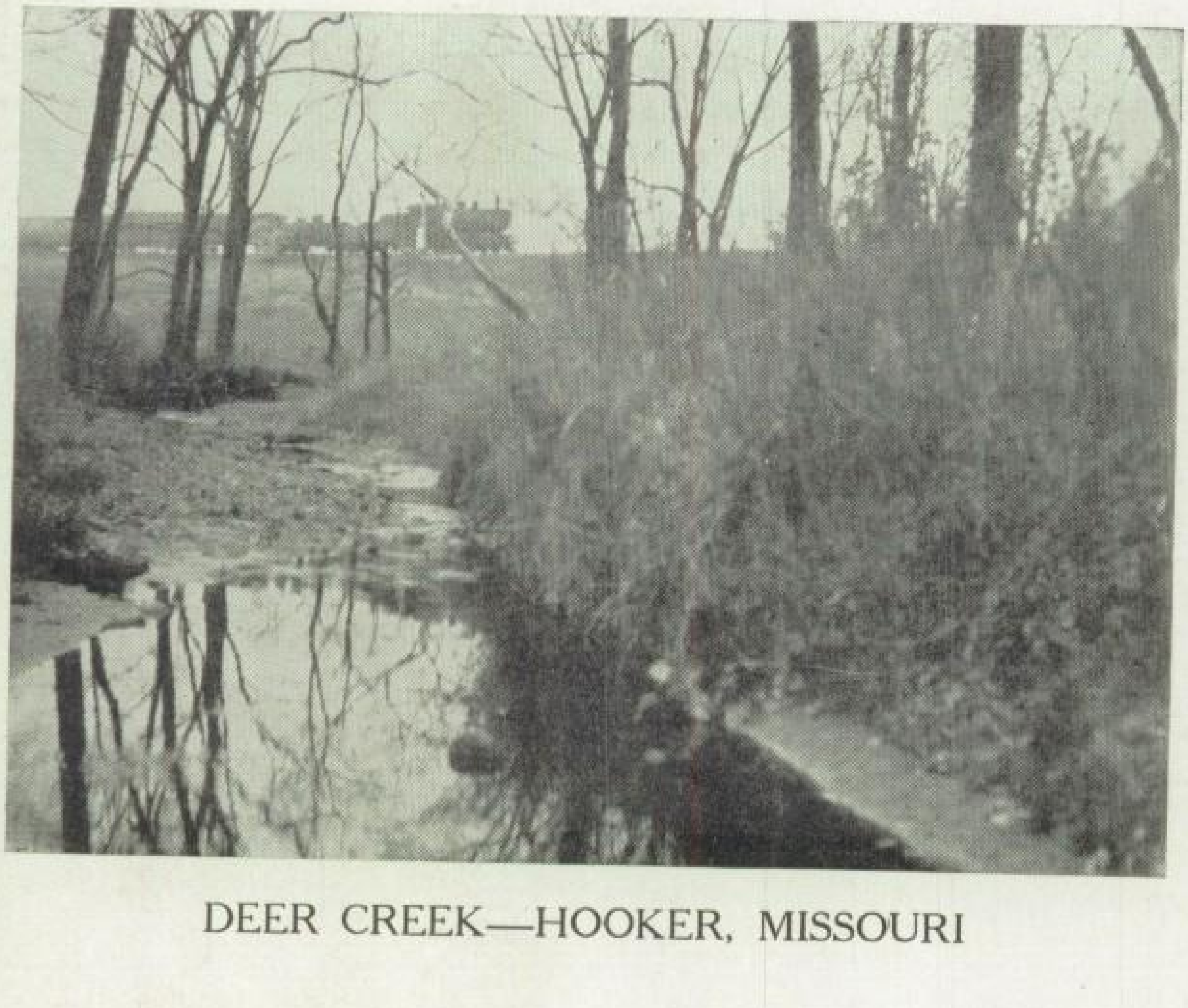
The Ozarks are not the only places in Missouri that offer recreation and scenery to the tourist. There are innumerable places in Missouri to visit where one may spend hours of leisure. There is Bagnell Dam, Sullivan State Park, Keokuk Dam on the Mississippi River, Jefferson City with the State Capitol, and many state parks and caves.

There are many byways in the Ozarks, which offer beauty and adventure to the traveler. These byways are often old trails which were used when the Ozarks were first settled, and are fast being replaced by modern highways. There are still many of them on which one may travel and still see the trail blazed on old tree trunks along the way. Many old cabins and mines are along these byways and offer hours of interesting exploration to the traveler.

In some places the highways are cut through solid rock, and in others they are banked high with rock and dirt. On the newer highways there are four traffic lanes, and the curves are banked to enable people to travel faster. Signs and warning signals help the traveler to avoid accidents and reach his destination safely. On the whole, Missouri has one of the best highway systems in the United States.

More people are being brought to realize the marvelous scenery and recreation spots that are so easily and safely accessible because of our good roads. In a few years the people of Missouri will travel extensively in Missouri instead of elsewhere.

CHARLES HEUER



DEER CREEK—HOOKER, MISSOURI

IT'S A LONG, LONG ROAD!

"PULL Missouri out of the mud!"

That was the cry in 1920. Since then, Missouri has built one of the best highway systems in the United States. This superior system has made all of the educational and recreational facilities that Missouri offers available to the motorists.

This great system of roads was not built in a day. Better to understand the why and how, a brief history of their development will not be out of place at this point.

The year 1920 marks the beginning of good road-building in Missouri. The "Centennial Road Law," so named in commemoration of the admission of Missouri to the Union, was proposed in 1920 and passed in 1921. Its main provisions were for a state highway system of approximately 7,640 miles, and for routes through the various counties. All this was to be paid for from the revenue collected on automobile license fees.

Because the funds were inadequate and the need for these roads more urgent, it became necessary that there be an additional appropriation to complete the project. This appropriation was made possible through an amendment to the state constitution. It provided that the license fee be doubled and a two-cent tax be levied on every gallon of gasoline purchased within the boundaries of the state.

These two legislative acts made possible one of the best highway systems of the United States. It has been thus pronounced by experts, tourists, and visitors from abroad. The principal reason for the excellence of our roads is that Missouri mapped out a definite plan of highways and constructed them under the supervision of a bi-partisan commission, selected because of their fitness for the task before them. Ours are better than those in some of the eastern states because we have profited by their experience.

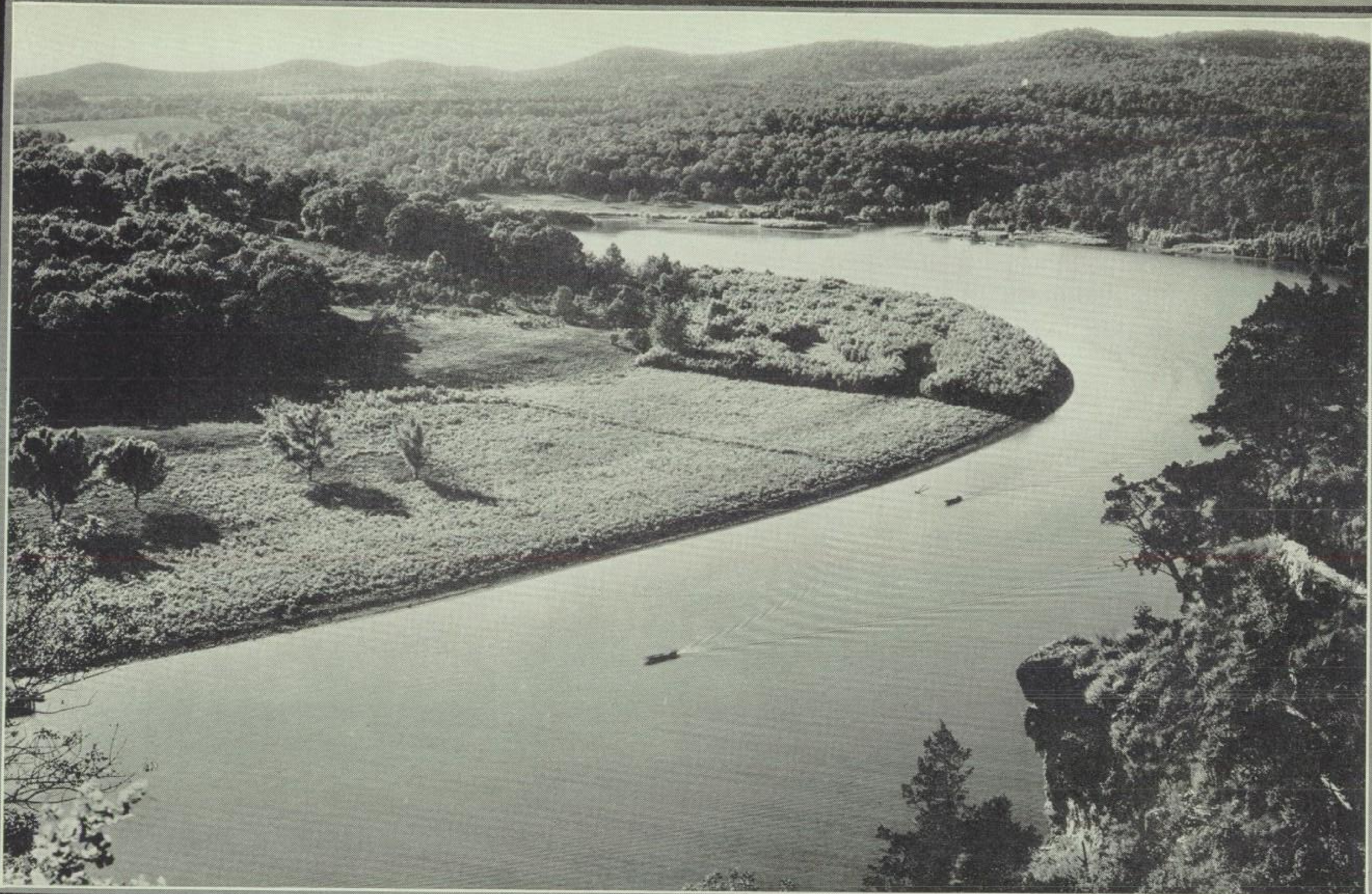
If all of the roads in Missouri could be laid in a straight line, they would reach more than four times around the earth, for the total length is 106,449 miles. Of this 106,449 miles of road, 12,462 miles is being maintained by the state. This is almost one-half of the distance around the earth. Out of the State's 12,462 miles of road, 11,539 miles is surfaced.

Missouri's roads are divided into but two classes: Primary and Secondary. The primary road is a road connecting large cities. A good example of this is Highway 40 connecting St. Louis and Kansas City. The other class is the secondary road. It is called a "feeder" to the primary road.

In spite of the wonderful system of highways of which Missouri boasts, the work of road-building is not yet complete, as additions and improvements are still being constructed. Missouri road postings are, without a doubt, as fine as those of any other state in the Union. Our bridges are of the most modern construction and pleasing design. A tourist will notice that, compared to other states, our highways cross very few railroad grade crossings.

Missourians are fortunate in possessing good roads and can well be proud of the beauties of nature revealed along the state's many highways.

DICK LUND



LAKE TANEYCOMO

Courtesy Missouri State Highway Commission

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF MISSOURI

LONG before Europeans settled in our state there were buffalo paths and Indian trails. These later developed into roads.

At the time St. Louis was founded, traveling in Missouri was a complicated matter. There were three ways by which one could travel: on foot, on horseback, or by water. Travel on foot was probably the safest and easiest way at that time. If one chose to travel on horseback, he was often forced to cut his way through thick forests, and many times, after a storm, the forests were practically impassible because of the fallen trees and dense underbrush. The rivers also had their dangers as they were filled with cataracts and waterfalls. There were also deep channels of rushing water and whirlpools which made traveling hazardous. Today things are quite different. Instead of traveling in danger and hardship, one can travel in comfort and ease. Hundreds of miles of smoothly paved highways cover the state. When snow storms block the highways, the government sends men out to clear them as soon as possible.

Perhaps it will not be long before a new invention, which at present is being used in New Jersey—the incandescent light—will be used in Missouri for lighting highways at night. This light, although small, illuminates the highway for great distances, and, if placed at regular intervals, will greatly reduce the danger of night driving.

Probably one of the great advantages given to the public is the opportunity that good highways afford for city people who work all week to travel into the country on Sundays to recuperate after a hard week's work and get much needed recreation.

COURTNEY WEAST

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

Edythe Feathers

"Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading whence I choose.
The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road—the gay fresh sentiment of the road."

SO writes Walt Whitman in his *Song of the Open Road*. We of the everyday world cannot express our thoughts by means of exalted lines, but surely we echo his emotions concerning the open road.

Always a receding ribbon-highway strikes a vibrant, expectant cord in one's imagination. Perhaps in all of our hearts there is a touch of the gypsy that renders us receptive to the beckoning of the unknown.

The pioneer swung himself into his saddle, and the forest resounded with his singing as he took to the narrow Indian trail. He answered the call of the open road, and he must have been quite splendid—riding along so confident, so gay, so superbly courageous. Today his descendants set forth in smooth, powerful automobiles to follow the trail, now widened to a broad highway. And in their way they are none the less splendid. For it is they who have helped to widen the road, to expand the stretch of civilization, to hasten the incredible strides of progress which he began before them. True to their heritage, these modern men also follow the song of the open road.

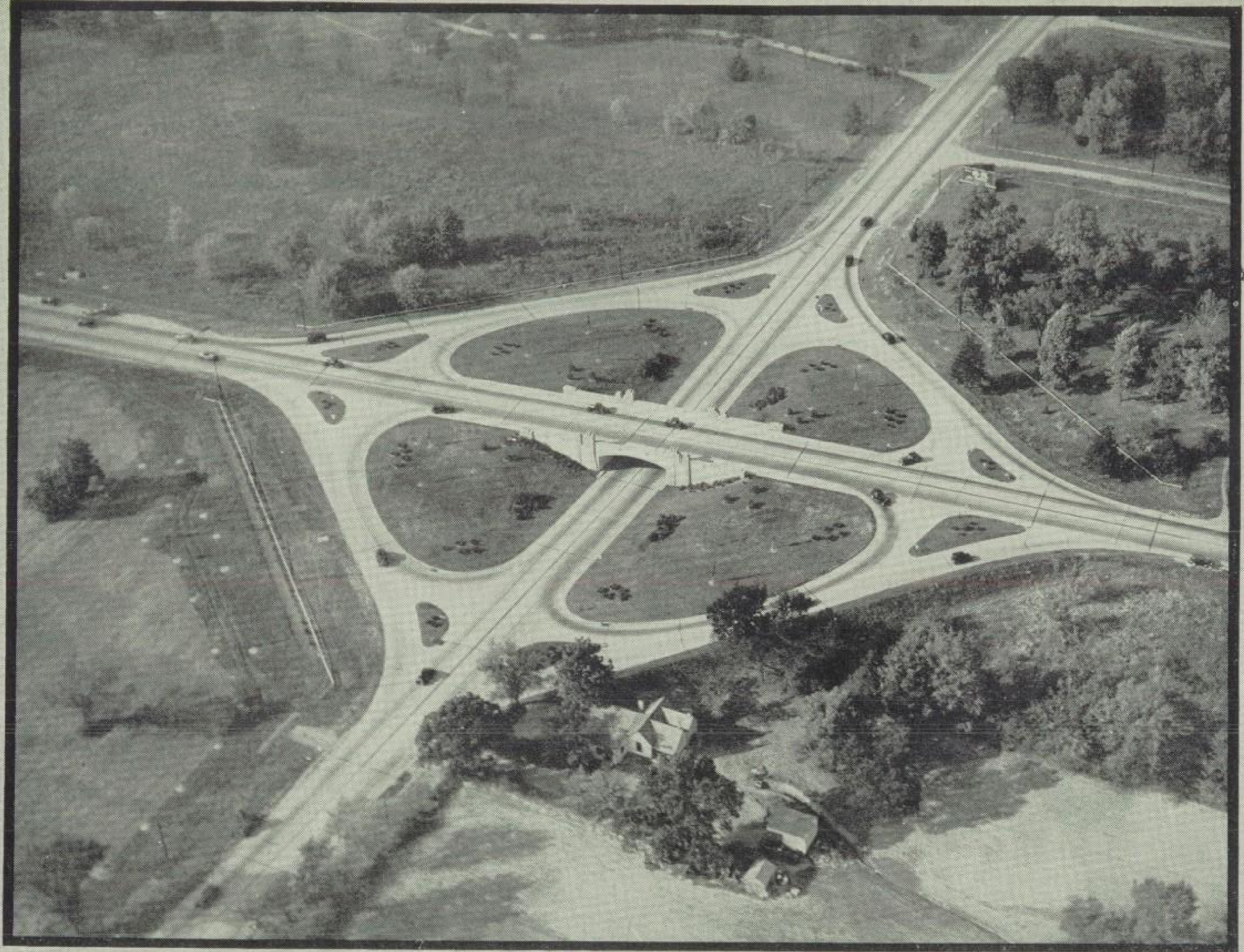
Here in our own state of Missouri we have some of the finest highways in the world. Much labor and money have been expended on the production of these excellent lanes of transportation. And if we are proud of our highways, how much more do we delight in the byways of Missouri—the wonderful caves near Sullivan which present many mysterious and thrilling possibilities to travelers; the Ozark Mountains with exquisite Lake Taneycomo nestled among the hills; and the miracle of mechanism and efficiency—Bagnell Dam over the Lake of the Ozarks; and last but not least let us not forget our own Forest Park in St. Louis with its famous zoo and beautiful fountain. All these and many more lie right here in Missouri.

Not all Missouri's highways, however, are confined to the land. Many beautiful rivers, such as the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Osage, the Meramec, the Gasconnade, the Platte, and the White form excellent and extremely picturesque paths for travel.

Missouri has many romantic and historical spots which cannot but attract travelers along the highways and byways. And our highways, land and water alike, carry us past fields of grain, cotton, tobacco, flax, and potatoes; past lead, zinc, and coal mines; through dairy and stock-raising regions to the principal cities of Missouri—St. Louis, the largest center of industry; Kansas City with its beautiful parks and boulevards; St. Joseph, city of large stock-yards; Springfield, Queen City of the Ozarks; and Jefferson City, seat of the magnificent State Capitol.

Perhaps we are not all poets. Yet every one of us feels the majesty, the magnetic attraction of the open road, and he will follow the call eagerly—sometimes physically, other times only mentally. For in the heart of each of us, profoundly stirred by the song of the open road, the poet's inspired words are fervently echoed.

HELEN MEANS



U.S. RTE. 66 & MO. RTE. 77 SOUTH OF KIRKWOOD ST. LOUIS COUNTY

HIGHWAY GRADE SEPARATION COMBINED WITH CLOVER LEAF INTERSECTION

THE DIRECTION OF TRAFFIC INDICATED BY OIL STREAKS AND TURNING MOVEMENT OF CARS

Courtesy Missouri State Highway Commission

HIGHWAY 40 FROM ST. LOUIS TO KANSAS CITY

HIGHWAY 40 is one of the most important "ribbons of trade" in Missouri. It extends mile on mile in a more or less straight line from St. Louis to Kansas City, a distance of nearly 300 miles.

Leaving St. Louis, the road runs down through St. Louis County and out into the real country. The first crossing of the Missouri River comes at St. Charles, where the narrow bridge suspends the highway over the muddy waters of the river from which our state takes its name. St. Charles is a delightful small city, rich in historical memories, with its courthouse surrounded by fine grounds and its old streets shaded by ancient trees.

Beyond St. Charles, the highway sets out into the region of farms and small towns. The road is gently rolling with numerous turns. On and on it goes, mile after mile, through fine farm and dairy land. The scenery is an endless succession of fenced fields, tall corn, golden wheat, red barns and silos, white farmhouses, cows, Missouri mules, and those small blackboards reading "Eggs—30c a dozen." Along the road are thousands of signs, advertising everything from hotels to shaving cream. Now and then this monotony is broken by a creek or stream.

Here the horizon is broken by a line of hills, a very small but picturesque group—the Mineola Hills. They are low and rounded, delightfully green to the eye after the one hundred miles or so of flat farmland. The road cuts down through them, protected by a white fence built to keep mad motorists out of the valley below. Down it goes, into the little town of Mineola and out into flat country again.

Now comes the first important city since St. Charles, Columbia. Here is located Missouri's State University. The university is reached through a large, Latin-inscribed gate. The original colleges are arranged like the three sides of a square, around a green campus, in the center of which stand the six famous columns, entwined with ivy. Some newer buildings have been built on near-by streets. There are two private schools in Columbia, Christian College and Stephens College. Columbia is a very busy small city, with stop lights at almost every corner and public drinking fountains on the sidewalks. The Columbian motorists are remarkably polite. You need only stand on the corner, and the drivers stop and wave you across. No one seems to be in a hurry. There are many fine residences here, set back from the street and shaded by Venetian blinds drawn around large verandas.

Beyond Columbia, the country becomes more hilly, and before we realize it, our road is again crossing the "Big Muddy," this time at Boonville. Now our road rolls on, through beautiful Blue Springs, whose water seems to take its color from some great sapphire, and at last into Kansas City, the end of our travels.

In the spring the road is made delightful by the smells of plowing and blossoming trees. In the summer the road is hot and dry; the farms send out little waves as S-O-S's to the rain clouds; the creek beds are dry and hard;

Lake Ha Ha Tonka

Windas Creek

Meremac River

Old Time Ferry

Times Beach

Big Spring

A Flooded Mine

Windas Creek

Fredericktown, Mo.

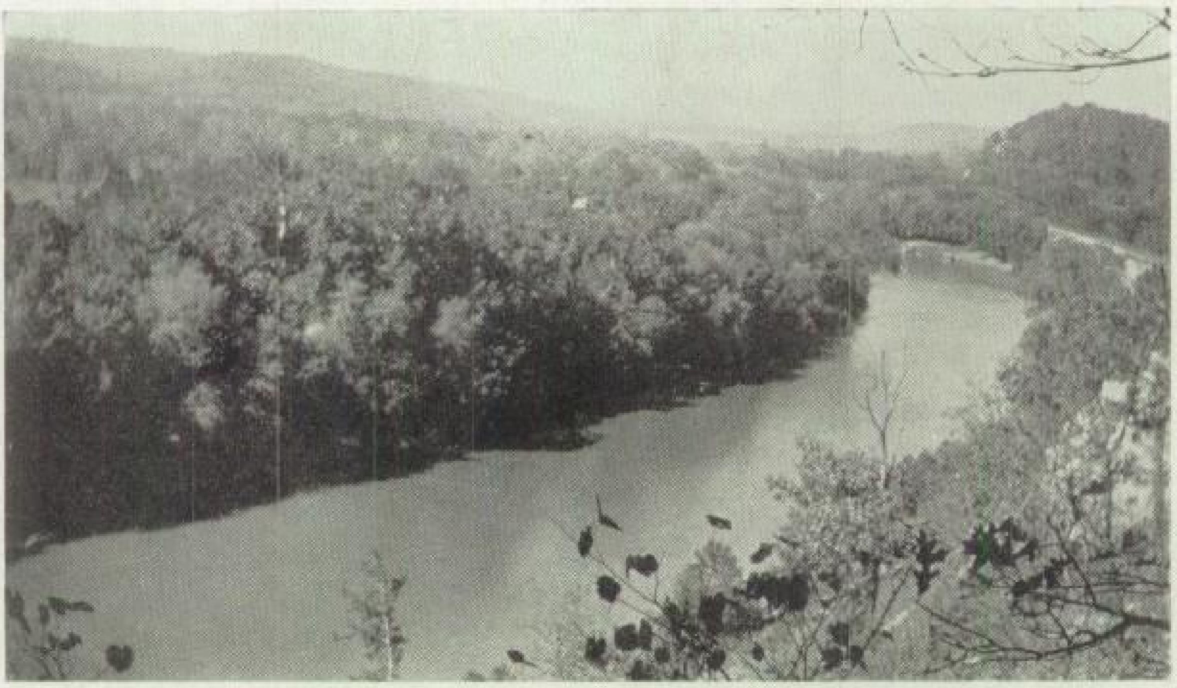
Meremac River

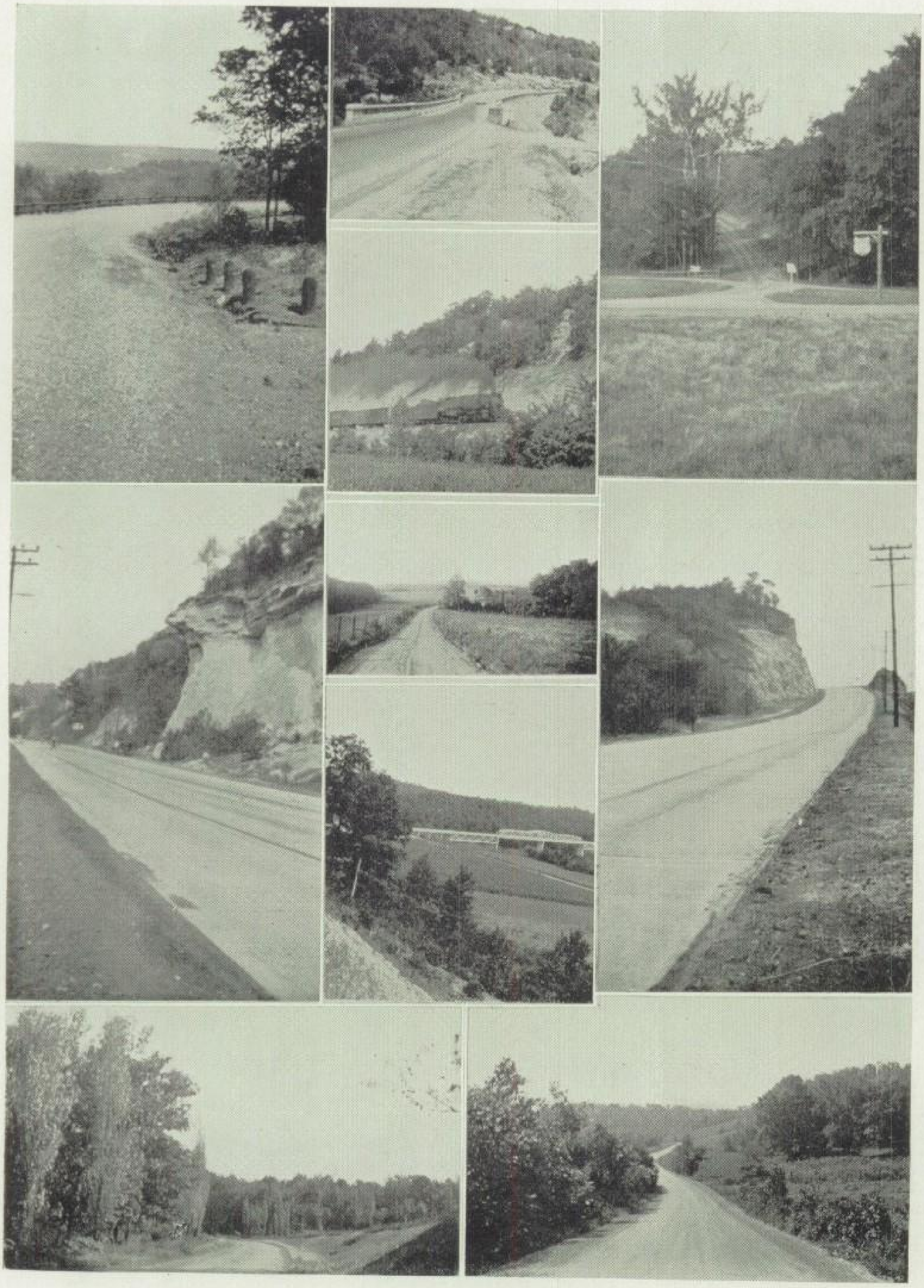
SOME WATER HIGHWAYS IN MISSOURI

the sun beats down unmercifully; and the wind is like the breath of a fiery dragon. In fall it is once more lovely, with reddening trees, golden wheat gathered in bundles, and apple orchards laden with fruit. In the dead of winter the road is desolate, icy, the fields lie blanketed with soggy snow, the sky is leaden, and nature is sullen.

In fair weather, driving on Highway 40 is a pleasure, but in the rain it is pure joy. To drive slowly in the rain, to hear the swish of water on the car roof, and to watch the eager fields drink in the water—to me this is the finest part of the road. But, summer or winter, rain or shine, Highway 40 is a beautiful road. May it endure to delight many thousands more of our future citizens!

MILLICENT ROWORTH





LAND HIGHWAYS IN MISSOURI

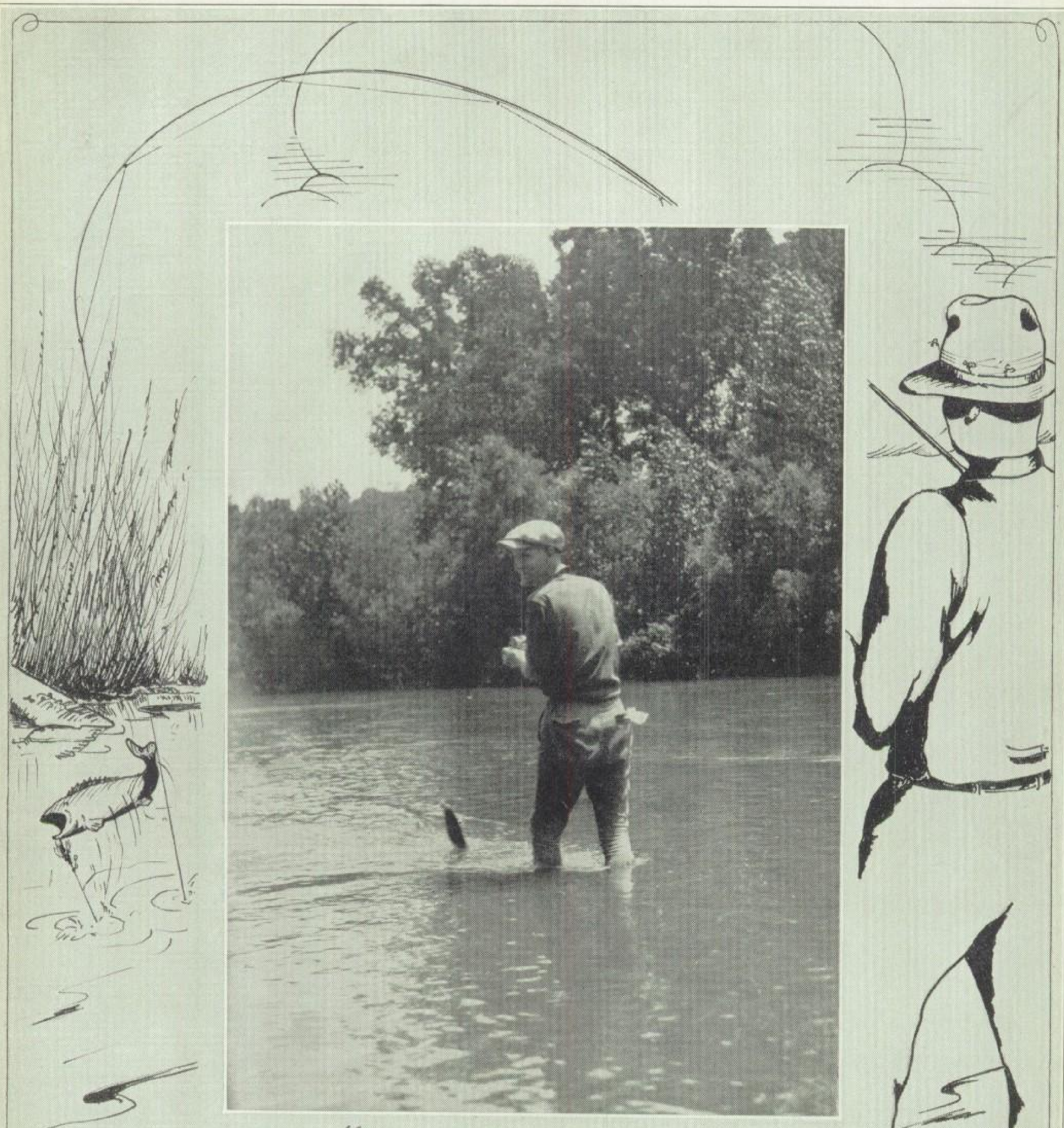
THE END OF THE GLACIER'S TRAIL

OF Missouri's many and varied by-ways, I think some of the most enjoyable and interesting are to be found on a trip to Arcadia. Every spring and fall that I can remember we have made a pilgrimage to these delightful places. On a bright sunny morning it is wonderfully exhilarating to leave St. Louis on U. S. Highway 61, traveling south. In a short time we reach Festus and Crystal City, twin cities on a small scale, where is located one of the world's largest and finest glass works. Then we turn right to Highway 21, and nearing Ironton, begin to notice huge boulders of red granite, scattered carelessly about by the giant hand of the glaciers. These assume strange shapes, such as Elephant Rock, and develop into cliffs, crevasses, and mountains that look rusty because of the presence of a large quantity of iron ore. Here, too, is an old, abandoned quarry with immense red granite walls, and it is filled with blue-green water. It is so clear that one can see a stone as it sinks many, many feet into the depths. Gorgeous cedar trees add to this scene which is almost fantastic in its beauty.

The largest of the mountains is Pilot Knob. Near the summit is a cave from which cold winds rush furiously. To reach this cave we drive up a narrow, rough road, then abandon the car to walk. We never attempt this climb except when feeling most energetic; but the view from the top, directly above the cave, is worth any effort. Looking about in all directions we see the lovely Ozark country, which rivals both the eastern and western mountains. At all seasons, there hovers over these valleys a purple haze that is peculiar to them alone. At sunset, or on the occasion of a full moon, the sight is so appalling that everyday matters are forgotten in the face of that infinite beauty.

Many geologists believe that thousands of years ago, before the days of man, the interior of our country was a great inland lake, that drained through what is now known as Niagara Falls and the St. Lawrence River. Volcanic action changed the point of overflow, and the pressure of the water and icebergs forced through at the place known to us as Pilot Knob. Then the water drained, leaving the Great Lakes, and, flowing toward the ocean, formed the Mississippi River System. The melting glaciers and bergs deposited in the valley under Pilot Knob, rich soil, stones, and fossils which have been brought there from various parts of the continent.

Looking north from the summit of this mountain, we discern a tiny blue stream, meandering in a lazy fashion through a narrow, crooked valley. Along the banks of this stream are to be found these antideluvian deposits, the trash heap of the world, for nowhere else are such varied deposits found in one place. Stones and mineral substances seem to have been dumped there all together: green, blue, and black obsidian, turquoise matrix, fused lava and iron, meteoric rock. We have made a collection of many of the most familiar and interesting stones. These foreign substances seemed strange until we realized that they were brought there by the vast pushing glacier and the force of rushing water.



"WHAT IS SO RARE —"

Courtesy Missouri State Highway Commission

Reluctantly leaving the trash heap, we go on to the Shut Inn just above Lake Killarney, a lake which, because of its rich emerald green color, is named for the Irish lake. Here is a sparkling, rushing stream dashing over the rocks in a deep chasm at the foot of steep, cedar-covered hills. The bed and banks of the river are formed of a type of rock called archaic, which is found in only two places on this continent. Geologists claim this rock to be the oldest on the surface of the earth. It resembles light colored granite, is almost level, and is blocked off in regular cleavage planes like a giant checker-board.

As we pass Lake Killarney, we follow Highway 70 to Fredericktown, from there taking Highway 61, which brings us back home. On this road are Flat River and Desloge, not interesting for their beauty or size—both are lacking—but because of Missouri's lead mines. Near-by, at Mine La Monte, one of the few nickel mines in the country lies idle. During the World War when the price of nickel went very high, a fortune was made there.

And so, in an easy one-day trip, we see some of Missouri's interesting spots—their beauty unfolding before our eyes, the topography of the land indicating its geological history, and the mining industry and the glass works its value. For the student of history it is full of Civil War interest. Breast works can be clearly seen near Pilot Knob, and meene balls can sometimes be dug out of the ground. A beautiful old house stands on the highway, topped by a watch tower where the commanding officers kept a watch on the surrounding territory in that eventful period.

MARY JANE BROWN

HISTORIC SAINTE GENEVIEVE

AS the big river steamer prepares to dock, we hurry to the rails in order that we may catch the first glimpse of Ste. Genevieve. The church steeple, dignified and impressive, first catches our eye. As we draw nearer, we are delighted with the quaintness of everything. Our guide assures us that we will find the same "Old World" atmosphere throughout the town.

Built one-hundred and ninety-three years ago by Peter Bolduc, the oldest house in the city still stands. Forty-four years after the founding of Ste. Genevieve the settlers decided, after the great flood of that year, that because of the low level, the site was impracticable. The Bolducs undertook the tedious job of moving their house and were able to move most of the original building. The massive oak joints of this high-gabled frame house look as strong and dependable as they must have looked when they were first hewn, although two centuries have passed; and the roof beams, joined together with huge wooden pins, are staunch. Several of the original pieces of walnut furniture are placed in the ten rooms that the old house contains.

The Valle House we find just as fittingly furnished and just as expressive of early French architecture and the builder's loving pride and workmanship. At one time, the commandant had his residence here; and to him came all who had grievances or problems, for he had full power in civil and criminal matters. The commandant's descendants still live in Ste. Genevieve.

Because their religion and church has been an important influence in the life of the people, we are not surprised to find an imposing old church. But we, as are all visitors, are surprised at the size of the church and are delighted with the beauty of the paintings, the fresco work on the walls, and the decided Old World atmosphere. One has to travel far, we are told, to find its equal in statuary and marble walls.

A few miles outside of the city we are shown the site of Missouri's first industry, salt-making. Salt Springs appears to be a lazy, unimportant little stream, but, oh, what a heaven-sent blessing it must have been to Hernando de Silvera. Because De Soto's soldiers were suffering from scurvy, salt was greatly needed. His barter with the Indians for this commodity was the first known business transaction in Missouri. Salt Springs is no longer important, but it is one thing which remains unchanged and unchanging—a reminder of other days and other people.

There was much more which thrilled and interested us. On the corner of Third and Market Streets stands the oldest brick building west of the Mississippi, built about 1800. The home of Lewis Linn, Missouri's model senator, was built in 1823 and still stands. Also to be seen is the Old Rozier Academy, one of the oldest institutions of higher learning west of the Mississippi. Built in 1790, the Zeigler house, which once served as Greentree Tavern, is another high-gabled frame structure. The slanting roof extends over the porch, which covers the front and side of the house. The house is built up in such a way that the porch level is about five feet above ground level. Another example of Old World architecture is Felix Valle's house built in 1814.

Of all the historic places the one held most sacred, however, is the Old Cemetery, now known as Memorial Park. Set aside and dedicated in 1787, this acre has been kept sacred to its original purpose. The cemetery lies in the center of the present town, but nothing commercial has touched it. The entrance, and indeed the entire cemetery, is guarded by huge trees which tower to an impressive height.

For those who want a delightful reminder of the past, we recommend Ste. Genevieve, indeed the "Proud Guardian of Historic Days."

ELAINE DRAPER

THUNDER IN THE EAST

I gazed to the west.
The rain was gone,
The clouds were pink-stained,
And patches of blue promised peace,
On the morrow.

I was glad, for my heart had wearied of rain.
Rain that fenced me off from the world,
Rain that penned me in with my troubles
And kept happiness outside.

Now I could escape myself.
The western sky promised happiness.

God would not give me contentment.
He voiced his protest to peace
And thunder rumbled in the east.

Black clouds, trouble clouds
Came rolling.
And covered the pink and blue promise
Of the west.

—Ken Jones
Term 8

"Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!"

"Snow-Bound"—J. G. Whittier

A DRIVE TO THE OZARKS

ONE bright sunny day in April, about three o'clock in the morning, our family left to take a trip to the Ozarks in the southwest corner of Missouri. The name, Ozark, has been traced to the term the early French Canadian trappers used—"Aux Arcs," meaning "with bows"—to designate Indian tribes native to the region. Common usage and the English spelling of the French words has resulted in the name "Ozarks."

We took Highway 66, which has been widened to a four-lane road up to the Meramec River. After going over the Meramec bridge, Highway 66 is cut down to a three-lane road. This three-lane road is kept all the way to Pacific, Missouri. At this point, the highway cuts through the sides of two hills with large holes in them, resembling caves. Pacific produces mostly cement, sand, and gravel.

We continued on our way to the Ozarks. We sped past town after town, and finally reached Springfield, Missouri, where we made our first stop to eat, and to refill the gas tank and check the oil.

After a night's rest, we left Springfield at nine o'clock the next morning, taking Highway 65, and continued until we reached the Ozarks in the southwest section of the state.

We met a guide, who told us that the Ozark region was known as "The Land of a Million Smiles," and that its area covers fourteen counties and affords a charming country of rolling, tree-covered hills; fast flowing, spring-fed streams; ageless, towering bluffs; fertile valleys; an equable climate; and a hospitable people.

We asked the guide if there was any fishing in the Ozarks. He answered, "Fishing? Sure." There are twenty-three rivers and streams—not counting numerous small, spring-fed branches and creeks, to test the theories and skill of the anglers, whether he is able to flick his fly with expert touch beneath the shading willows, or whether he finds satisfaction in the simple, boyhood "nigger fishing." And there is Lake Taneycomo, a fine thousand-acre lake, about twenty-four miles long, formed by the building of a huge dam across White River.

We then went through the caves, brilliant and numerous. They are perfectly safe and are equipped with electric lights and other conveniences to add to one's comfort. They reveal a readable record of the earth's changes in the limestone stalagmitic formations. Besides these wonderful caves, nine summer camps are spread out in the Ozarks for the enjoyment of the boys and girls. Indian lore, wood-craft, out-door sports, hay rides, a happy companionship are but a few joys of the supervised program which fill the days of the children.

The guide showed us Lythia Springs, which is unsurpassed in its purity and has restorative benefits when one is in need of rest.

The Ozarks have about ninety-five resorts and camps and almost a hundred hotels, providing every type of accommodation the guest may desire. The guide told us that most of them are open the year around, although the social season is at its height during the summer.

We then started back home. We went over the scenic drives of the Ozarks, catching a fleeting glimpse of a new and enchanting far horizon. Out of the gleam of the pure sun-light, the route follows a low valley, deep in the shadow of massive and vine-grown over-hanging bluffs. Just around the bend beckons a quiet, shady lane. Here yellow daisies, wild blackberries, and elder peep over the zig zag rail fences. The air is fragrant and the road goes on for those who yield to the lure of the open road.

After resting a while in Springfield, we continued over Highway 66 to St. Louis. The trip will linger in my mind as a paradise of dreams.

HAROLD TREJBAL

BLUE SPRINGS

THE water was clear, cold. It tumbled and rumbled like some fanciful stream in a travel book of the Rockies. It seemed to taunt us, to coax us to follow it. But how were we to know where it might lead us? Perhaps to some strange cave; or to a waterfall; or to a "swimmin' hole"; or, who knew where? Its strange appeal, like the song of some siren of old, drew us onward.

We saw a small grove, in the center of which is a pool of water, flanked on three sides by perpendicular walls of granite. The stone rises to a height of fifty feet on one side. On the fourth side, it opens into the glade. But, what was that? Over there! On the further side! It seemed to be a deep linn, into which we could look to a depth of fifty feet to the rocky bottom. The clear water flowed evenly and smoothly from the depths, a beautiful scene. Then we were certain of our discovery. It is the little-known, seldom-sung Blue Springs, the "forgotten man" of the Ozarks. It is inaccessible to automobiles, and for this reason it has not been visited by the average tourist.

Speechless, we gazed awestruck. The exquisite azure of the water tempted us to ripple its surface, to prove the old maxim that "beauty is only skin deep." Its face was soon dappled with "skippers." But the blue which is duplicated only by Crater Lake, in Oregon, was still there, mocking us. The loveliness of the place captivated us all; we sat down to rest amid the shadows until the sun set, and we were left with only our thoughts of this wonderful panorama.

ROBERT SKINNER

ASSOCIATION
BELL TRAIL
2½ MILES

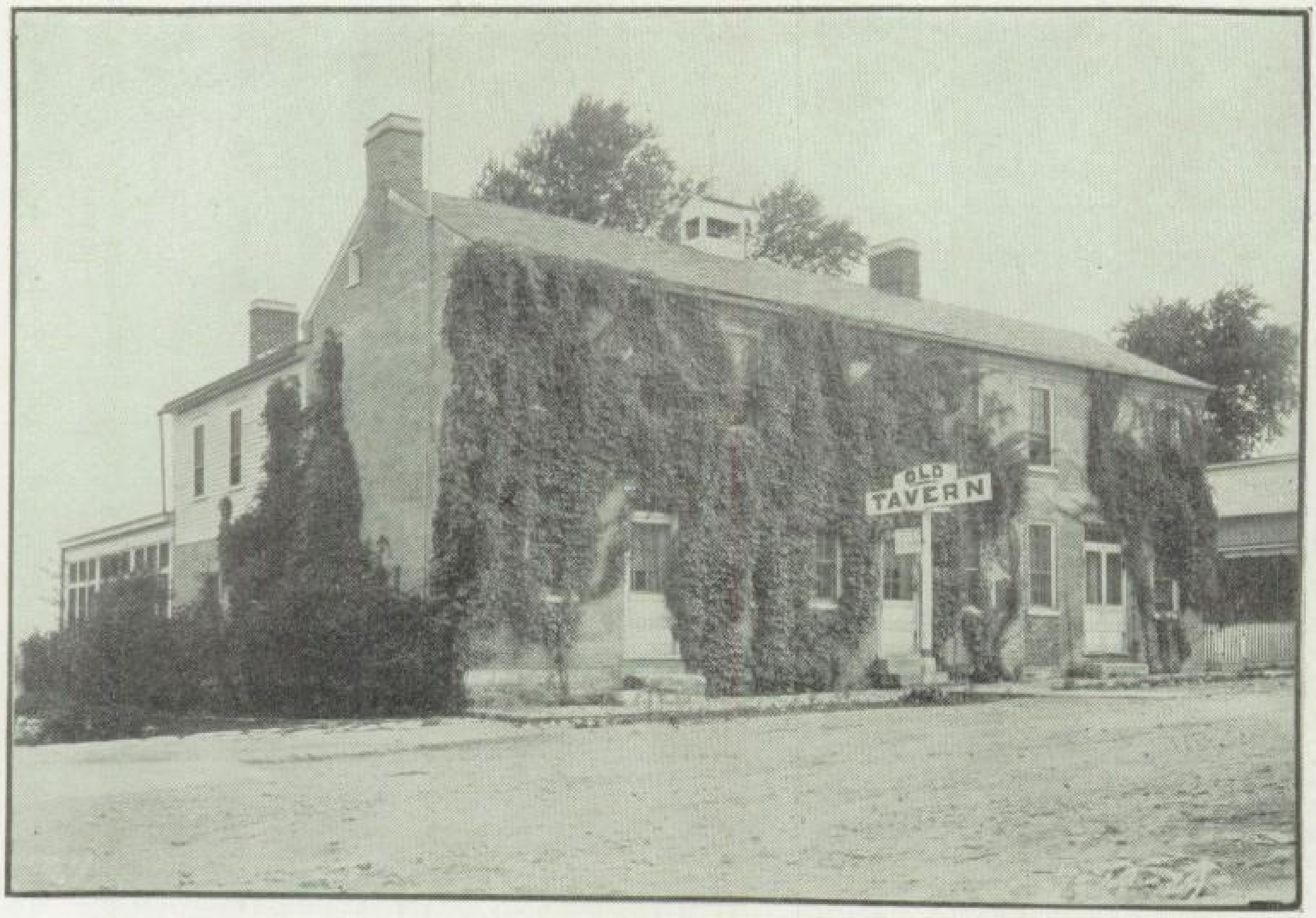
THE BELL TRAIL

THE Bell Trail is one of the many hiking trails found in Missouri which are laid out by the Missouri-Walk-Way Association. This particular trail through Forest Park in St. Louis is two and one-half miles long. At the entrance to the park at Skinker and Clayton roads is an artistic sign hanging from a post in the shape of a tree designating the start of Bell Trail.

It is simple to follow, for it is distinctly indicated by markers, each consisting of two iron triangles with pictures of a bell on it. These markers are nailed on trees along the way. A person following the trail goes through the dense thickets in the southwest section of the park. He passes through the old tourist camp, in the rear of the Art Museum and also near the Zoo. After passing the Art Museum, the trail follows the golf course until it comes to the large artificial lagoon which it skirts.

The trail then takes one up the eastern end of Government Hill through much undergrowth on to the Municipal Opera. Before coming to its end, the trail passes the St. Louis Meteorological Station. Near it is a marble slab on which are given the altitude, the longitude, and the latitude of St. Louis. The trail ends at West Pine and Kingshighway Boulevards.

ALVIN BEMARKT



ARROW ROCK TAVERN

A PLEASANT, old, historic building, Arrow Rock Tavern, stands by the side of the old Santa Fe Trail, eight miles west of Boonville on United States Highway 40, and ten miles north of it on Missouri Highway 41.

For more than a hundred years, since 1830, in fact, weary travelers have crossed its threshold, seeking food and shelter for the night. Within the tavern's ivy-covered walls Kit Carson, Washington Irving, and Daniel Boone enjoyed the hospitality of the old frontier.

It was built in the covered wagon era, under the supervision of Judge Joseph Houston, its first host, and a most affable and solicitous one indeed. The judge's slaves dug clay and baked it into the yellow bricks for the walls of the tavern. It stands two stories high and boasts of almost a dozen bedrooms, each furnished with great, four-poster, canopied beds of the Colonial Period, and equipped with large fire places. It has a spacious bar-room where the men of old gathered to talk of buffalo hunts, tobacco crops, or the first constitution of Missouri. The dining room of the historic inn was unique for that period, in that it is large enough to accommodate a hundred diners at once. Its woodwork and beams are of walnut logs hewn from the trees felled in the adjoining woods. The stone carriage step before the door was the auction block on which many slaves were sold in the early days.

The town, Arrow Rock, is situated on a high bluff above the Missouri River overlooking the country for miles around. An old legend says that the name is derived from an Indian tragedy. The story has it that an Indian maiden was to choose between two lovers. They were to test their strength with bows and arrows, and the one who shot his arrow the greater distance was to be rewarded with the hand of the maiden. The girl's favorite lost the match, and in her grief she flung herself into the river below.

Arrow Rock Tavern has witnessed the development of Missouri from rough frontier days through the troubled Civil War period, and on into the present generation, with its changes in methods of transportation and travel. The old inn still entertains over-night guests and serves as a shrine to many visitors who are interested in the history of their native state. The tavern and the thirty acres surrounding it were purchased by the State of Missouri in 1922, and since 1926 have been maintained by the Missouri Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARION DORSCH

WANDERLUST

I see the road at dawning
Winding around the hill,
Lost in the mists of morning,
On and on leading still.

What lies beyond each curving,
Alas, I do not know.
I take the unknown pathway,
Forever on I go.

Yet always beyond the horizon
Something drawing me on,
And I must answer that calling,
Till life itself is gone.

Too strong to be o'erpowered,
That urge that drives me still,
The blessing and curse of a roamer—
Wanderlust, stronger than will.

—Lee Shelley
Term 5

AROUND THE WORLD IN MISSOURI

DO you know that our own state embodies the names of some of the famous cities and countries of the world? Come with me and I shall introduce you to some of these interesting names and places. We can visit Holland, Chili, and Cuba and still remain in our state.

In Missouri there are towns whose names provoke imaginative pictures of cities of foreign countries: Naples, Cairo, Santiago, Montreal, Verona, Moscow, Paris, Edinburg, Winnipeg, Milan, Salem, and Westphalia.

If you now wish to visit some "cities" of the good old U. S. A., I will take you to these Missouri towns: Macon, Buffalo, Wheeling, Newark, Houston, Lexington, Denver, Atlanta, Dayton, Augusta, Rochester, Albany, Birmingham, Savannah, and Richmond. If your desire is next to visit our Missouri "states," accompany me to Florida, California, Oregon, or Nevada.

As a reminder of the days when the Redskin ruled America, we have Tecumseh, Pontiac, and Pocahontas.

Saints we have: St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Peters, St. Charles, Ste. Genevieve.

Possibly, as a reminder, too, of what Missouri considers worth while, we have: Hope, Charity, Success, Competition, Independence, Advance, Commerce, and Liberty.

Students of ancient history may be interested in these names: Troy, Carthage, Iberia, Lebanon, Herculaneum, Sparta, Rome, Utica, Caledonia, and Alexandria. Ancient mythology is represented by Aurora and Adonis.

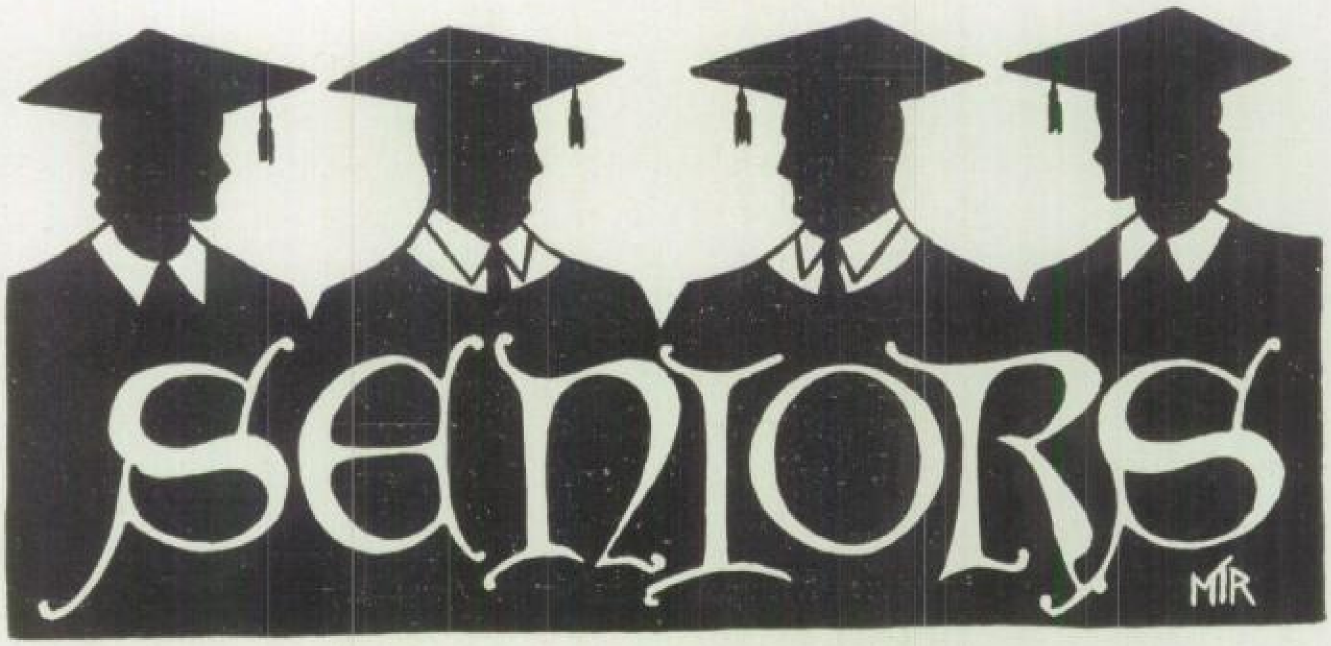
Now, you students, do you know that many famous institutions of learning, Oxford, Princeton, West Point, Anapolis, Roanoake, Creighton, and Exeter, have their counterparts in Missouri?

Hero-worshippers are almost certain to find their admired ones in the list of Missouri towns, from the Biblical Gideon to a twentieth century author, Morley. Included in this list are Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, Fremont, Perry, Greeley, Crocker, Columbia, Ponce de Leon, Browning, Bismarck, Bolivar, Hannibal, Parnell, De Soto, and even a royal name, Windsor.

Aren't these interesting names: French Village, East Lynne, Pleasant Hope, Bois D' Arc, Bourbon, Koshkonong (that sounds like a slang phrase), Bowling Green, Anaconda, Polo, Arab, Half Way, and Albatross ("It was an Ancient Mariner"). These lists could be extended, but we shall limit ourselves to the following few whose appeal certainly need not be explained: Licking, Skidmore, Stoutland (where do thin people live?), Queen City, West Plains, Fair Weather (sounds inviting), King City, Eminence, Prosperity (at last we have discovered its hiding place!), Dutchtown, Chula, Fair Play, Kidder, Diamond, Dawn, Eveningshade, and Novelty.

All these we find on Missouri's highways and byways.

ELAINE DRAPER



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1937

Purpose: To carry on the business of the class.

Motto: Life is what you make it.

Moderator: Miss Wade

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Thursday in Room 301.

OFFICERS
SEVENS

President:	Russell Schoenbeck
Vice-President:	Kensinger Jones
Secretary:	Kathryn Ruester
Treasurer:	Carolyn Lorenz
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Walter Jones

OFFICERS
EIGHTS

President:	Joe Tutinsky
Vice-President:	John Grable
Secretary:	Susanna Strain
Treasurers:	Coada Baker Donald Solomon
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Clifford Corneau

JOE TUTINSKY

President of Seniors
Torch
Vice-President of Student Council
Football, '35, '36
Track, '34, '35, '36

JOHN GRABLE

Cheer Leader, '34, '35, '36
Student Council, '35
Vice-President of Sixes
Track, '34, '35
Football, '34, '35

SUSANNA STRAIN

Secretary of Seniors
Student Council
College Club
Scholarship R's
Torch

DON SOLOMON

Co-Treasurer of Seniors
Student Council
Basketball Manager, '34, '35, '36
Treasurer of Mask and Buskin, '36
Rough Rider Staff

COADA BAKER

Treasurer of Sixes and Eights
College Club
Bwana Staff
Rough Rider Staff
Torch

CLIFFORD CORNEAU

Track, '35, '36
Student Council
Scholarship R's
Chemistry Club
Torch

EDITH ALT

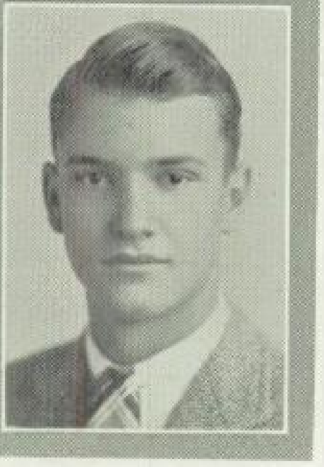
Priscilla
Roller Skating Club
Volley Ball Club
Carol Club

MARTIN BARBOUR

Basketball Squad, '35

CATHERINE ALTMAYER

O'ita
Service



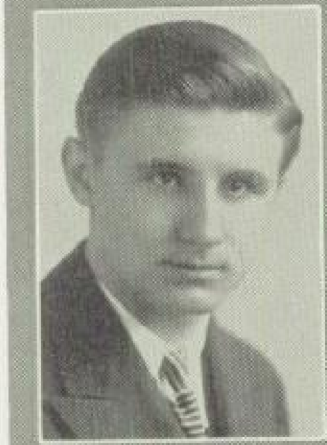
JACK BEARDSLEY

Torch
Mayor
President of Sixes
Scholarship Pin
Student Council, Property Committee

BERTA MAE ALLEN
Student Council, '35, '36
Corresponding Secretary of O'ita
Rough Rider
Service R

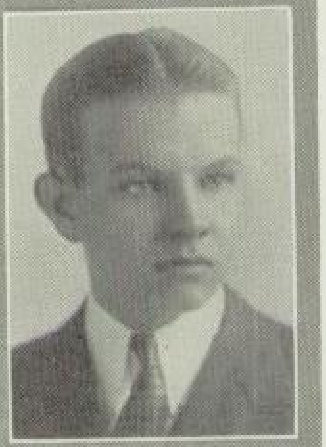
ALVIN BEMARKT
Student Council, Citizenship Committee
Debating Team
Scholarship R
Torch
Bwana

ADOLPH BERTSCH
Chemistry Club
Radio Club
Service R
Bwana Staff
Torch



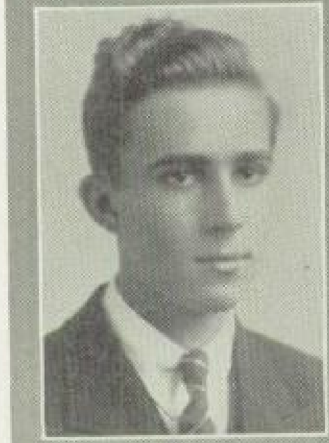
PIA ASKANI
Carol Club
A'Capella Choir

MAXINE AYDELOTT
Student Council Finance Committee
Bwana Staff
College Club
Scholarship R's
Torch



EDWARD BROWN
Chemistry Club
Bowling Club
Engineering Club
Cycling Club
Service R

EARL ROBERT
BUELTEMAN JR.



CELESTE BREEN
Swimming Team

Love,
Celeste
E.K.X.

EDNA BEYER
German Club
Priscilla Club

JOE BLOWER
Bowling Club

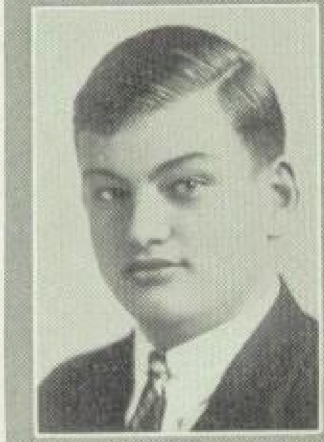
FRANK BURGERT

Chemistry Club
President of Aviation Club
Student Council

LORRAINE MARIE BOPP

LEO BULTHAUP

Bwana Staff
Rough Rider Staff
Sergeant-at-Arms of Athenæum
Student Council Welfare Committee
Torch



IOLA BROCK

Student Council
Athenæum

MARSHALL CROUCH

Student Council
Track, '36
Radio Club
Washington U. Oratorical Contest

CORA IDA BRYANT

O'ita
Athenæum
Tap Club
Roller Skating Club
Secretary to Adviser

PEGGY BYERS

Spanish Club
O'ita
Senior Play

HORACE DAHMAN

Chemistry Club

VIRGINIA E. CHESTERSON

MARIAN CLARK

Service R's
O'ita

STUART DAWSON

Service
Student Council
Aviation Club
Forum

HELEN CROFT

Scholarship R's
Rough Rider Typist
Shakespearean Club
Spanish

JEAN CROWDER

Torch
Editor of Rough Rider
Cheer Leader
Bwana
Pep R

JACK ECKRICH

Vice-President of Mathematics Club
Band, '34, '35, '36
Student Council Representative
German Club
Service

JOSEPH EGLER

Student Council

VIRGINIA DARE

President of Shakespearean Club
Service
Dancing Club
Senior Play

RUTH DAVIDSON

Secretary of Sixes
Student Council Athletic Committee
Pep R
College Club
President of Athenæum

HENRY ERK

Chess Club
Forum Club

SAMUEL FINBLOOM

Student Council

ELAINE DRAPER

Rough Rider
Bwana
College Club
Mask and Buskin
Torch

merely
Melba

MELBA GOOLSBY

Pep R
Rough Rider Staff
Basketball
Bowling Club

WALTER GODBEY

Service R
Cycling Club
Senior Play
Literary Society
Torch

PHIL HAFFNER

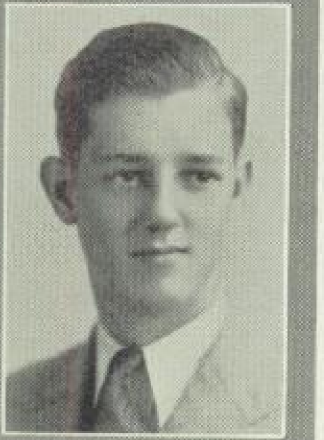
Chess Club
Forum

MAY GORDON

President of Priscilla Club
Vice-President of the Chemistry Club
Ice Skating Club
Student Council
Senior Play

ELEANOR GRIES

Student Council



G. H. HARGITT JR.

Torch
Student Council
Rough Rider
Swimming Team
Service R

FRANK HARTMANN

Rough Rider Staff
Glee Club
Service

VIOLET GRUNBERG

Torch
President and Vice-President of Pep R
Girls' All-Star Basketball Team
Vice-President, Secretary, and Sergeant-at-Arms of College Club
Cheer Leader

BERNICE HAASE

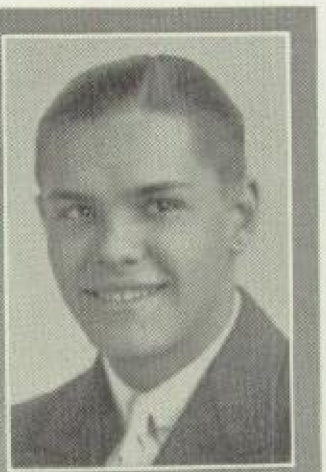
Carol Club
Basketball

GEORGE HELLWEG

Football, '34
Baseball, '34, '35

THERESA HALAMICEK

Roller Skating
Service



ERWIN HENDERSON

Track
Treasurer of Engineering Club
Treasurer of Chemistry Club
Band
Orchestra

GERALDINE HANDEL

Student Council
Group Chairman
Group Secretary

CHARLES HEUER

Chemistry Club

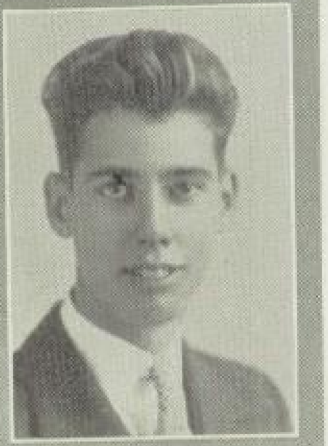
FRED HILLIS

Glee Club
Gym Club
Football
Track
Chemistry Club

RUTH HARTMAN

MARGARET HARTMEISTER

Scholarship R
Carol Club
Art Club
German Club
Torch

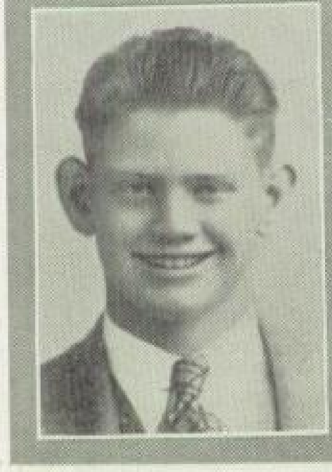


RUSSELL HOFER

Band R
Orchestra

BENTLEY JACOB

Football, '33, '34
Track, '35



ALICE HAUSNER

Scholarship R
Service
Athenæum
Quill Club
Stamp Club

IDA ESTIN

Service R
Spanish Club

MILDRED FAHNESTOCK

Student Council
Tap Club
Silver Skates
Basketball Club
Softball Club

FRANK FLETCHER

Aviation Club

VIOLA FISCHER

Editor of "Mercury" of Athenæum
Volley Ball
Service R
Roller Skating

DORIS FREUND

Service
O'ita

Love Doris

GEORGE FORD

Cairo, Illinois, High School:
Chemistry Club
Chess Club
Mathematics Club
Sportsman Society

STEVE FURBACHER

Editor of Rough Rider
Scholarship R
Student Council Property Committee
Bwana Staff
Torch

MARJORIE LOUISE GANNON

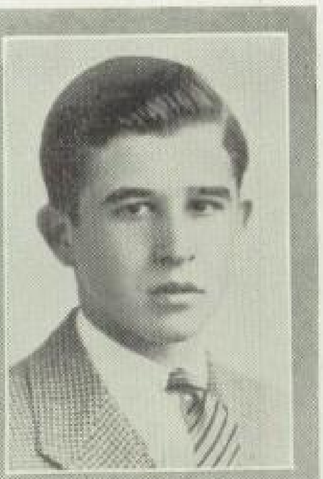
KENNETH GNUSE

Track, '34
Football, '36

MARY ANN GEWINNER

Bwana Staff
Student Council Representative
O'ita
Chemistry Club
Torch

WILMA HICKMAN
Priscilla Club



JOSEPH JAEGER
Cheer Leader, '34, '35, '36
Track, '36
Rough Rider, '34, '35, '36
Philatelic Society, '34

JANICE HUNDHAUSEN
Service R's

AL JENISCH
Student Council Representative
Finance Committee
Service
Engineering Club
Torch

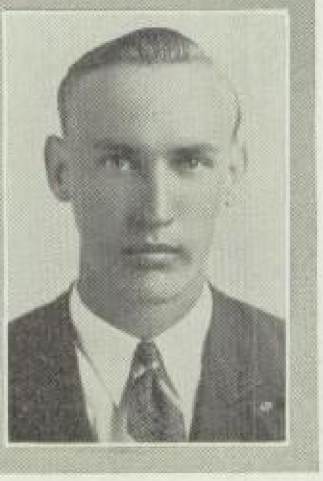
LOUISE JOUET

KEN JONES
Chairman Property Committee, '34, '36
Vice-President of Sevens
President of Chemistry Club
Debating R
Torch

JANE KAISER
Student Council
Citizenship Committee
Secretary to Adviser

WALTER C. JONES
Officer in Sportsman's Club, '34, '35, '36
Student Council, '35, '36
Rough Rider Staff, '34, '35, '36
Track, '34
Finance Committee, '36

DORIS KILGORE
Vice-President and Accompanist of Carol Club
Student Council
Property Committee
Scholarship R
Art Club



PAT JONES
Track, '34, '35
Student Council, '34, '36
Rough Rider Staff, '35, '36
Mask and Buskin
Chemistry Club

JAN KINDERMAN
French Club

ROBERT JONES
President of French Club
Golf Team, '34, '35
Golf Club
Student Council

CHARLOTTE KINGSTON
Spanish Club
Carol Club
A'Capella Choir

WILLIAM KIMMEL
Student Council

GEORGE KIRTOGIAN
Baseball, '35

MARJORIE KIRCHNER

DOROTHY KLASEY
Club Activities
Treasurer of Bowling Club
Skating Club

LAVERNE KRAMPFERT
Carol Club

RUTH LANGE
Anatole French Club
Shakespearean Club
Icicles
Service

NELSON KOERNER
Football

GERALDINE LILIE

Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer of Spanish Club
President and Treasurer of Mask and Buskin
Student Council Welfare Committee, '36
Service R
Silver Skates

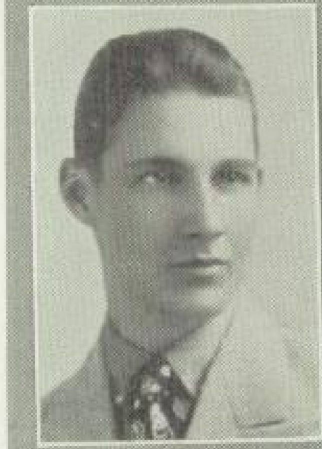
DOROTHY LOIDA

Student Council Representative
Mask and Buskin
College Club
Senior Button Committee
Service

Good Luck'
Hope

KENNETH KRAUS

Baseball, '35

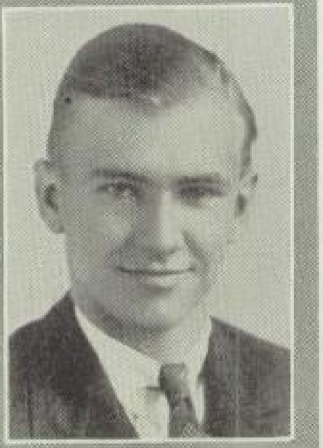


HOPE LONG

Shakespearean Club
Athenæum Club

CAROLYN LORENZ

Co-Editor of Bwana
Treasurer of Sevens
President and Secretary of College Club
Secretary of Pep R
Torch



EDWARD LEEZY

Tennis Team, '35, '36
Bwana Staff, '36
Vice-President of A'Capella Glee Club
Bank
Torch

VIRGIL LIGHT

Rough Rider
Service
Senior Play

BERNICE McABEE

Tap Dancing
Service

MARGARET McDERMOTT

Priscilla, '34
Service

JOHN O. MAGEE

PATTY MANSFIELD

Pep R
Secretary of College Club
President and Vice-President of Carol Club
Secretary and Editor of "Mercury" of Athenæum
Mask and Buskin

MARVIN MARKS

Student Council Athletic Committee
Forum
Mathematics Club
Scholarship and Service R's
Torch

CLARA MARLEN

Roosevelt:
Athenæum
Chemistry Club
Blewett:
Dramatic Club
G. G. A.

WILLIAM MATHAE

Service R
Silver Skates
Spanish Club
Bicycle Club
Button Committee of Sevens and Eights

WILLIAM MECKER

Service
Mathematics Club

RUTH LEE MELICK

Librarian of Mask and Buskin
Student Council Representative
College Club
Ice Skating Club
Orchestra

LORRAINE METZLER

Student Council
Carol Club
Volley Ball Club
Shakespearean Club

MARION E. MEIER

VIRGINIA MOHR

Vice-President of College Club
Scholarship Pin
Service R
Student Council
Torch

HERBERT MEREDITH

Chairman of Athletic Committee, '35, '36
Track, '33, '34, '35, '36
Baseball, '36
Tennis, '35, '36
Torch

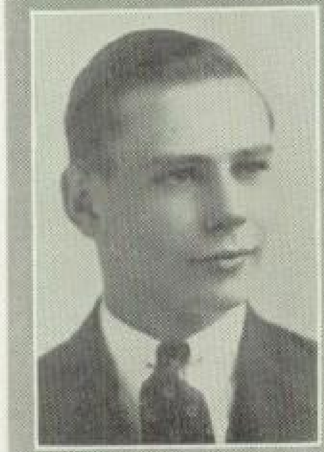
MARY CATHERINE MOLDOVAN

ALTON MISSEY

Service
Gym Club
Football, Student Manager, '36

LESTER MOEHRLE

Motto Committe, Sixes
Athletic Committee, Seniors
Glee Club
Secretary to Adviser



BETTY MORGAN

Spanish Club
Silver Skates
Tap Club

EDNA ROSE MORGAN

CHARLES WILLIAM NIERGARTH

LOUIS NULSEN

President of Cartoon Club
Philatelic Club
Service

MARIE MORLAN

O'ita
Art Fellowship
Scholarship R
Service R's
Torch

VERA MYERS

Student Council, '36
Ice Skating Club
Service
Citizenship Committee

ELLEN NAHMENSEN

Scholarship R, '36
Service
Volley Ball

BETTY NATIONS

Cheer Leader
Vice-President of Pep R
Corresponding Secretary of College Club
Mask and Buskin
Service R's

MELBA NEYER

President, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary of O'ita
All-Star Basketball Team
Student Council Representative
Scholarship R
Torch

JAMES O'NEILL

Basketball, '33, '34

BETTY PEPOON

College Club

BEULAH RADFORD

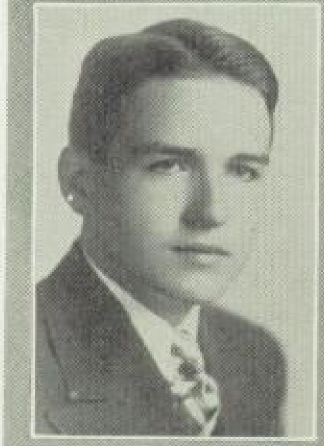
Pep R
College Club
Tap Dancing
Volley Ball Club
Service

ELMER OSBORNE

Track, '34, '35, Manager, '36
Senior Play

TED PAULL

Forum
Chess Team
Chemistry Club
Scholarship R's
Torch



PHYLLIS RAU

Student Council
College Club
President and Treasurer of Spanish Club
Rough Rider Typist
Torch

KATHRYN RUESTER

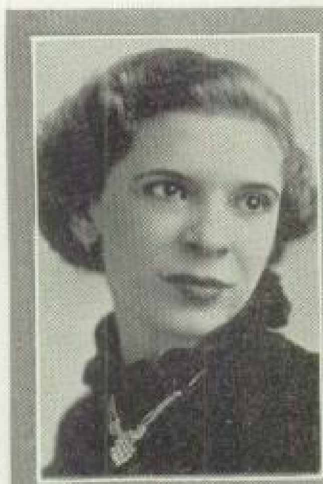
Winner of Oratorical Contest, '36
President of College Club
Vice-President of Pep R
Secretary of Student Council
Treasurer of Torch

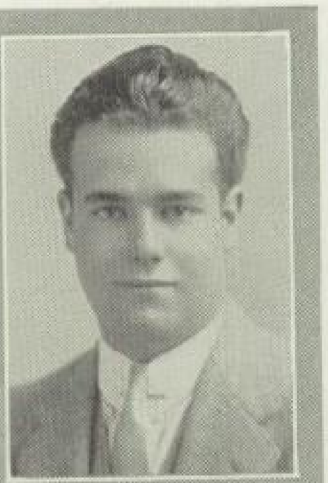
JANE RIEHL

Spanish Club
Secretary to Adviser

WILLA RIEKEN

Rough Rider Staff
Student Council Finance Committee
Scholarship and Service R's
Treasurer of O'ita
Secretary of Athenæum

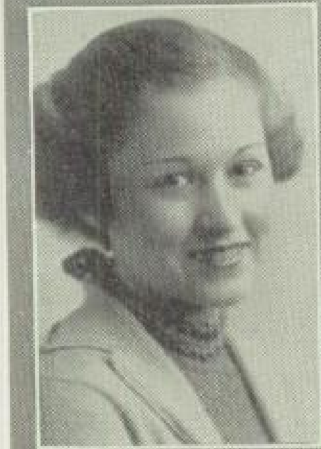


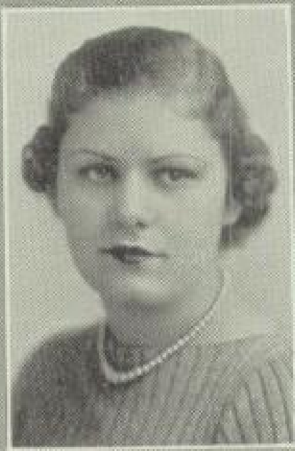


JUNIOR PETERS

Secretary to Adviser
Sportsman's Club

MARY JANE RITTER



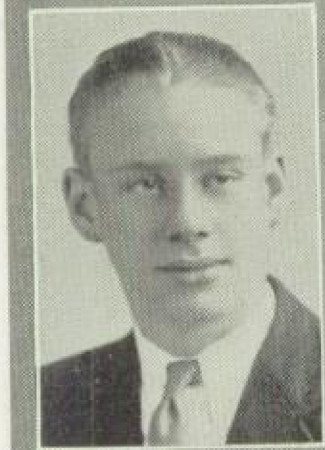


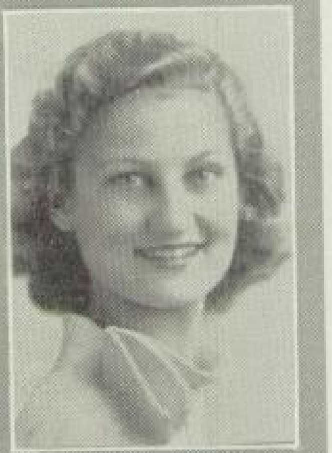
MARGARET ROBERT

O'ita
Roller Skating

GERALD PFAFF

Student Council
Radio Club
Chemistry Club
Literary Society



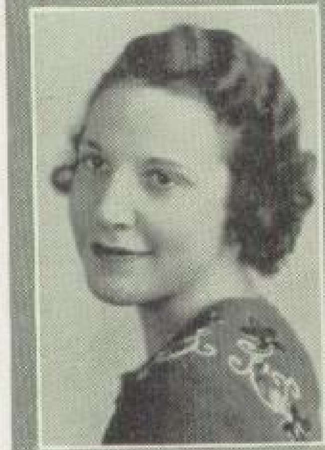


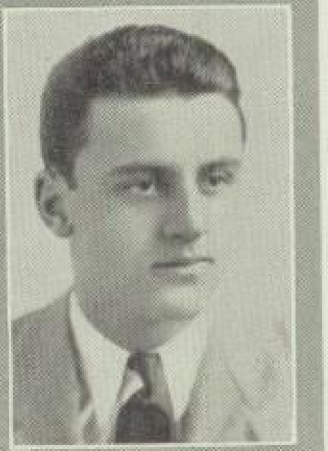
MARIAN RUFFING

Spanish Club
Silver Skates
Roller Skating Club
Athenæum Club
Vice-President of Cycling Club

MILDRED RUTLEDGE

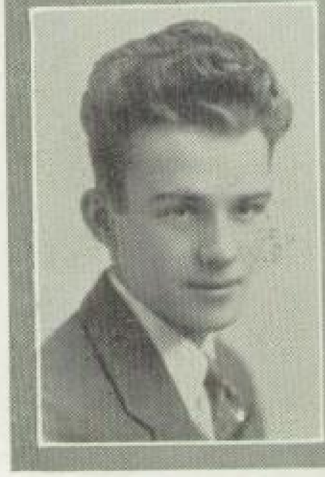
Bwana Staff
College Club
Studio Club
Student Council
Secretary to Adviser

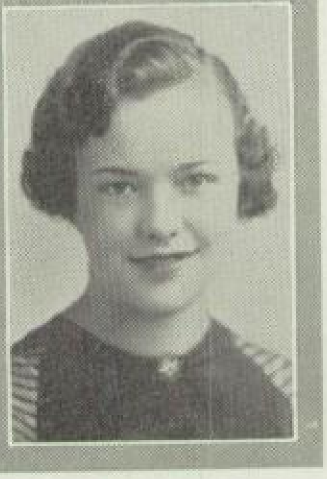




JOSEPH RE

NORMAN L. ROUGGLY

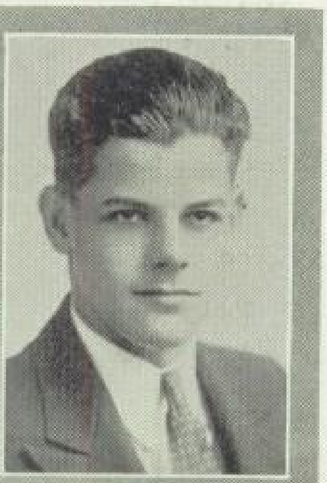




DOROTHEA SCHAEFFER

College Club
Bwana Staff
Service R's
Scholarship R
Athenæum

MARIE SCHNEIDEWIND



HAROLD SCHADT
Football, '34
Baseball, '34
Bowling Club, '35
Orchestra, '33, '37

GENE SCHAEFER
A'Capella Choir
Chemistry Club
Student Council
Library
Senior Play

EILEEN SCHNEIDER
Swimming, '35
Priscilla Club, '35

VIRGINIA E. SCHRADER

RUSSELL SCHOENBECK
President of Sevens
Editor of Rough Rider
Winner of Harvard Book Prize
Chairman of Finance Committee
Torch

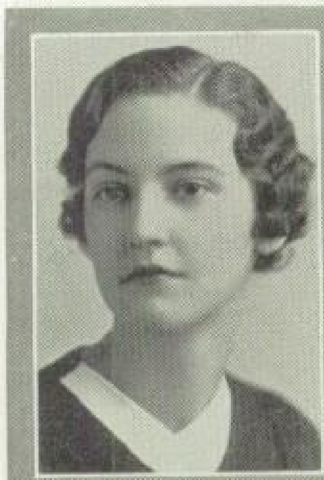
AUDREY SCHUELY

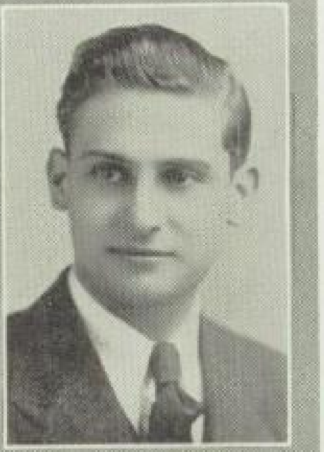
WILMA SCHULTZ
Pep R
Carol Club
Mask and Buskin
O'ita
Service

ROBERT SCHROEDER
Tennis Team, '35, '36
Torch
Student Council
Chairman Welfare Committee
Chairman Citizenship Committee

MARY JANE SCOTT
College Club
Art Fellowship

HARRIET LOIS SHAFFER



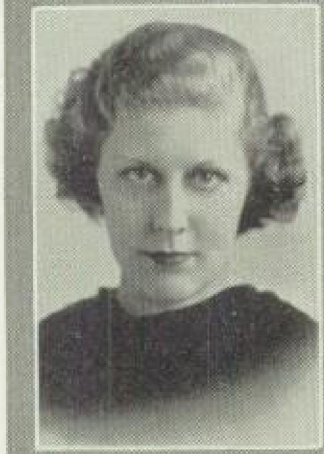


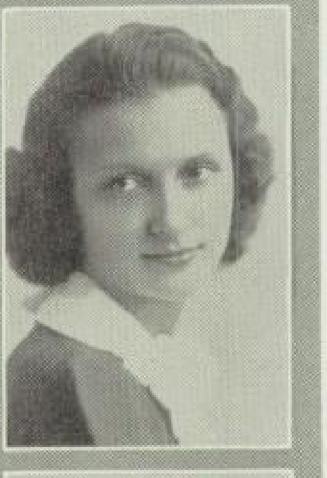
HOWARD SEESLER

A'Capella Choir
Glee Club
Orchestra
Cartoon Club

GENEVIEVE SEAGRAVE

President, Vice-President, and Secretary of Spanish Club
Secretary of Carol Club
Bwana Staff
Student Council
Torch



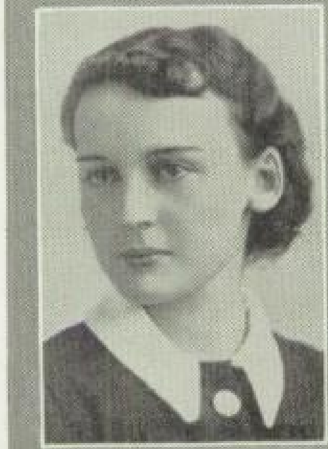


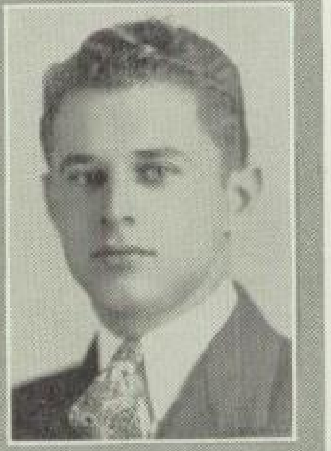
ALINE STONE

Silver Skates
Volley Ball

DOLORES STAUSS

Tap Dancing Club
Service

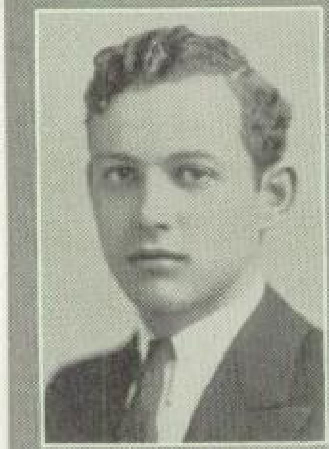


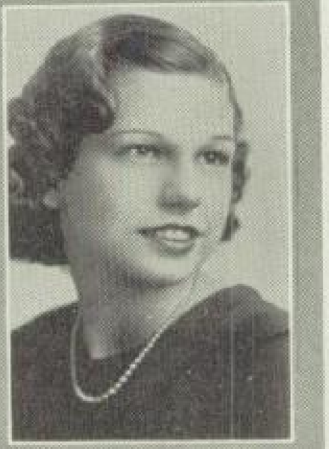


BARNEY SILVERMAN

Football, '33, '35
Track, '33, '35
Silver Skates, '33
R Club, '33
Rough Rider Distributor, '33

RICHARD SMITH



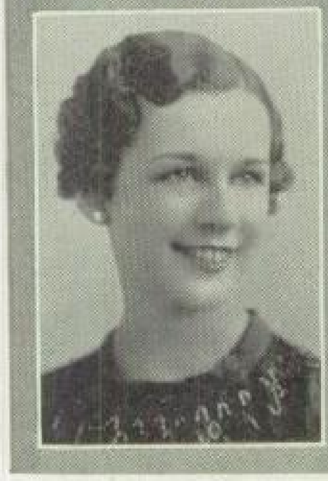


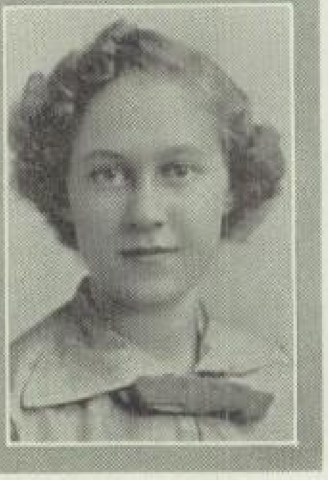
FLORENCE STROH

Bwana Staff
Service
Athenæum
Tap Club

HARRIETTA STROTHER

College Club





RUTH TARTAR

Spanish Club
Band
Orchestra
Art Fellowship, '34
Silver Skates, '35

EUGENIA LEE THOMAS

MARJORIE TOPPING
Carol Club
Swimming Team
Roller Skating Club
Spanish Club

ELMER SMITT
Scholarship R's
President of Mathematics Club
Glee Club, '35, '36
Service

PEARL TREMAYNE
Student Council
Silver Skates
Vice-President and Treasurer of Priscilla Club

ELIZABETH TRIGG
Basketball Captain
Scholarship Pin
Service
Torch

NATHAN STAMPFER
Service

LORRAINE TROJAHN
All-Star Girls' Basketball
Volley Ball
Orchestra R
Secretary to Adviser
Secretary and Treasurer of Shakespearean Club

JUANITA TULEY

GEORGE RICHARD STRODE

LORRAINE ULRICH
Scholarship R's
Student Council
Bwana Staff
Service R
Torch

EMILY VLATKOVICH
Service
Scholarship R
O'ita
Athenæum
Torch

GENE VELTEN
Athenæum
German Club

KENNETH VENINGA
Bowling Club

MARY VIRGINIA VOELKER
Carol Club
A'Capella Choir
French Club
Blewett Girls' Glee Club

MARGARET WEIS
Student Council
Chemistry Club

JAMES WAITS
Aviation Club
Fencing Club

JOHN WALSH

RUTH WESTERMAYER
Roller Skating Club

VIRGINIA WHEELHOUSE
Pep R
Cheer Leader
Student Council, '35, '36
College Club
Senior Play

KENNETH WASSERMAN

SCHIERLOW
VAN DEUSEN

President of the Forum
Secretary of the Forum
Secretary of the Quill Club
Student Council Welfare Committee
Torch

HELEN WILD

HOWARD WENDT

Chemistry Club
Natural Science Club
Engineering Club
Service

GRACE WITHUM

Student Council
Silver Skates
Studio Club
Bowling Club
Art Club

HILDA ZIMMERLEIN

Art Club
German Club

WILLIAM WIRTH

Student Council
Bicycle Club

AUGUST WOLFF

Student Council
Service

LARRY SCHULENBURG

Track, '33, '36
Bwana Staff
Service, '33
Quill Club

EDWARD LUCKETT

Athenæum

JACK NEUMAYER

President of Aviation Club
Cartoon Club

Mary Abchal

Barry Albright

Harry Otis Allen

Emil Beckman

Edward Berdeaux

Louis Boellegheimer

Kenneth Bowenschulte

Loretta Buback

Nancy Carlock

Joe Dolcimoscolla

Warren Elliot

Charles Flory
Swimming Team, '33, '34, '35, '36
Rough Rider

Max Fortune
Band
Orchestra

Joe Franek
Roosevelt:
Athenæum
South Side High School:
Football Manager, '34

Brentner Hackmann

Helen Hammack

Frank Hardt

Ida Irene Harlow

Chester Hennis
Glee Club
Gym Club

Arleigh Heitmeyer

Jane Hickel
Pep R
College Club
Carol Club

Eugene Hoffman

Helene Jungk
Carol Club
Athenæum

Stanley Knopf

Richard Kuehnel
Orchestra
Chemistry Club

Justin Larsen
Basketball Manager, '33
Track, '33
Bowling Club, '35, '36
R Club

Anthony Mantia

Pearl Marcus
Shakespearean Club
Athenæum Club
Tap Club

Peggy McQuade
Icicles
Pep R

Rose Mary Mattox

Joseph Mueller

Helen Negro

Edmund Niehoff

Harry O'Niell

Rose Rapport
Athenæum
Service
Secretary to Adviser

James C. Reilly

Elfrida Roessler
Basketball
Volley Ball
German Club

Morgan Ryan

Betty Schafer
College Club
Pep R
Swimming Team

John Scheller

Albert Schmidt

Clarence Schiwitz

Russell Schmierbach

Melvin Siebert

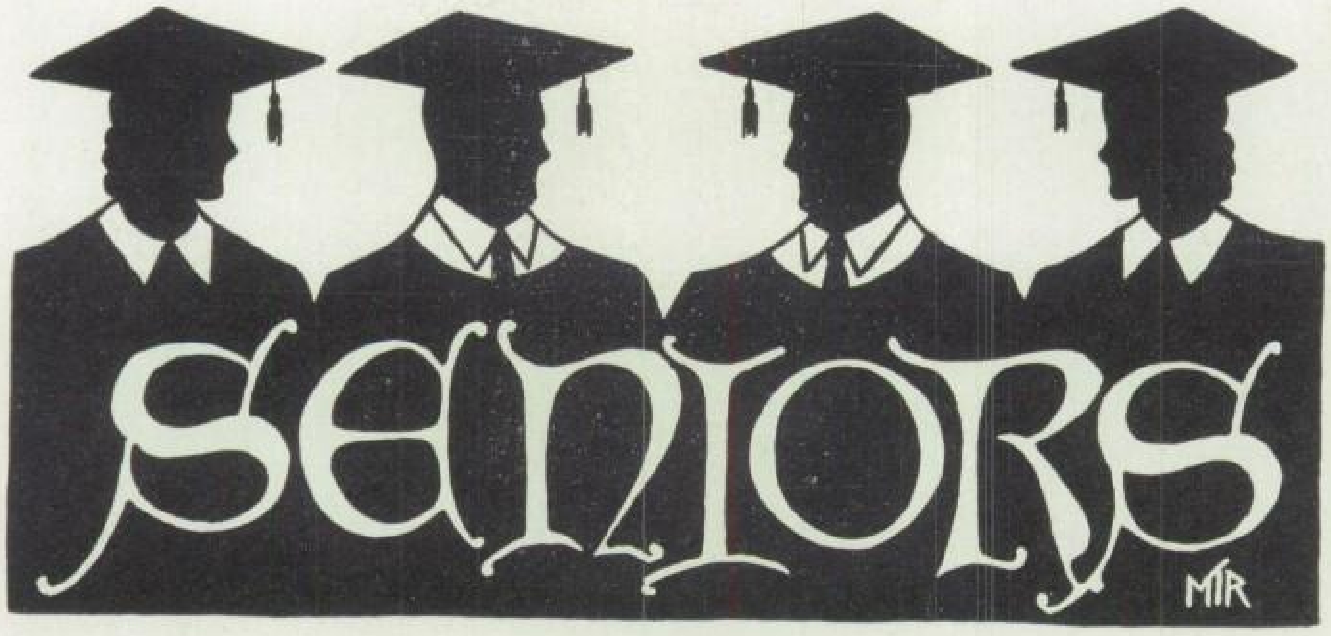
Marshall Thorp

Harold Trejbal
Engineering Club
Track Team, '34

John Turner

John Weiss

Corinne Westerman
Silver Skates
O'ita
Volley Ball Club
Roller Skating Club
Chemistry Club



CLASS OF JUNE, 1937

Purpose: To develop class spirit.

Motto: We build the ladder by which we climb.

Moderator: Mr. O. R. Forsman

Time and Place of Meeting: Auditorium, Thursday, 2:45 P. M.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President:	Robert Grant
Vice-President:	Jack Flachmann
Secretary:	Bernice Ramont
Treasurer:	Max Lamkin
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Carl Clay

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Richard Lund
Vice-President:	Doris McKay
Secretary:	Patty Graf
Treasurer:	Robert Grant
Sergeant-at-Arms:	E. G. Hamilton

Best Wishes
Dick Lund

RICHARD B. LUND

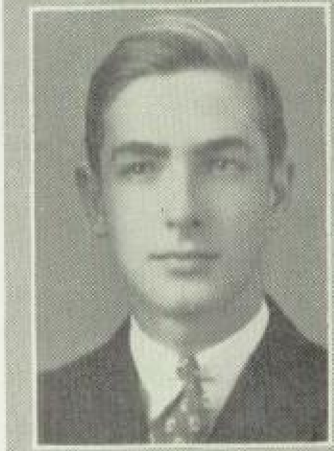
President of Sevens
Captain of Swimming Team
Bwana Staff
Athletic R
Service

DORIS McKAY

Treasurer of Pep R
Vice-President of Sevens
College Club
French Club
Secretary of Tap Club

ROBERT ADDISON GRANT

President of Sixes
Treasurer of Sevens
Rough Rider
Glee Club
Golf, '35, '36



PATRICIA JANE GRAF
(PAT)

Secretary of Sevens
Cheer Leader
Vice-President of O'ita
Pep R
Torch

EARL G. HAMILTON, JR.

Track, '36
Basketball, '36
Student Council
Sergeant-at-Arms Sevens
Citizenship Committee

DORIS L. AHRENS

Roller Skating Club
Scholarship R's
Service

JACK ADAMS

Track
Football
Glee Club
A'Capella Choir
Athenæum

MILDRED ASHER

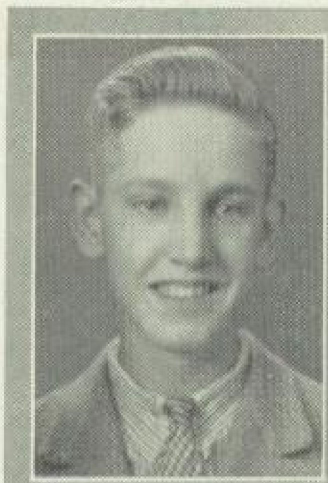
Quill Club

MELVILLE AHLMEYER

RUTH ATKINS

Service
College Club
Ice Skating Club
Scholarship Pin
Torch

ALBERT PAUL AMEISS
Harvard Book Prize
Forum
Debating Club
Service



JO ANN BANEY
Scholarship R
Service
College Club

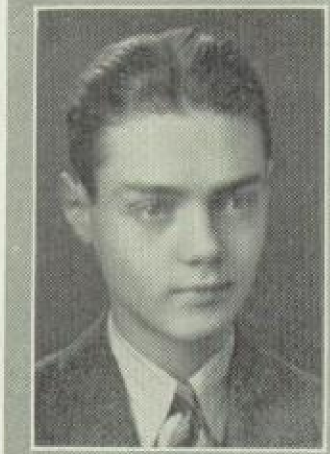
ARTHUR ANSEHL
Football, '35, '36
Band, '33, '34, '35, '36

RUTH MARION BARRINGTON
Mathematics Club
Secretary Chemistry Club
Roller Skating Club
Service

MARVIN BALLEW
Football

EDITH MAY BARTMAN
Student Council Representative, '36, '37
Secretary Mask and Buskin
College Club
Soft Ball Club
Tap Club

FLOYD O. BECHERER
Forum
Debating Club
Fencing Club



MARY ELLEN BEANS
Pep R
Anatole French Club
Ice Skating Club
Carol Club
Service

VICTOR CHARLES BECVAR
Track, '34
Baseball, '36
Chess Club

VIRGINIA BEARD
Roller Skating Club
Spanish Club

SHELDON BENDER

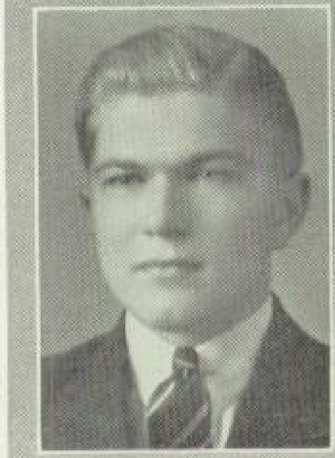
Baseball, '35, '36, '37
Basketball, '36, '37
Bowling Club

JUNE ROSE BECKER

Tap Club

STANLEY C. BLUMENTHAL

Mathematics Club
Athenæum
Service

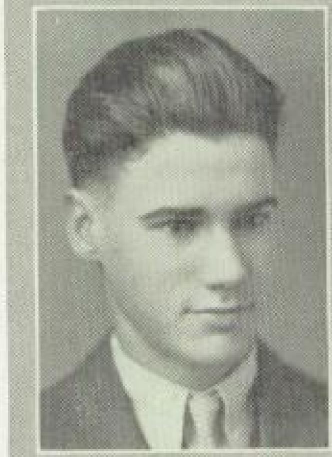


IONE MARIE BERNER

Basketball Club
Volley Ball Club
Bicycle Club

JAMES CHARLES CARRUTH

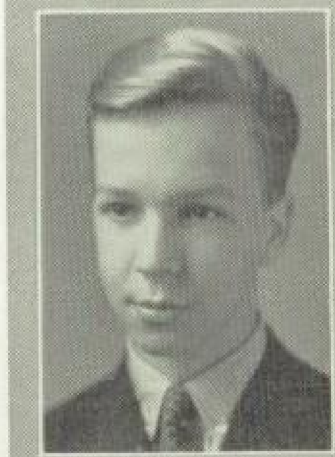
Aviation Club
Orchestra



MARTHA BIRKENHAUER

DOUGLAS CHEANEY

Barrett High School, Henderson, Kentucky:
Basketball, '33, '34, '35
Pep Club, '33, '34, '35



EVELYN BOERSIG

Scholarship Pin
College Club
Service
Student Council
Ice Skating Club

JOHN CLARKE

Rough Rider
Bowling Club
Engineering Club

IDAMAE BRANDAU

Pep R
All-Star Basketball
Volley Ball
Soft Ball
French Club

Don't forget me,
Billie

CARL CLAY

BILLIE LOUISE BRANDT

Bowling Club, '35
Athenæum

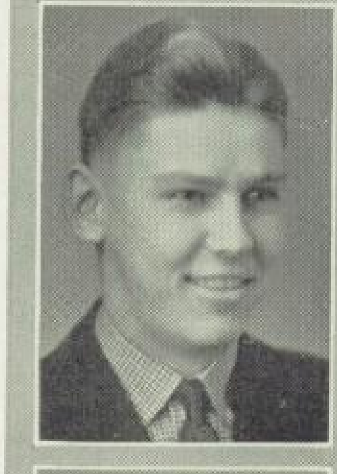
DONALD GEORGE
CRECELIUS

Sergeant-at-Arms of Spanish Club
Chemistry Club
Boys' Unchanged Voice Choir, '33
Service R

ELEANOR D. BRINKMAN

Shakespearean Club
Student Council Representative
Roller Skating Club

JAMES CRITES



RUTH BRINKMANN

DWIGHT DAVIS

Engineering Club
Track, '36

JOYCE BRUEGGEMAN

Art Fellowship Club
Chemistry Club

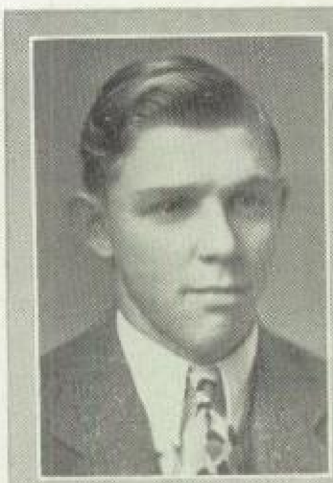
ROBERT E. DECKER

Student Council
Engineering Club
Service
Chairman of Button Committee of Sevens

RUTH HELEN BRUNE

Scholarship Pin
Rough Rider
College Club
President of Art Club
Torch

VERMILLION DIDITIUS



LILLIAN M. BUCKLEY

Carol Club
Tap Club
Rosati-Kain High School:
Glee Club

RUSSELL DONLAVY

DOROTHY BURCH

Roller Skating

LEROY DOVIN

Art Fellowship Club
Engineering Club
Bowling Club
Band

ANNE BURGESS

Tap Club
Volley Ball Club
Roller Skating Club

CLYDE DURPHY

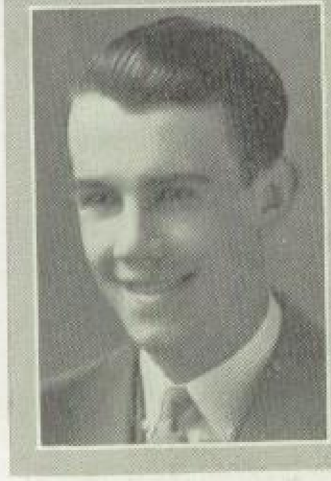
Football, '34, '35, '36

DOROTHY LOUISE BURKHARDT

Skating Club
French Club
Athenæum

WENDELL ELIJAH EATON, JR.

Social Committee of Sixes
Football, '34, '35
Service

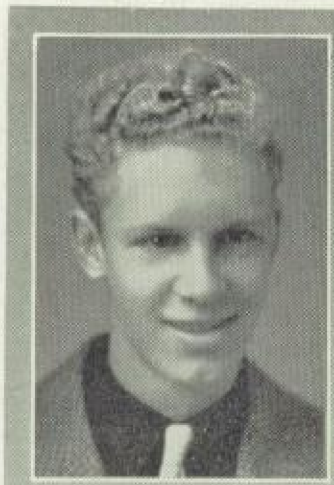


EDITH LOIS BURRS

Icicles
Spanish Club
Roller Skating Club

VINCENT EBERT

Sportsman's Club
Chemistry Club



CATHERINE L. CABLE

Wellston High School:
Schubert Club
Roosevelt High School:
Rough Rider
Roller Skating

OMER CLEVELAND FAULKNER JR.

Button Committee of Sixes
Photograph Committee of Sevens

HARRIETTE CICOTTE

JOSEPH J. FITZSIMMONS

Student Council
Engineering Club
Skating Club

DOROTHY CORDELL

Athenæum
Photo-play Appreciation Club
Tap Club
Roller Skating Club

JACK FLACHMANN

Swimming Team, '34, '35, '36, '37
Sportsman's Club
Vice-President of Sixes

VIRGINIA CORNET

Bwana
Mask and Buskin
O'ita
Spanish Club
Priscilla Club

HERBERT D. FREER

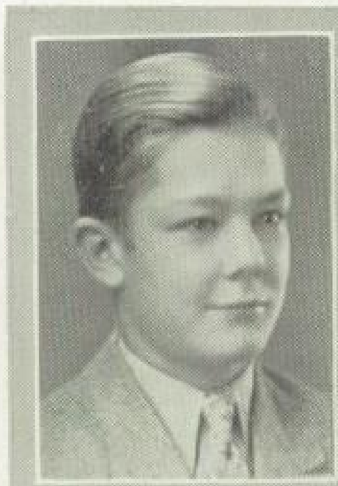
Poplar Bluff High School:
Band
President of Freshmen
Oracle Club
Roosevelt High School:
Band

DOROTHY ESTHER CUTRIGHT

St. Charles High School:
Secretary of Art Club

MARVIN BENNETT
FROECKMANN

Track, '35, '36, '37
Vice-President and President of
Ice Skating Club
Swimming Team
Basketball

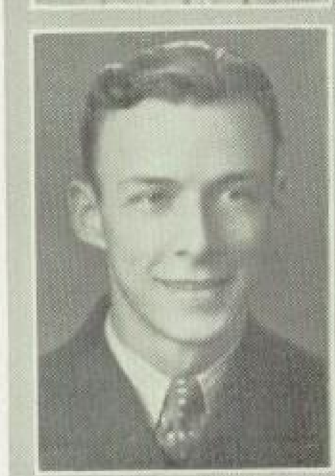


MARCELLA CZAJKOWSKI

Shakespearean Club
Tap Club
Carol Club
Cleveland High School:
Pipes of Pan

WILLIAM GILMORE

Student Council, '36



FRANCES MARIE DENNIS

Spanish Club
Art Club

GEORGE GIULVEZAN

EVELYN DOLL

Roller Skating Club

RALPH WILLIAM
GUSKY

Student Council
Bwana Staff

GRACE MARION DOWD

WILLIAM HAGER

A'Capella Choir
Shakespearean Club
Athenæum
Gym Club
Sportsman's Club

MARGARET EDMONDSON

Elkville, Illinois, High School:
Hiking Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Roosevelt:
Torch

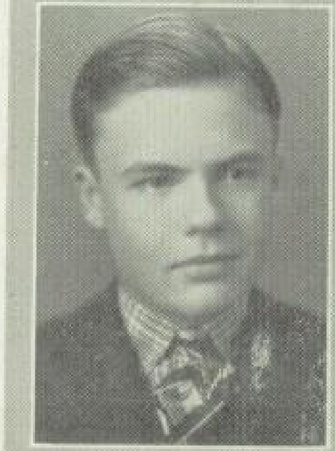
VIRGIL L. HERMAN

SYLVIA ELLERMANN
Scholarship R's
College Club
Mask and Buskin
Service
Rough Rider Reporter

ROBERT GEORGE HERRMANN
A'Capella Choir
Chemistry Club
Boys' Choir
Athletic Manager

MARIE EILEEN ENGLIS
Student Council
Chemistry Club
Roller Skating Club
Tap Club

JAMES HILLEMAN



ROSE MARY FACTOR
Student Council Representative,
'35, '36, '37

GEORGE J. HOFFMANN
Mask and Buskin
Shakespearean Club
Golf Team, '36
Basketball

KARINE FISCHER
Student Council Representative
Anatole French Club
Mask and Buskin
Service R
Volley Ball Club

CHARLES HOUSKA
Athletic R
Track, '34, '35, '36, '37
Swimming Team, '36
Chess Club

DOROTHY FOHRMAN

Lots of Luck Ruth

CHARLES R. HOWARD

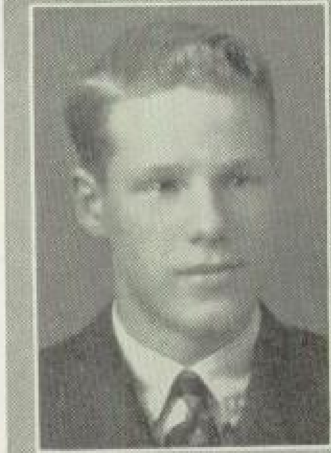
Swimming Team, '35, '36, '37
Track, '36
Service
Button Committee of Sevens

RUTH FRANTZ

College Club
Roller Skating Club

HERMANN HOYER

Swimming Team
Skating Club



VIRGINIA FRITZ

Basketball
Volley Ball Club
Chemistry Club
Carol Club

JEAN R. JOHNSON

Swimming
Football

LOUISE GERSBACHER

O'ita
Ice Skating Club
Scholarship Pin
Service
Athenæum

ARTHUR T. KLUEGEL

Art Club
Bwana Staff

BETTY MARILYN GILLEN

Cleveland High School:
Ice Skating Club
Honor Roll Club

GUS KRAGE

Football, '34, '35
Cheer Leader
President of Aviation Club
Treasurer of Mask and Buskin

ALICE ERNESTINE GIMPEL

Spanish Club

MAX LOUIS LAMKIN
Student Council
Property Committee
Rough Rider, '35, '36, '37
Treasurer of Sixes
Treasurer of Mathematics Club

DOROTHY JULIA GINSBURG
French Club

BERNARD LANGE
Athenæum
Track
Chess Club
Cartoon Club

EMMA RUTH GRAUL
Bwana Staff
Rough Rider Staff
Pep R
All-Star Basketball Pin
Torch

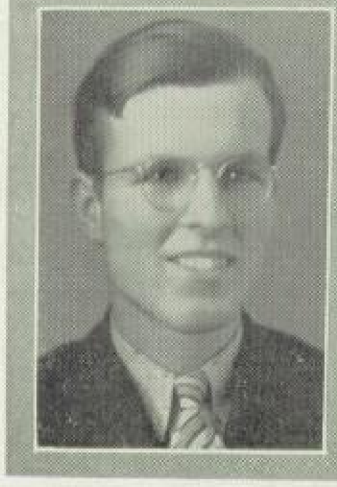
KENNETH A. LEGENDRE

RUTH HAGEMEISTER
O'ita
Mask and Buskin
Scholarship Pin
Service
Torch

MATTHEW J. MALONEY
Sportsman's Club

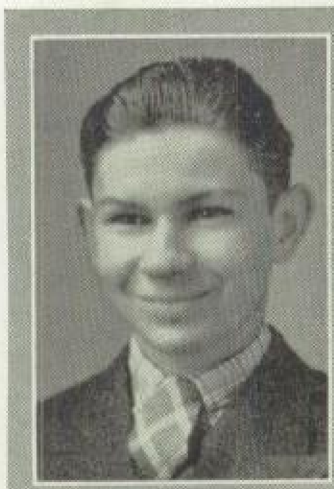
EUGENIA MARIE HARDY
Basketball
Ice Skating
Volley Ball
Bicycle Club

MELVIN L. MANAHAN
Chemistry Club
Student Council



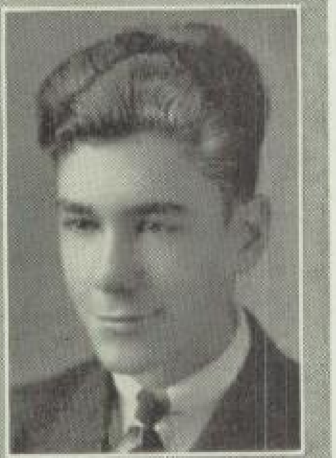
EDNA JERRENNE MAE HARMON
Cleveland High School:
  Girls' Freshman Club
  Girls' Basketball
  Tap Club

BILL MARTIN
Chemistry Club
French Club
Gym Club
Student Council



EUGENIA L. HARTER
College Club
Carol Club

OLLINE HELEN HASENBECK
Volley Ball



TOM MATHUS
Engineering Club

PAULINE L. HAYO
All-Star Team Basketball
College Club
Service R
Student Council
Secretary to Adviser

VIRGINIA M. HECHT
Volley Ball
German Club
Ice Skating
Athenæum
Service

KENNETH MATOUSEK
Football, '34, '35, '36

CHRISTINA HERLITZKA

LAVERNE HOERNER
Swimming Club
Tap Club

DONALD J. MATTINGLY
President and Vice-President of Philatelic Club
Service
Student Council
Citizenship Committee

Adabelle Ruth Hughes

O'ita
Service

Dick McDougall

Football, '33, '35, '36
Track, '33, '34, '36
Rough Rider Staff

Henrietta Jane Johnston

O'ita
Mask and Buskin
Tap Club
Service R

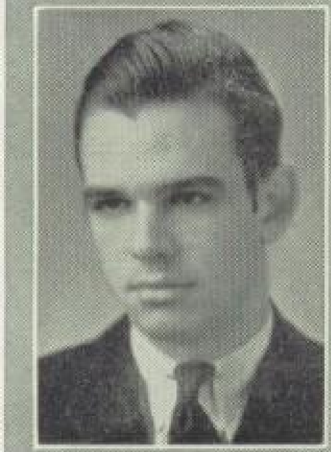
Elvera Hoffmann

Shakespearean Club
Service

Edward E. Meier

Vice-President of Stamp Club
Bicycle Club

Ed Meier



Martha Kaney

Shakespearean Club
Roller Skating Club

Laurie Karch

Pep R
Scholarship Pin
Rough Rider Staff
College Club
Torch

Helen Merle Jones

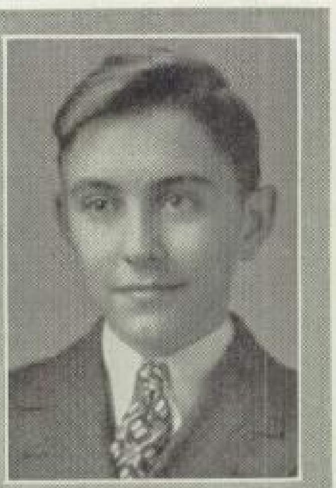
Herbert E. Moder

Student Council
Chess Club
President of Engineering Club
Scholarship R

Irene Kennedy

Tap Club

LAVERN KESTRANEK

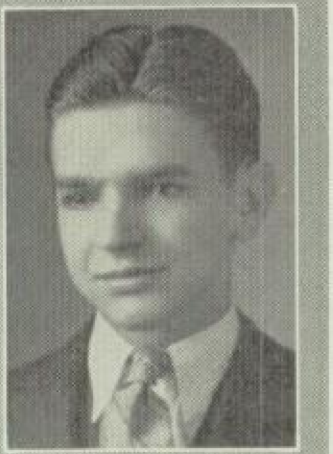


CALVIN EDWARD MOELLER

Chemistry Club
Philatelic Club
Chess Club
French Club

MARION KLINGLER

Marion Klingler



CHARLES MOORE

Service
Track
Science Club

HELEN MARIE KLUPE

French Club
Icicles
Volley Ball
Tennis
Service

LORRAINE M. KOETTKER

All-Star Basketball
Soft Ball
Volley Ball
Tap Club
Chemistry Club

BOB MUELLER

Student Council Representative, '35, '36
Football, '34

HELEN LOUISE KOURI

Rough Rider Staff
French Club
Athenæum
College Club
Mask and Buskin

GERTRUDE KRAUSNICK

German Club
Ice Skating Club
Athenæum
Scholarship R
Service R's

MARY FRANCES LIMEBROOK

College Club
Art Club
Roller Skating Club

LEE JEROME NAHM

Student Council
Chess Club
Bowling Club

Lee Nahm

PAULINE LOUISE KUECHLER

College Club
Captain of All-Star Girls' Basketball Team

ARLINE EDNA KUTTER

Vera Lewis

VERA LEWIS

Athenæum
Tap Club
Mask and Buskin

JEWELL MACDONALD

Art Fellowship Club

ROLAND NEUMANN

Orchestra
Track Manager, '36
Track, '34

MARY MARQUIS

Spanish Club

GEORGE J. NEUMAYER

President of Philatelic Society
Service

GRACE MARY MARSALEK

Carol Club
Mask and Buskin
Service

KATHLEEN RUTH O'NEAL

Leadwood High School:
Glee Club
Girls' Reserve
Christmas Contata
Soldan High School:
Les Chanteuses

VIOLA ANNA MAST

HAROLD B. OHMER

HELEN MARGARET MATTERS

Carol Club
Ice Skating Club

MARY JANE MATTESON

Cleveland High School:
W. E. O. C. Club
Service

WILLIAM ORTH

Bowling Club

MARTHA RHODA MAYO

German Club
Icicles

EMMA MARIE McENNIS

Shakespearean Club
Roller Skating Club
Athenæum Club

MIKE PERNOUD

Boys' Choir, '33

MARION ELIZABETH MICHEL

Athenæum
Carol Club

ANN GENEVIEVE MOLONEY

ELEANOR JEANNETTE MONNIG

Bicycle Club
Silver Skates Club
Secretary to Advisory Group

McGEORGE O'BANNON

ELIZABETH CARVER MOSSOP

Art Fellowship Club
Chemistry Club
Roller Skating Club

RUTH ELIZABETH MUELLER

Mask and Buskin
College Club
Student Council Representative, '35, '36, '37
Citizenship Committee
Scholarship Pin

VINCENT PREE

Engineering Club

CHARLOTTE C. NOLAN

President Bowling Club
President of Roller Skating Club
Studio Club
All-Star Basketball Team
Ice Skating Club

GWEN NOVY

O'ita

DORIS O'BANNON

WILLIAM F. RAKE

Football, '35,
Track, '33, '34, '35
Icicles

HAZEL LEONA OBERLE

College Club
President Shakespearean Club

ELIZABETH ANN
OVERMYER

Studio Club
Shakespearean Club

WALTER WILLIAM
REPP JR.

Engineering Club
Mask and Buskin
Quill Club
Debating Team
A'Capella Choir, '34

ISABEL PATTERSON
(PAT)

Vice-President of O'ita
Secretary of Tap Club
French Club
Librarian of Carol Club
A'Capella Choir

JOSEPHINE M.
PAWLOWICZ

Volley Ball Team
Shakespearean Club

Good Luck
Dot

DOROTHY JANE PEAT

Scholarship R
Student Council Representative
Service
Tap Club
Bowling Club

ROBERT LEE ROBERTS

Natural Science Club
Track Team
Swimming Team

MARION PECHAN

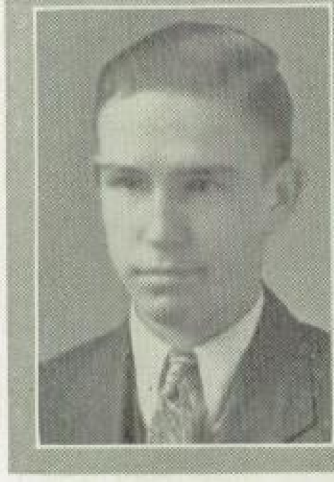
Tap Club
Service
Scholarship R

GERALDINE PEMBERTON

Bowling Club
President of Art Club

Jerry

FRED ROBERTSON



ROSELLA PETRI

Tap Club
Shakespearean Club
Soft Ball Club
Art Club
Roller Skating Club

DOROTHY E. M. PFEIFER

College Club
Mask and Buskin
Tap Club
Shakespearean Club
French Club

JEREMIAH RODDEN

Service
Bowling Club

JEAN AUDREY PHILBROOK

Art Club
Basketball

NINA PHILLIPS

Tap Club
Priscilla Club

MARILYN JAYNE PICKETT

President of Mask and Buskin
Treasurer of Rep R
College Club
Service R's
Torch

RUDY RUEDLINGER

A'Capel!a Choir
Swimming Team

ELAINE B. POLSTER

Carol Club
Roller Skating Club

VIRGINIA POPP
(DOLLY)

Pep R
Student Council Representative
French Club
Ice Skating Club
Tap Club

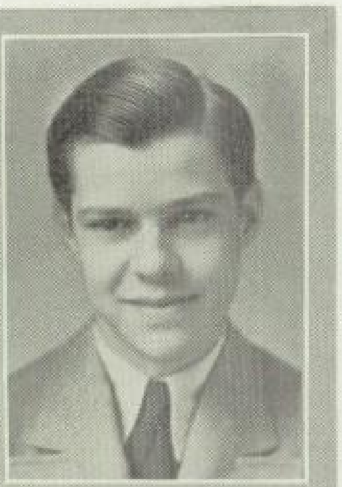
KENNETH GEORGE RUEMMLER

Service
Bowling Club
Mathematics Club
Spanish Club

LUCY PURDOM

Service R
French Club
Athenæum

BERNICE RAMONT
(BUNNY)
President of Art Club
Secretary of Sixes
Scholarship Pin
Service R
Student Council



JACK W. RUSSELL

MARY RATHOUZ
Basketball, '34, '35, '36
Volley Ball
Service

DOLORES B. REMMLER
Spanish Club
Shakespearean Club
Student Council
Service R

ts of
Luck.
Lorraine

LORRAINE REIFF
Vice-President of Ice Skating Club
President of Spanish Club
Rough Rider Staff
Roller Skating Club

LEVONA CLARA RITAYIK
Roller Skating Club
Secretary to Teacher

JOE SAHAIDA
Glee Club
Orchestra
Band

JOAN RITTMASTER
Service

ELSIE ROBINSON
College Club
Bwana Staff
Service
Scholarship Pin
Torch

DOROTHY ROEDER
Treasurer of Ice Skating Club
Roller Skating Club
Bowling Club
Service

MILLICENT RUBY ROWORTH

Bwana Staff
College Club
French Club
Tap Club
Scholarship Pin

ROBERT SCHMIDT

Glee Club, '34, '35, '36
A'Capella Choir
Football, '34

DOROTHY RUDOKAS

Quill Club
Shakespearean Club
Priscilla Club
Roller Skating Club

GERRY RUSSELL

Blewett High School:
Tennis Club
Bwana,
Student Council Representative
Bowling Club
Art Club

Gerry

MARVIN SCHNEIDER

Basketball, '33-'37
Tennis
Cartoon Club
Art Club
Sign Painting

Kelly Twins

MARCIA KELLY

Volley Ball Team
Tap Club
Swimming Team
Quill Club
Soft Ball Team

MYRA KELLY

Volley Ball Team
Tap Club
Swimming Team
Soft Ball

JUANITA SASSIN

All-Star Basketball Team
Service R
Volley Ball Team
Tennis Club
Icicles

As ever, Nonie

CHARLES SEBOURN, JR.

Fencing
Aviation

NONIE SCHLOSSER

Roller Skating Club
Rough Rider Staff
Ice Skating Club
Tap Club
Carol Club

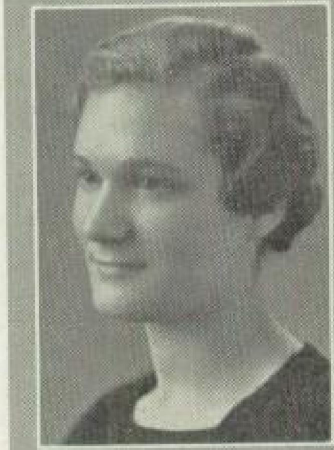
DOROTHY SCHMIDT
O'ita
Secretary of Mathematics Club
Service
Scholarship R

ALFRED SEIDEL
Track, '33, '34, '35, Captain, '36
Football, '34, '35, Co-Captain, '36

RUTH M. SCHNEIDER
Shakespearean Club
Priscilla Club

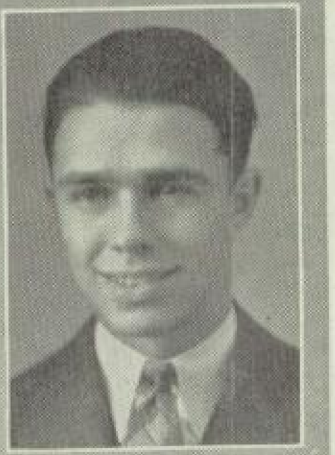
EVELYN JUNE SCHOEN

DOROTHY MARIE SCHROEDER
Orchestra R
City and State High School Orchestra
Ice Skating Club
Mask and Buskin
Tap Club



CELIA GRACE SHORE
Spanish Club

IOMA SCHRAND
Icicles
Roller Skating Club



JEROME SEIDEL
Track, '33, '34, '35, Captain, '36
Football, '36

ELIZABETH SIESEL
Tap Club
Student Council

NAOMI SIESEL
Tap Club
Art Club

ALMEDA SIMPSON
Basketball Club
Bowling Club
Roller Skating Club

AL SHUMATE
Football
Baseball

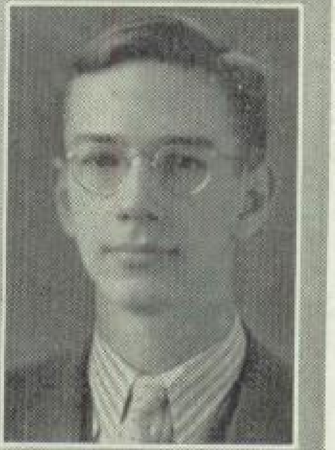
EILEEN SMITH
Ice Skating
Roller Skating

BETTY STEINMEYER
French Club

GEORGIA STOCKER
Priscilla Club
Latin Club

EDWARD SIPPEL
Cartoon Club

LOIS STOERGER
Carol Club



ROBERT STANLEY SKINNER
Track, '36
Bwana Staff
Chemistry Club
Torch
Quill Club

MARIE STUMHOFER

MARIE BARBARA SUSEK
Captain of Basketball Team, '35
Secretary of Priscilla Club, '36, '37
Roller Skating Club

RUTH THYM

Pep R
College Club
Student Council, '35, '36, '37
Torch
Scholarship Pin

BERNARD SLAVIK

Chess Club
Basketball, '37
Track, '34, '37

ALENE TURNER

Student Council Representative, '35, '36, '37
Anatole French Club
College Club
Service R

VIRGINIA ULRICH

Rough Rider Staff
O'ita
Ice Skating Club
Girls' Swimming Team
Secretary to Adviser

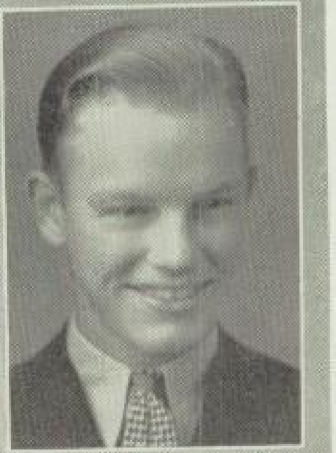
BETTY UNDERWOOD

Chemistry Club
Secretary to Adviser

MARGARET EVELYN TOTH

Shakespearean Club
Roller Skating Club
German Club
Secretary to Adviser

ANNE VIDLAK



BERNERD B. THOMAS

MARIAN F. VIERHELLER

Icicles
Basketball Club
Captain Bowling Club

VIRGINIA MARGARET VOELLINGER

Secretary of Shakespearean Club, '35
Icicles
Roller Skating Club

WILLIAM J. STEPHENS
"BILL"
Golf Team, '36
Latin Club Vice-President
Basketball

DOROTHY LOUISE WELCH
Farmington, Mo., High School:
Glee Club
Drum and Bugle Corp
Class Treasurer
L. S. Club

RUSSELL SPECKERT

HARRIET HELEN YESLEY
Carol Club
Tap Club

GEORGE A. TICHACEK
President of Quill Club
Engineering Club
Student Council
Scholarship R's
Chemistry Club

EDITH MARIE WURST
Basketball Club
Ice Skating Club
Tap Club
German Club
Service

ROBERT CAUFIELD TUCKER
Literary Society
Philatelic Society
Chess Club
Track, '36

ALICEROSE WRIGHT
Girls' Basketball Club
Chemistry Club

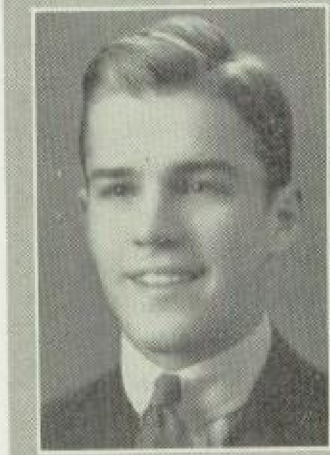
WALTER WALLACE
Student Council
Chess Club
Quill Club
Sergeant-at-Arms of Mask and Buskin
Service

CORA WOLTJEN
Basketball Club
Ice Skating Club
Roller Skating Club
Service

GEORGE WEBER
Student Council
Mathematics Club
Radio Club

CATHERINE MARJORIE WILLER
Carol Club
German Club
Service

DICK WILHELM
Tennis Team, '34, '35, '36
Captain Tennis Team, '35



Esther

ESTHER MAE WIETHEUCHTER
Icicles
Roller Skating Club
Spanish Club

MACK WINBERRY

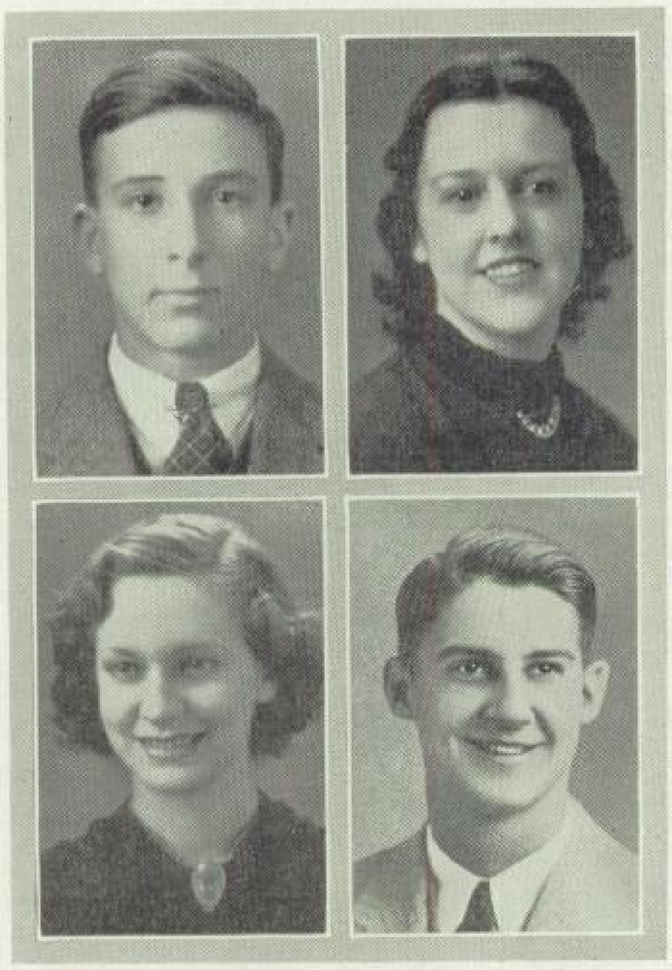
ESSIE FAYE YORK
Tap Club
Ice Skating Club

RAYMOND WOOD
Service

MARY JANE ZACHARY
Tap Club
Secretary to Adviser
Chemistry Club

HARRIS WORTHAM

ETHEL MARIE ZAHRNDT
Mask and Buskin
Art Fellowship Club
Roller Skating Club
German Club



CLAYTON FLEMING
Track, '34, '35, '36
Student Council
Scholarship R

MILDRED LUCILLE SEWELL
Secretary to Advisor and Advisory Group
Committee of Sevens
Treasurer and Vice-President of Athenæum
Chess Club
Spanish Club

ALICE MARGARET ZORN
Tap Club
Art Club

WILLIAM FRANCIS MCHALE
Cartoon Club
Baseball
Basketball
Service
Glee Club

JOE AIELLO

ELEANOR AMEND

DOROTHY ALBRIGHT

KENNETH ARMSTRONG

ROBERT BARRON
Aviation Club

LAURENCE BAUER

MARY LOU BISCHOFF
Girls' Basketball Club

HENRIETTA BLATTNER
Carol Club
French Club
Bicycle Club
Tap Club

HOWARD BODE
Football, '35, '36

MILDRED BOKAMPER
Priscilla Club
Roller Skating Club

BILL BOWMAN

HOWARD BROCK

ARCHIE BROWNE

OLIVER FREDRIECK BUESCHER
Okewville High School:
Softball
Basketball

ARDEN BURCHFIELD

DONALD CHANDLER

WILLIAM CHRISTMANN
Basketball, '35, '36
Band

GREGORY COHN

JOHN EDWARD CORBIN

EUGENE CROSS
(RED)
Football, '34, '35, '36

CATHERINE DIRKERS
Basketball

MARGARET DORSEY
Athenæum

CAMILLE DUNSMOOR

ANN MARGARET ELLEBRACHT

HERBERT ENNIS

RAY FABICK
Engineering Club

MARY KATHERINE FOX

JOSEPH M. FRASHER
Basketball, '34, '35, '36
Baseball, '34, '35

JULE H. FUCHS

RAYMOND L. GENAIL

EVA LOUISE GIBSON
Athenæum

ROBERT WALTER GOEHAUSEN
Cartoon Club
Bowling Club

HELEN PEARL GOSSAGE

CHARLES GUENTHER
French Club

GEORGE HARTER

RAE EDWIN HASSELBRING

DAVID HECKER
Engineering Club

LLOYD HEICHELBECK
Student Council

Jeanette Heining
Volley Ball
Soft Ball
Roller Skating Club

Lillian W. Heun
All-Star Basketball, '36
Volley Ball Club
Soft Ball Club
Shakespearean Club

Ralph Horton
German Club
Scholarship R

Albert Charles James Hrubes
Track, '36, '37
Athletic R
Basketball, '33, '37
Cartoon Club

Stanley Hudson

James Hutson

Robert Impey

Anton Katunar

Harold Keaton

Leonard Kirwan

Raymond George Klingler

Joy Knox

Bill Kochs
Football, 34, '35, '36
Track, '35, '36

Kenneth Kuechenmeister

Siegfried Kuessner
Orchestra

Walter Lehr
German Club
Chemistry Club
Chess Club
Service

Elmer Lister

Charles Luzecky

Martin Marecek
Track, '34, '35
Chemistry Club
Glee Club
Sportsman's Club

Ruth Martin

Joseph Bloomfield McCue
Football, '33, '34, '35, '36
Track, '35, '36
Athletic R

J. K. McDavid
Track, '33
Ice Skating

Violet McDonald

Harry Meyer
Student Council

Valentine Miller
Student Council
President of Chess Club

Ed Minderman

Naomi Nations

Harold Nicholas
Scholarship R
Treasurer Engineering Club
Chess Club
Chemistry Club

Audrey Clara Niemeier
Basketball
Bowling Club

Ralph Nuelle
Glee Club

Delores Charlotte Ober
Volley Ball Club

Earl Ogolin

John Phillips

Alfred Peters

Robert Petri

Carmen Quirk

Charles Ramoni
Bowling Club

George Reichel

Mary Alice Renderer

Hilda Reno

Howard Roberts

Bernice Roenn
College Club
Roller Skating

Ed. Rothery
Track

Russell Royer

Gale LeRoy Satterlee

Leo Scarpinato
Chemistry Club

Julia Schicker

Joe Schaefer

Gilbert Schlueter

Richard Schrick

Ruth Schulz

Donald Shine

Loyal Shults

Ed. Schuermann

John F. Sirota

Majel Slayback
Student Council, '35, '36
Scholarship R's
Bwana Staff
Torch

Robert J. Smith

Guy Steagall
Mask and Buskin

Oliver Steidemann
Track
Glee Club
A'Capella Choir
Triple Quartette
Kodak Club

Joe Steiner

Robert Strong

Robert Stock
Chemistry Club
Engineering Club

Anna Mae Suhre

Charles Thornton
Track, '32

Andrew Ticky

Albert Tubbesing
Bowling Club

Lorraine Elizabeth Twelker
Carol Club

Marvin Vogel
Glee Club

Norma Vogel
Scholarship R
Vice-President and Secretary of Shakespearean Club

Bernice Alice Waite
Priscilla Club
Service

Byron Watson

Catherine Weber
Basketball

Melvin Weinhold

Larry Westerman
Track Team, '36

Irene Gertrude Wiehe
Volley Ball
Basketball

Doris Wieland Turner

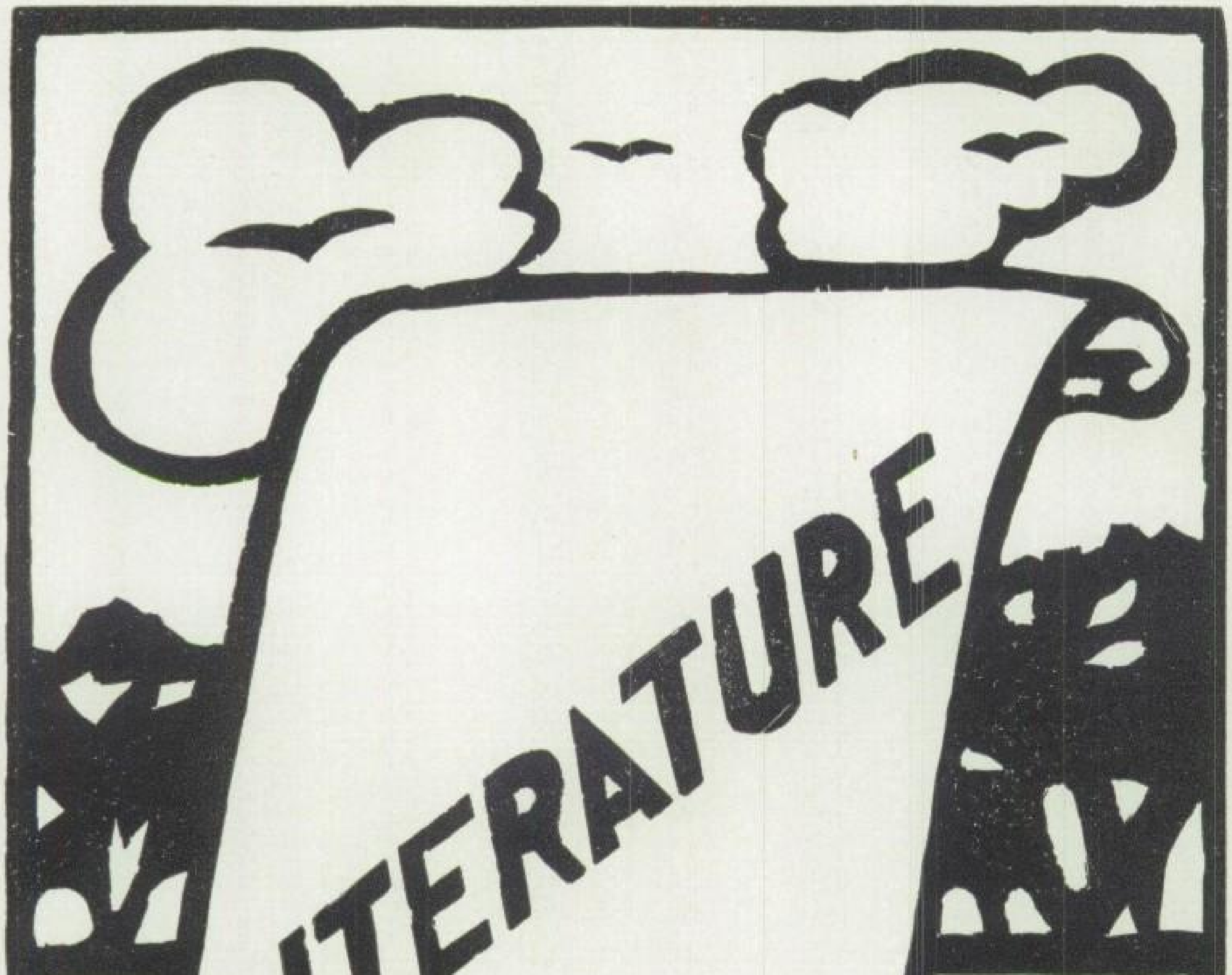
Viola Zavorka

Robert Zeller

Charles Ziegler

Cletus Zimmerer
Mathematics Club

Fred Zweig
Track, '36
Forum
Aviation Club
Swimming Team


LITERATURE
SF

BWANA CONTESTS

POEMS

First place:	*Quest*	by Ken Jones
Second place:	*Wind*	by Robert Lewis
Third place:	*Narcissus in a Window*	by Helen Kouri
Fourth place:	*Stillness*	by Robert Lewis
Fifth place:	*Grace to Night*	by Robert Lewis
Sixth place:	*Sunset Trail*	by Lee Shelley

Judges

Miss Battle
Miss Remnitz
Miss Sleater

SHORT STORIES

First place:	*Forgotten Genius*	by Ken Jones
Second place:	*The Tragic Pace*	by George Kirtogian
Third place:	*Dust*	by Russell Schoenbeck
Fourth place:	*Of all the Luck*	by George Tichacek

Honorable mention: Bob Lewis

Judges

Miss Stansell
Miss Manheimer
Miss Owens

AUTUMN TALES

Light feet come
Down the street,

Whispering their way
Among the leaves

That lay in sere inactivity
Upon the sidewalk.

Now
Small bodies sit upon the steps

Of the dark cadaverous house
Reared three storeys high

Like the constructions of the mind
In cobwebbed sleep.

Their voices, laid heavily wih secrecy's tongue,
Speak tales of horror and of thunder.

Raising the fabric of Frankenstein's monster and Hyde
Upon the street;

Under the darkling clouds, before the ancient house,
They whisper blood.

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

QUEST

The boy had been content
Scuffling there in the grass
With his dog.

Then he saw a butterfly.
Gracefully, mockingly
It floated untouched
Above his grasping hands.

He had it then.
Its quivering wings were stilled.
Its beauty came off on his fingers.

Beneath its golden scales
It was dull.
Pouting, the boy tossed it away
But his hands bore the stain
Of lost loveliness.

—Ken Jones
Term 8

(Won first place in poetry contest)

WIND

What sound in the vast, dark wood tonight
When the wind leans against the hill and slumbers,
And the skies charging across the eternity of night
Rush the stars and a million moons into oblivion?

Yes, the skies wheel and veer like demented gulls,
And the moons and stars are flung through space;
But the wind—the wild, free wind is asleep on the steep hill slant—
Is asleep, and the wonder of the nights hoists her sails.

Sun-up, and the lean, gaunt sun comes down the cobbled street,
Flinging copper pennies in the gutters;
But in the wood the wind sleeps still and dreams of hills.

Wait till a sharp March afternoon; then he will awake—
Or in November when he will make tombstones rattle
And the cathedral's gaunt windows whisper;
Cobwebs' interlocked fingers will be ripped asunder to clutch at nothingness desperately,
And chimneys will smoke their pipes with ripe madness.

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

(Won second place in poetry contest)

NARCISSUS IN A WINDOW

Mirrored upon the blackness,
Like flowers upon a lake,
Doubling their slim young beauty,
Serene and calm as fate,
Does anything, so lovely,
So eerie, or so white,
Shine upon a window
Like narcissus-blooms at night?

—Helen Kouri
Term 7

(Won third place in poetry contest)

STILLNESS

Fallen leaves dipped back and forth
In the hollow palm of each dark wave
Along the silent shore:
The great white moon
Swung up over the sea, and with her breath
Rattled the leaves so softly, so softly—

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

(Won fourth place in poetry contest)

SUNSET TRAIL

Riding the crest of the sunset,
Watching the morning break,
Borne by heatwaves of noontime,
Resting beside some calm lake.
Seeing God in a storm cloud,
Love in a rainbow's glow,
Whipped by the blood of the gypsy,
Roaming,—roaming I go.

Eager to reach a hilltop,
Charmed by the view I see;
Hasting to reach the horizon
Where adventure and joy may be.
Leaving the time-worn pathway,
Searching the trail that's new,
God and His Love are everywhere
Guiding the roamer through.

—Lee Shelley
Term 5

(Won sixth place in poetry contest)

FORGOTTEN GENIUS

THE man at the table wrote feverishly. Utterly unconscious of the dirty, musty dugout, the occasional beady-eyed rats that scampered hastily across the dirt floor and the ominous far-off rumble of artillery, he scratched his pen across the paper with the restless energy of a doomed man. Finally he finished and put the pen aside. Softly he read what he had written. In spite of the trembling of his voice, in spite of the uncultured monotone in which he read, the words that issued from his lips were the words of a Milton. As he read, his gaunt, unshaven face was alight. His inner self told him that he was fated to die; but he knew that no matter what happened to his physical self, these words would place him with the immortals. What he read was not merely poetry, it was the living spirit of the war caught and put into words.

First one could hear the sounds of marching men; the gay lilting steps of youth with illusions, with visions of glory and honor; in the background were the cheers of a mob, the mad, hysterical merriment of a war-drunk multitude. Almost imperceptibly the sounds changed. The men marched slower, the cheers were gone, and in their place was the dull rumble of big guns. The sound of the guns swelled; machine guns, rifles, and the shouts of fighting men grew into a shrieking crescendo of furious sound. Abruptly the sound of the combat died. Then the footsteps again, but the footsteps belonged to gaunt, war-weary men, marching to certain death. Then they, too, were gone. The poem closed with the warning of the needless dead, the stillness and desolation of a war-torn country.

The man buried his face in his hands. Great dry sobs shook his body. Common and undistinguished he had been, and now the sordidness of the trenches, the vision of the naked souls of his fellow-men, and the sight of death in its most pitiless and horrible forms had given birth within him to that intangible something called genius. The poem he had written was the expression of that genius. He took up an envelope and put the precious paper in it. He began to address it to the editor of a magazine, far away from the scene of the war.

The pilot of the enemy plane had been a butcher before he had come to the war. After the war he intended to return to the butchering business. Just as the man in the trench below began to address the envelope, the butcher released a bomb.

Today the man who might have been a Kipling and a thousand other unknown soldiers are remembered twice a year—on Armistice Day and Memorial Day.

The butcher is still a butcher.

KEN JONES
Term 8

STREET OF OLD HOUSES

Houses change like people's faces:
They taste bitter leaves, too,
And they know ancient catafalques and idols and the newels of weary stairways,
And so they change, too, like people's faces.

They have eyes like people:
The windows are their eyes, alert and reproachful and sad,
Eyes beautiful with the wind and the sun and the rain.
And they have hands:
The chimneys, smoke-darkened and vine-greened, are their hands.
Tasting and feeling and watching, these houses,
Who would say houses don't change?
How can it not be so?

These houses are changed:
The windows are blinded with boards,
And the whole things are grown dank and stale,
In a season of darkness,
Grown up in weeds and abandonment.

There is a sadness of houses:
Old houses, and their shadows, their old familiar corners, their dark closets,
Their memories—of old teas, and cookies, and children grown old overnight
and their laughter, and half-remembered faces,
And of loves, and deaths, and shadows.
To leave houses idle, to let them decay and dilapidate
Is to cripple, even kill, them—leaving
Frail cadavers of houses.

The houses are changed:
Shutters, ungreened by savage rains, are shut tight-lipped;
Weeds and brambles choke the lawns;
Upstairs windows, unshuttered, are broken,
Making gaping rims of eyelessness,
Exposing the disuse and darkness within.

The houses stand there, dusty, shameful, forgotten almost,
Lisping corner of a wind, place of a rain, door of a sun.

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

THE TRAGIC PACE

THE air was exhilarating as Jimmie walked to work that clear fall dawn. But Jimmie's step was measured and slow. Jimmie was tired. A terrible accumulation of weariness extending back through dim vistas of unbroken ten-hour days of labor, weighed upon his thin, fifteen-year-old shoulders. He was weary of life, with a dead, hopeless weariness that is past all understanding by those who have never felt, while children, the crushing weight of the problems of existence. But still he must fight on, for four hungry mouths depended upon his physical efforts, those of his widowed mother and three younger brothers.

He heard the shrill scream of the five-minute whistle. The power was being let loose into the machines. In five minutes their jaws would be ripping into the lumber. But still Jimmie did not hurry. He was at the exact spot on the boardwalk where he should be at five minutes to seven. He would be exactly on time at Number Nine machine. He had learned to conserve his strength in a terrible school. He had become as a machine.

When the mighty blast of the hoarse-throated whistle rent the air, he was behind Number Nine, tying loops in the ends of the greasy, hemp strings that hung in a bunch at his right side.

The many machines under the planer shed sprang into a roar at the same time. The din was terrific. It was a blend of many different noises: the rapid, whining roar of the fast machines, such as Numbers Eight and Nine, each of which shot forth two hundred and fifty lineal feet of lumber per minute; the slow, steady boom of the huge sizers, planing heavy, square timbers; the grating whine of the edger; and the intermittent, slashing sound of the cut-off saw. One's voice became a part of all this noise a foot from his mouth, and the words could not be distinguished more than six inches away.

Number Nine was on twenty-foot car-siding. It was a long machine, with a long front platform of shining, whirling rollers that hurled the twenty-foot rough pieces into the noisy knives at the center as fast as little George, the feeder, could jack them off the two-wheeled "buggy."

Jean, the dapper little grader behind the machine, seized the finished plank as it hurtled forth, rapidly examined both sides for knot holes, knots, and other defects, and jacked it to the right into the proper alley of its grade. When four of these planks were stacked together, it became Jimmie's job to get them out of the way. He seized the stack, pulled it forward a few feet, paused for a moment, while he rapidly looped and tied a string around its end, and then with one mighty pull, he sent the twenty-foot long bundle hurtling through the air. The forward end landed on the "horse," placed at the scientifically proper distance for balance, slid on it and came to rest on a plank which stretched between the front end of the two "buggies." Judge, Jimmie's partner, then tied the other end of the bundle and jacked it upon the proper buggy of its grade. Judge was a morose man of twenty, with sharply-chiseled features and an irritable disposition. The next load Judge would "pull" and Jimmie would "jack."

At last George jacked the last piece from his buggy upon the rollers and pulled the rope which stopped the machine. Jean and his crew threaded the maze of machines to the other side of the shed. George already had selected the next buggy which he wished to unload and stood at its rear end.

He and Jean now threw their weight upon this end in order to balance and guide the load while Judge took one wheel and Jimmie the other. The two tie-up boys thus formed the motive power, straining at the wheels to roll the boards to the machine.

Judge, being much heavier, started his wheel first. It hurt Jimmie's pride to see the other side moving while his own was still at a standstill. He flung all his strength against the spokes, strained and trembled. Just as the wheel began moving, he heard a shout behind him. His hair stood on end as he recognized the voice of the boss.

"Hurry up! Hurry up there! Where you think you are—at a funeral?"

He flung himself at the spokes again and the heavily-loaded cart began creaking over the floor. At last it was in place, the forward end resting on George's "horse."

The old man beckoned to the crew to come out to the edge of the shed where his voice could be heard.

He was a large man of indeterminate age, with a brutal cast to his features.

"Where's Bill?" he asked Jean.

Bill was the cut-off man, who operated the little saw on Jean's right—cutting off defects from the ends of boards which Jean selected while grading and jacked to the cut-off saw.

"Gone for a drink of water," said Jean.

"Well, you tell him what I say. We ain't got so many orders on hand and I'm gonna have to lay off some men tonight." He looked hard at the crew.

Jimmie's throat became dry. He just knew that he would be one of those men who were laid off. Because he was weak, he worked harder than any other tie-up boy in the mill; yet the old man always seemed to pick on him.

"I already told Number Eight about it," continued the foreman. "You and Number Eight are both startin' at th' same time on this car-siding. You're both gonna have twenties, sixteens, twelves, and eights. Now the crew that puts out th' most car-siding today comes back to work in th' mornin'. The other un is laid off. Now then, git at it, an' lemme see whut ye kin do."

All eyes turned to the neighboring machine. Number Eight crew was rolling in their new load like mad. The fight was on.

George jumped at the rope, released it, and Number Nine roared into life. "All right, you fellows, jump into it!" he shouted in their ears. "I can't afford to git laid off. Two weeks behind on my grocery bill now. Watch out, 'cause I'm gonna butt 'em up!"

Jimmie, Judge, and John ran to their stations, and the boards were hurtling out of the machine even before they got there.

Jimmie, waiting at the jack for the first bundle from Judge, excitedly knotted a new supply of strings.

"You great, big fool!" he told himself, in the privacy of the roar of the mill. "Don't you go gittin' excited. You'll *burn out,* shore as heaven. Jes' take it easy as ye kin, but keep hittin' the' ball."

The first bundle leaped into place on his jack. Rapidly and skillfully he knotted a string around the near end, threw his entire weight upon it, and jacked it upon Number One buggy. He would be glad when the twenty-foot lengths were gone. They were almost too long and heavy for a man of his weight to jack.

Then came another bundle—and another—and another. He worked like clockwork, executing the same movements over and over, and in the short instant between bundle and bundle, relaxing completely, as though in living death.

Thus had Jimmie spent his days since the dim, distant past, when his mother had sworn he was sixteen, so that he could go to work before his fourteenth birthday. His wages had been smaller than those of the other tie-boys—that was the reason the boss had hired him. But now he was a valuable *man,* for he was fast and sure and he worked like *clockwork.* It did not matter if he was worn out before the day was half gone, for somehow, by hook or crook, he never allowed the lumber to pile up behind his machine. And that was the thing that counted—to keep the machine going.

The minutes dragged into hours and the hours flowed on, like a slow, weary, interminable river. Jimmie had no watch, but through long practice he knew the time to the minute by the position of the creeping shadow cast by the edge of the roof. By ten o'clock, he was longing for the twelve o'clock whistle to bring with it its surcease from toil. By eleven, he was trembling in every limb, "burnt-out" in every sense except that of surrender. But the machine kept roaring on. Plank after plank issued from its grinding maw in an unceasing stream.

Sometimes in spite of all Jean's quickness the boards would pile up on his platform. Then he would become angry and vent his spite on the lumber, and boards sprang through the air into place like living things. It was an awful waste of energy, Jimmie thought. Jimmie wished that God would give him the extra energy that Jean thus wasted in his anger. Jimmie had learned never to waste a breath.

At eleven-thirty the machine choked and broke down. It was out of order six minutes, while the greasy mechanic, with wrenches in each overall pocket, rapidly repaired it.

Jimmie flopped to the floor and sat without moving a muscle, with his back resting against the jack. Jean and Judge and Bill indulged in brief horseplay.

It was this brief respite, Jimmie believed, that would enable him to endure until dinner. A queer thing it was though, he always held out somehow or other. For two years now . . .

The machine again roared into life. Jean stood on tiptoe, with his arms high above his head, and touched the tips of his fingers together in the hurry-up signal.

"Butt 'em up!" he yelled at the top of his voice to George. The words came faintly to Jimmie's ears, as from afar off. George of course did not hear them, but George knew the "butt-em-up" signal and George knew how to read lips. He went into action like a whirlwind.

When the twelve o'clock whistle at last did blow, Number Eight was almost two loads ahead. Jimmie shook his head in despair as he took his dinner pail and walked to the cool interior of the nearby dress-shed. How were they to catch up unless Number Eight broke down? And Number Eight was a good machine. What would the family do if he were out of a job on the morrow?

After he had eaten his scanty meal, he stretched himself out on the sweet-smelling pine lumber and lay like a corpse until the warning five-minute whistle screamed.

Then he dragged himself back to the machine and began it all over again.

By two-thirty he was dog-tired, by four trembling from exhaustion; by five-thirty he felt faint and gritted his teeth. Not once during the afternoon had either machine broken down. Each hurled its unceasing song of defiance at the other, and the sweat poured from each crew in rivers.

They were turning out eight-foot lengths now and the tie-up boys were working with lightning-like movements. They had to dispose of about eight bundles per minute. Like swift-moving automatons the levers of their arms snatched and depressed and flung. Eight bundles a minute, and Number Eight still was in the lead by one load. Swish—crack—*crash!* On to the buggy leaped another bundle.

If only he did not faint, thought Jimmie, and if only Number Eight would break down!

At fifteen minutes before quitting time they went to help George roll in another load.

When he saw what awaited them, Jimmie staggered as though struck by a blow. The next load was twenty feet long. It rose high above the buggy, almost to the top of the shed. Why, oh why, must they change to the heavy twenty-foot lengths just before the whistle blew? He looked at Number Eight. They were a fourth through their first twenty-foot load. There was still a chance. If only he, Jimmie, did not faint. He felt sickeningly unstable and dizzy. It was the heat, he reckoned.

He waited a moment to see if Jean would not take the right wheel and let him ride for once, helping guide, on the rear end. But, no—Jean and George had already gone back and were balancing the load.

What a tremendous load it was! He shuddered and laid hold of the spokes. The load was so heavy that the wheel had bent down the floor at that spot.

"Hep!" yelled Judge on the other wheel and at the same time exerted his strength on the spokes. "Hep!" again, and Jimmie flung himself in frenzy upon his own wheel. It did not move an inch. Again and again he fell back in defeat. Then he and Judge tried rocking the wheels in unison without results.

At last Judge, by dint of a tremendous effort, rolled his wheel out of the depression.

Jimmie was desperate. He braced his left leg and strained with all his might. It gave! He *felt* it give! Again, and then he let the wheel rock back and caught it just at the proper moment on the backward roll.

Just then he heard the harsh voice of the boss. "Git in it, there! *Git in it!*"

Again Jimmie strained with an effort that was beyond himself. The wheel rolled forward and out of the depression. But at the same time he felt an agonizing pain in his back and he fell to the floor. He realized in horror that he had wrenched his back and he instinctively knew that the hurt was bad.

"Git in it!" yelled the boss. "Git in it while you got it going!"

He staggered to his feet and to the moving wheel. "I fell," he muttered. "Jes slipped and fell, that's all."

He existed through the next ten minutes in a hazy nightmare. Every time he jacked one of the long heavy bundles into the buggy he almost fainted from pain. And his weariness was the weariness which longs for death. He watched the creeping shadow on the floor as his one hope in the midst of chaos. When that shadow crawled to that largest crack, there near the post, then the whistle would blow and he would be free—for another night.

As in a dream he heard Judge's excited shout. "Number Eight's broke down. Butt 'em up!"

He fought on and on, his eyes on the shadow on the floor. Almost six now—almost! "We got 'em, boys," yelled Judge. "Butt 'em up!"

Then came the welcome sound of the whistle. Jimmie glanced at the buggy he was loading, as though looking at it for the first time, then at Number Eight's last load which was only half through. Number Nine was half a load ahead!

"We won," he muttered apathetically. "We won."

He picked up his dinner pail and staggered away.

The next morning the alarm woke him at five-thirty as usual. He lay for a moment in sheer inertia, and then his will commanded him to rise.

He rolled out of bed. As his feet touched the floor, that sharp pain attacked him again and he fell in a heap. Strange! That liniment his mamma had rubbed on should have cured his back. He essayed to rise again and could not. His mother helped him back to bed.

The company doctor came and informed him that he would be lame for a month.

"But, Doctor, how're we gonna live?" Jimmie asked. "Do I git any insurance?"

"Why, no, son, you can't claim insurance. How're you gonna prove to th' company that you wrenched your back at work? You didn't say anything about it to the others, you say."

The accumulated bitterness of years swooped down on Jimmie's dwarfed soul.

"I won, didn't I?" he asked bitterly. "I won—*and yet I lost!*"

GEORGE KIRTOGIAN
Term 7

DESIRE

I've driven the plains and the prairies
For countless, changeless miles;
And the sandy dunes of the desert
Through grotesque cactus aisles.

I've traveled the road by the seaside,
Heard the wearisome beat of the tide;
Through the Everglades of the Southland,
Past swamps, where moccasins glide.

But give me a trail that's winding
Over timbered slope and hill—
A ribbon that's dropped down a mountain,
Where what counts is the driver's skill.

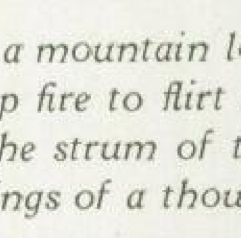
Let me thrill to the roar of my motor
As it climbs o'er a wooded crest;
And watch the hill-tops ruddy
In the sun's light, as it sinks to rest.

Let me stop in a mountain lookout,
Build a camp fire to flirt with the stars,
And hark to the strum of tree branches,
Like the strings of a thousand guitars.

Let me live my life with courage
All through the coming years,
As I gayly breast the foot-hills
With the song of the wind in my ears.

Let me sleep with my face to the sunrise
When Death's red light says, "Stop"—
And my soul shall find peace forever
On some heavenly mountain top.

—Lee Shelley
Term 5



DUST

> "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
>
> For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."—Psalms 103:15, 16.

OLE was glad to be alive that day, for all was right with the world. It was plowing time, the smell of the damp earth was in the air; a warm sun was above; the blue of the sky was deepened by fleecy clouds; a gentle breeze was barely stirring.

From the pasture came the contented lowing of cows with the new-born calves, the whinnying of the colts frolicking in the shade. The breeze from the orchard was laden with fragrance from the trees already in bloom, giving promise of marvelous harvests of fruit.

Ole sang joyously as he worked, for he was breaking the ground to plant wheat, the king of grains. This was going to be Ole's last year on the farm. Across the sea in the old country two old people were patiently waiting his coming. How glad they would be to see him! How their eyes would dim as he told his stories about America, the land flowing with milk and honey, a place where everyone was rich, no sadness there, big cities, fertile farms, everyone well fed, everyone happy! How their faces would light up as he went on! Father would listen in rapt attention, while mother would laugh and cry alternately. Oh, but that would be a happy time!

Ole sang joyously as he worked that day, for all was right with the world.

* * * * * * *

Leaving the sparse shade offered by the withered tree, Ole stepped into the pitiless heat of the sun. Shading his eyes from the blinding glare, he squinted hopefully into the heavens. Not a cloud appeared to break the monotony of the copper sky. Not a cloud gave promise of rain. Only a brassy sun—only heat—only death.

Every day for weeks Ole had looked thus into the sky, but every day the sun shone brighter, every day the shimmering heat danced over the ground as before, every day the temperature bounded over a hundred, and every day Ole turned slowly away, whispering a hopeful, "Tomorrow? Surely it will rain tomorrow? God won't let me lose everything Yes, it will rain tomorrow. Then all will be right with the world."

But today Ole turned away tired, discouraged. Slowly he looked away. For in the distance he saw the wheat, row upon row of burnt stubble. Over in the pasture were pitiful little mounds of dust, with whitened bones glistening among them—his cattle.

Walking slowly through the orchard, Ole stooped to pick up a tiny shriveled object, one of his apples. All his crops were thus. And hope, too, was gone—burned by the pitiless sun. Now all that remained was memory—that and death.

Brassy sky—barren land—day after day no rain—day after day shimmering heat—cattle dying of thirst—crops withering away—rivers and creeks drying up—farmers praying for relief—no relief—hot sun-wasted bodies—broken homes—broken hearts—death.

Walking behind his barn, Ole pulled a revolver from his pocket and handled it thoughtfully. "By pulling the trigger I can obtain peace, calm, quiet—a merciful relief from the heat. Why should I struggle longer when all is gone?—Why——" But centuries of rugged ancestors, ancestors deeply rooted in trust in God, stopped Ole from taking the coward's way. Slowly he slipped the gun back into his pocket, muttering, "O God, I'll try again. Yes, I'll try—again."

* * * * * * * * *

Two days later it rained; and with bowed head and tear-stained face Ole whispered, "I thank Thee, Father."

RUSSELL SCHOENBECK
Term 8

FUTILITY

(Written from the top of Pilot Knob)

I think I know how the hills must feel
About people,
Who are so important to themselves
And rush around
Trying to get somewhere
But they don't know where.

What they really want
Is to escape the earth
To leave the binding ground.

No matter how hard they try
They can't get their feet off the ground
Even aviators can't get their feet off the ground.

The earth is their mother.
Their bodies are but dust caught in a whirlwind;
They are from the ground,
They are of the ground,
They will return to the ground.
How can they escape themselves?

—Ken Jones
Term 8

HIDDEN PATHS

Get off the modern highway
If you would see the world;
There you can see the glories
Of Nature all unfurled.

Avoid the four-wheeled dragons;
Just miss them for a day
And you will view the gentle things
That set your heart at play.

Behind the paved and speedy roads;
Beyond the sign board's glare,
Await queer little twisting paths
That lead away from care.

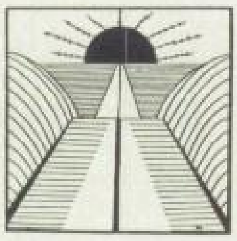
Along those paths great trees stand high,
Forever whispering low
As if to tell a tale of yore
They learned long years ago.

They love to shelter all that lives—
The birds, the beasts, and you;
They love to cling to deep rich Earth
And reach for skies of blue.

I cannot tell you all you see
When you stray off the road,
But endless charms of Nature's things
Await to ease your load.

Forget, then, speed and noise and gain;
Forget them for a day;
Be thrilled by all the simple things
Along the hidden way.

—Sylvia Schaefer
Term 5



OF ALL THE LUCK

"E-EEE!" the brakes of the rusty coupe screamed for mercy.

Jonathan Smythe, a fidgety little accountant of about forty, with an obstinate, red moustache, two plums for eyes, and a head that was three-fourths forehead, one-fourth face, and the remainder hair, braced himself on the steering wheel.

Of all the luck! One hundred and fifty feet ahead at the intersection majestically strutted a cat. A black cat!

The bookkeeper shifted into first, and the coupé left the ground with a growl.

"I have to beat that cat across," he vowed to himself. He couldn't let a black cat cross before him. Not Jonathan! The day had started off badly; his wife was tearfully packing to go to mother's; he was already twenty minutes late for work; and—a black cat! Jonathan wasn't superstitious—he was human.

The arrogant, little feline continued on her course, unperturbed by the coupé's jerky approach.

"Watch out!" Jonathan shrieked. He wrapped a bony arm around his big blue blinkers and shuddered. His right foot pressed the accelerator unconsciously.

Going, going—smash! Jonathan opened his eyes and peeked over his elbows like an Arab. Perched on the hood of the coupé was the black cat, meowing jubilantly. The shrivelled radiator of the car buried itself in a battered push-cart. Oranges, apples, grapes, pineapples, and plums rolled merrily out into the street in colorful rivulets.

Jonathan stepped out and pulled at a leg protruding from under the wreck. More fruit poured down. A crowd was gathering. The black cat was grinning. Along with the leg came a short, stocky fellow with crinkly black hair, a swarthy complexion, and a vocabulary that would shame a cow-hand. The Italian jumped up and pounded his chest fiercely.

"What-a you mean?" he cried. "Smash up-a my cart?"

Jonathan mumbled incoherently and said: "I didn't mean to do this. Please, don't make so much noise."

"You smash-a my cart! What I care eef moocha da pipple hear. I'm-a lettla da Eetalian," the man broadcasted to some men who had gathered, "and deesa man break-a da push cart!"

Jonathan looked over the heads of the bystanders and saw the blue-black crown of a cap advancing toward him. He jabbed a hand in his pocket and came up with his wallet. He handed it to the Italian.

"Here. Take this and tell that cop you're the mayor! I *have* to get to work. Please?"

"Wal, I'll theenk about eet," said the fruit man as he fingered the wallet. Jonathan glanced at his watch, whistled, and started off on a run. . . .

"You're fired!" clanged in Jonathan's ears like anvils. "No wife, no job, no money, no car," he mumbled as he stumbled listlessly over the sidewalks along Jefferson Avenue. "It's that cat!!!"

He kicked savagely at an apple core, as if it symbolized the animal. He felt that the world was closing around him; that he was a jinx.

"Henry the Eighth!" Smythe yelped.

Crouched on the backyard fence at the corner was a black cat. Revenge gleamed in the accountant's pop eyes. His wrinkled face ironed out into a genuine smile—the first that day. With a barbarous gurgle, he pawed the gutter and came up with a dirty, square half-brick. His gaunt arms stretched overhead, described an arc, and shot foreward.

The brick flew like a dove towards the mouser—but a foot too high. First a screech, then a plague of familiar oaths assailed his ears.

Smythe's mathematical brain told him that he had struck somebody around the corner. He turned to run, but something grabbed him by the collar and lifted him off the ground as if he were a dachshund. Jonathan dropped his eye-lids at the sight of an elephantine flatfoot. He tried to smile, but the policeman's face would discourage a clown. A reddish-blue knob shone like a traffic light on the man's swollen forehead.

"H-hello," Jonathan chirped. "Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yeah!" The officer scowled and released his hold. "Who do you think you are—Carl Hubbell? I think the judge will be glad to sign you up."

"That black cat!" Jonathan whispered in a snort. . . .

"But, sergeant," Smythe protested from one of the temporary cells a little while later, "did you telephone my wife? She'll put up the bail."

"She said she never heard of you before and, as for money, she said she had withdrawn it all from the bank," the sergeant informed him. A fleeting look of sympathy passed over his lean, bronzed face. Shaking his index finger, he asked, "Want me to call up your employer?"

"No!! Not that time-clock!" Jonathan fingered an icy steel bar as if it were an Aladdin's lamp. "Sarge, can't you loan me that paltry sum? If my luck holds out——" Jonathan stopped. He walked to his cot and dropped into it with a futile sigh. He knew that there would be no hope at all if his present luck continued.

Various thoughts raced through his mind during the next hour or so; visions of guns, poisons, rivers, Foreign Legions, etc., became the children of his brain. His chin was nearing the stone floor about the time the sergeant walked up to him with a stranger.

This stranger was a lanky, raw-boned New Englander, with a dusty plug hat, graying hair, and a face the color of a sickly Chinaman. His eyes were slate-blue; his suit was as black as night (with matching gloves and square-toed shoes). The sergeant spoke up:

"Mr. Smythe, this man is paying your fine."

Jonathan made a noise halfway between a gurgle and a sob deep in his throat. Thanks! You really mean it?"

The man nodded, and said in a hollow voice: "My son, as it must to all of God's creatures, death has come to your——"

"Don't say it!" Smythe screamed, fighting back the tears. "The minute I saw that crape you're wearing, I knew it. Take me to her!"

Jonathan followed the black gentleman to a glistening, dark limousine and stepped in. The whine of traffic was the dirge; the limousine was the hearse. Jonathan was a picture of despair in the back seat. He slumped in the corner and solemnly thought over the situation. He leaned over after a few minutes of cogitation and tapped the back of the weedy man's neck.

"Mr.——"

"Locke," the man put in. "I'm Locke, of Messrs. Locke, Phelan, Schwarz—Solicitors."

"Mr. Locke," Jonathan stuttered in a sepulchral monotone, "could you loan me a gun?"

"A gun!" The lawyer whirled around from the wheel. "What would you do with a gun? Going hunting?"

"No. I—I just want a little revolver. I want to shoot a cat. Yeah, a black cat!"

"Don't tell me you have an animosity for cats?"

"I hate them like poison! May I have a gun? Please?" Jonathan pleaded. "This life doesn't hold anything for me b-but death."

"Oh!" and the limousine swung to the curb. The lawyer turned around and inquired: "You're contemplating suicide?"

"Who wouldn't?" cried the accountant, wiping his tear-reddened eyes. "W-when did she die?"

"This morning at ten." The solicitor solemnly sighed.

"And I left her, thinking——" Jonathan doubled his small carcass in extreme despondency. "Thinking——"

"Thinking what?" Mr. Locke queried.

"Never mind. It's all over."

"I wouldn't take it so hard," said the lawyer. "She didn't mean much in your life."

"What?" Jonathan screamed. "That's where you're mistaken! I loved my wife—loved her as no other man ever loved his wife!"

"Mr. Smythe, you are——"

"Let me finish," gulped the diminutive number-expert. "I even loved her when I said I didn't this morning. I lost my temper when I—when I told her that the bacon tasted like carbon paper and the coffee like iced hair-slick. I—I said that a one-armed broncho-buster could cook better than she. But I was wrong."

"Mr. Smythe——"

"I left my wife this morning, thinking that I held no place for her in my heart. But I have, Mr. Locke. I have! Oh!" and he started moaning again, giving the solicitor time to come up for air.

"Mr. Smythe, you are mistaken. Your wife isn't dead. She's——"

"Whazzat?" Jonathan's eyes became azure saucers. "Say that again."

"I just mentioned that your wife is alive and ready to forgive you."

"Alive! Forgive me!" whooped the accountant. "How is she? Can I see her?" His face beamed like a baby's.

"Why, yes. I was discussing the matter with her at the undertaker's. See, I——"

"Undertakers!" Smythe interrupted. "What undertaker?"

"I've been trying to tell you all the while. Your great-aunt, Matilda Smythe, has passed on."

"Is that old mint——" Jonathan stopped and tried to turn on the tear drops, "——bless her good soul. Died at ten, huh."

"And there's the matter of her will. I have a check for you for $61,000."

"Whew! Say, you aren't playing around?" Jonathan gasped.

"My good man, I am too old to—er—play around. She left you this, but—there's a provision in her will."

"A provision? Hurry, what is it?" Jonathan urged him.

The attorney looked at Jonathan, lowered his eyelids, looked up again, and stammered out:

"She requests that you—a—give a good home to—er—a—er—that you give a good home to her thirteen, black tabby cats!"

Jonathan Smythe fainted.

GEORGE A. TICHACEK
Term 7

FANTASY

The moon is a silver bowl,
Hung by the chains of the night,
The stars are its flowers full-blown,
Dropped from its shining height,
The clouds are the death-like masks,
Which cover the blue-gray dawn,
Oh! the moon is a silver bowl . . .
Gleaming a while, then gone!

—Helen Kouri
Term 7

THE BYWAY IN THE HILLS

I found a little byway in the hills,
And struggled up, o'er bramble, log and stone,
Until I reached the top, and stood alone,
As anyone may climb, who sternly wills
His feet to turn aside for aught that may
Lead to a smoother path; nor halt nor fail
Nor lose sight of the mountain, in the vale.

I found a little byway in the hills—
(A dim, forgotten path of long ago)
And struggled up, o'er logs and rocks arow,
Where frowning, lowered branches whipped the chills
Of sweet adventure over every nerve.
I reached the top, and halted, silenced
Where other, braver souls one time had stood.
(A prairie scout, perhaps, scanning the valley
For Indian sign, with level, seeing eyes.
A hunter, buckskin clad, and dauntless,
Watching a wagon train fade out, where earth met skies.)
I sat me down, there in the brilliant sunlight,
And dozed, and dreamed (or found, perhaps the past's unlocked door?
Of days, long remembered, but gone, days that come no more.
The silver-threaded highway, far below me,
Became a dusty, age-long prairie trail:
The creeping dots upon it, ox-drawn wagons—
Carrying a pioneer family to a distant, unknown vale.
The curling smoke of a farm house, hidden in the trees below
I saw a savage signal, bringing distress and woe.
The far off shriek on the railway might have been an Indian cry
And the snap of a twig in the thicket—a new danger, and near by.
I woke, and the vision faded. The sun in the west hung low.
In the valley the shadows were lengthening as I turned at last to go.
The vision was gone, but it lingered, in the faint weird chill on the air.
And the back of my neck felt icy—was that only an owl, over there?
I stumbled my way down that mountain, from the Lookout the ages had known
Into the light of the campfire, flickering, strangely windblown.
Yet I'll climb again up that byway—fighting the windfalls and thorns,
Climb to the top of Lookout, by the path the ages have worn.

—Lee Shelley
Term 5

GRACE TO NIGHT

I hear the sere boughs of autumnal trees
Scraping against the windowpane,
Like the dark fingernails of night.

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

(Won fifth place in poetry contest)

BAS RELIEF

The forlorn gull hung low
In lonely bas relief

Against the autumn sky
And let his trumpet cry

In a raucous fugue of grief
That whipped the frigate's bow.

—Bob Lewis
Term 6

NOTES ON A FADED ROSE

What visions of vanished loveliness,
Of dewy, fragrant spring,
Arise from thy faded petals
Thy former life to sing!
Perhaps thou dwelt by a brooklet,
Beside a quiet tree,
Or lived with the sprightly fairies,
On an island in the sea,
And glorious, wooed the night wind,
And smiled on the maidens fair,
Perhaps, conjured up in heaven,
And dropped from the golden stair!
Thou sleepest on, oblivious,
I feel thy wrinkled face,
Thy day has gone forever,
No more thy charms shall grace.

—Helen Kouri
Term 7

TAPS

The solemn roll of the drum was done,
The last salute was fired from the gun,
The casket was lowered, the grave was filled,
And then the notes of the bugle trilled.

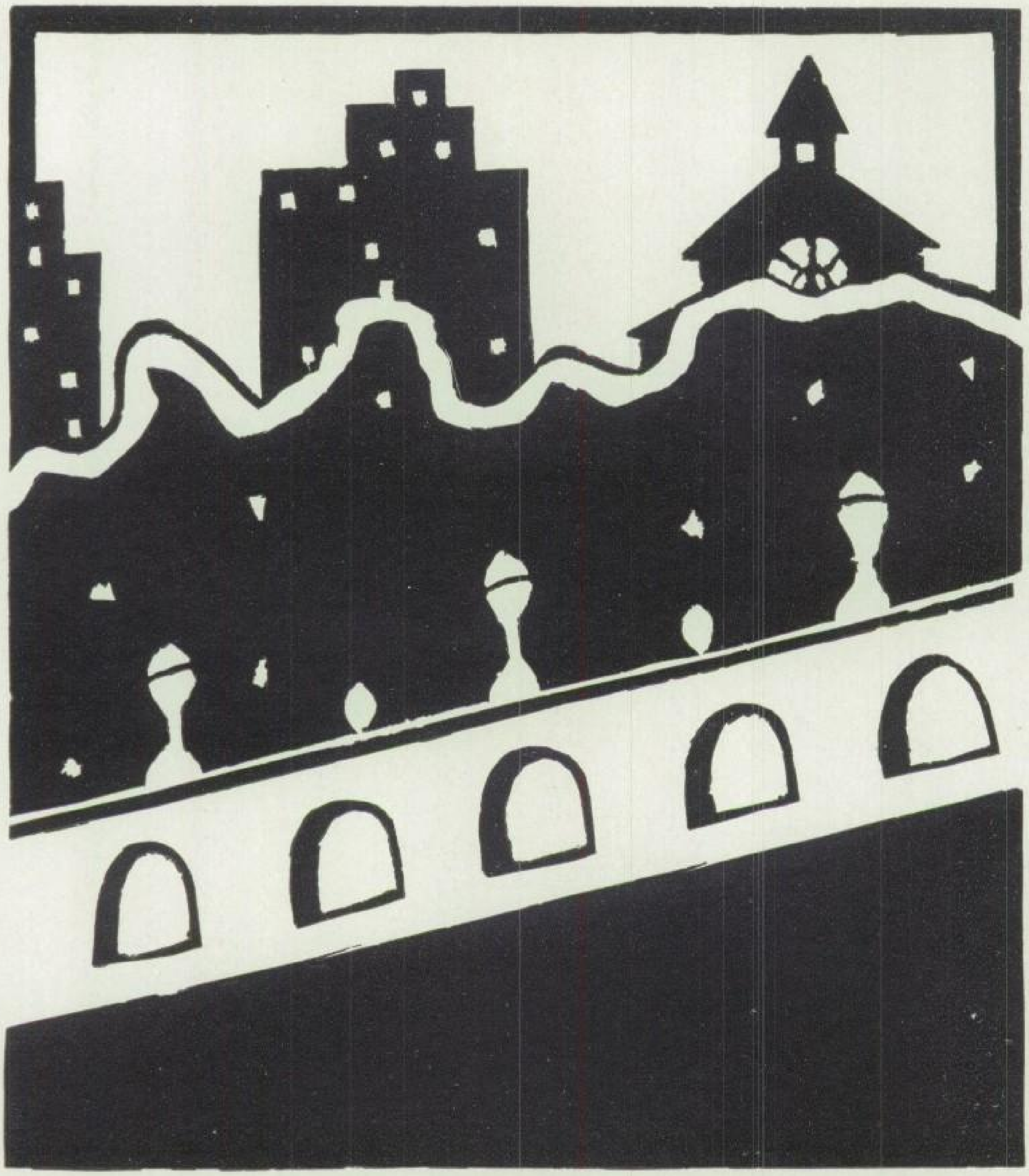
The call resounded from a distant hill
Like the closing notes of a phantom drill
Ineffably sad, yet with promise fraught
As though the song had found
What the man had sought;
And carried it now to the setting sun
To surrender there what the man had won.

—Ken Jones
Term 8

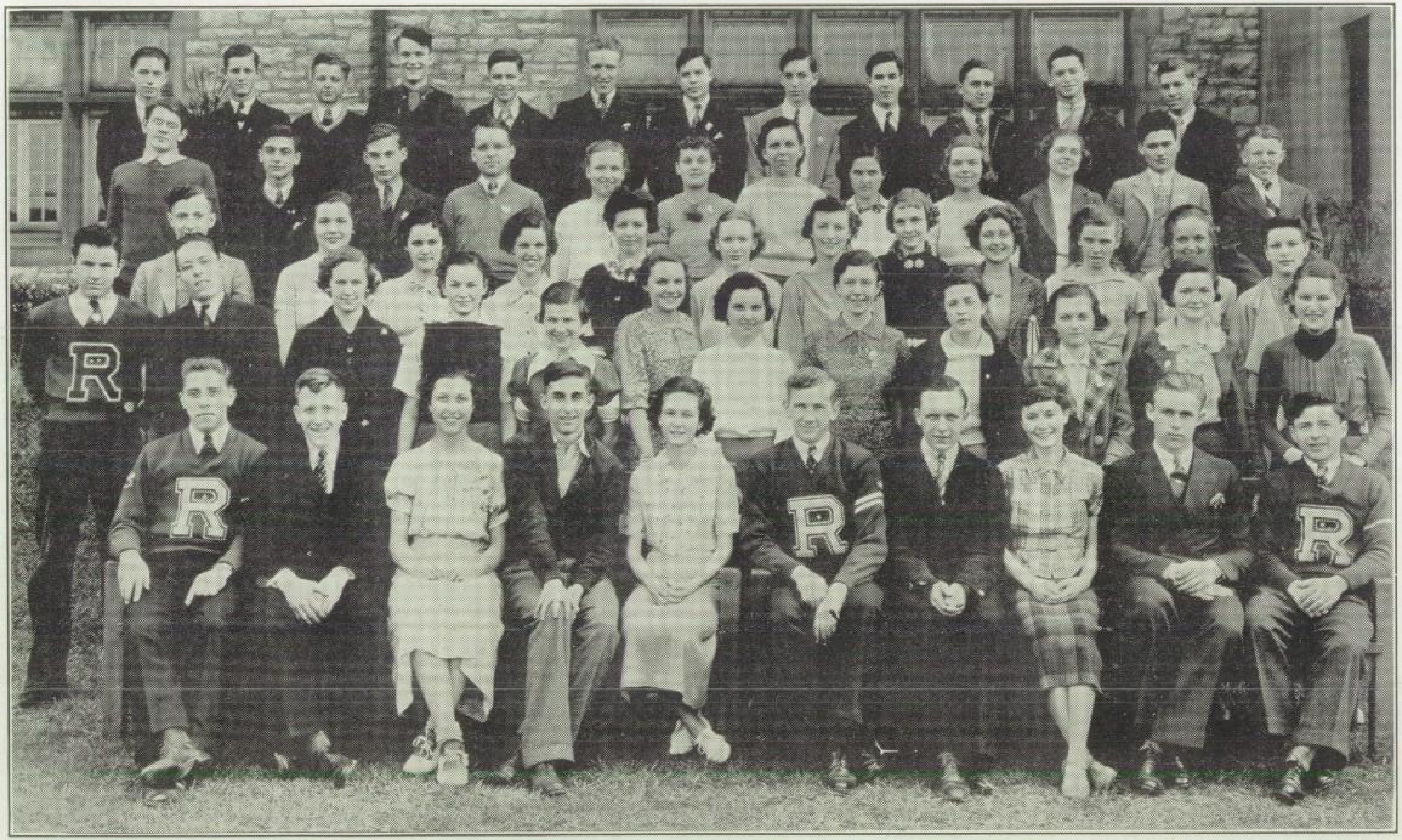
WATCHING IT RAIN

WATCHING it rain is good fun if you haven't any place to go. Some day just sit in a comfortable chair and watch a rain storm. First a few drops and people scurry to cover. Then the full downpour, which turns fine gardens into mud puddles and wide gutters into miniature rivers in flood. Watch the rain-drops chase each other down the pane. What a merry time they have! A few stray automobiles go hurrying past, throwing out spray on hapless pedestrians. Watch little children splashing in puddles. They like rain. Watch staid grown-ups plodding by with umbrellas. Rain annoys them. Just sit and be dry, and watch others get wet. It's fun.

MILLICENT ROWORTH



News - Views



ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY—MAY, 1936

First row (left to right): Robert Schroeder, Russell Schoenbeck, Lorraine Jacquemin, Robert Huffstot, Kathryn Ruester, Milton Gaebler, Clyde Cowan, Jerry Monroe, John Eibert, Alvin Goldfarb.

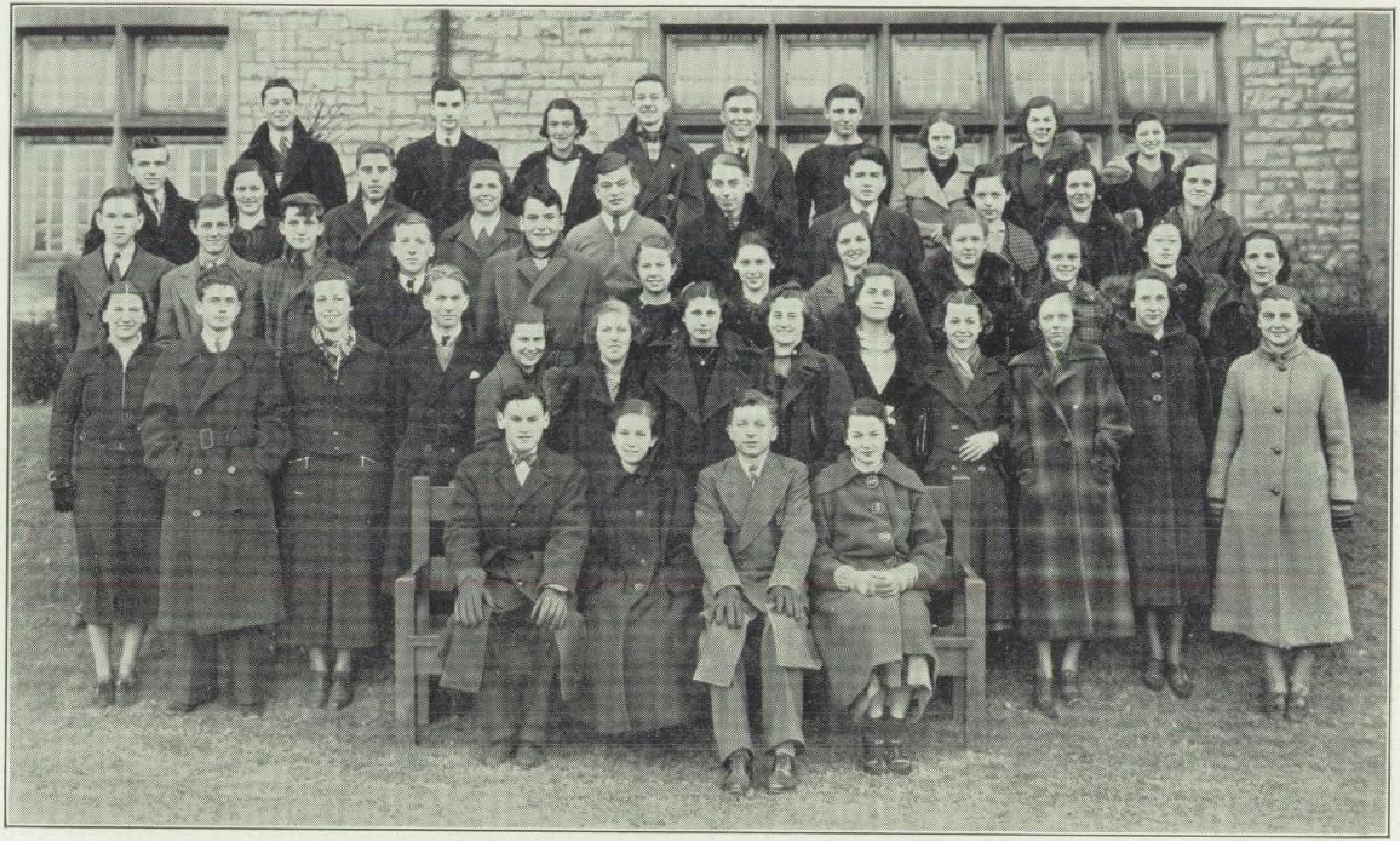
Second row: John McGary, Durwood Simmons, Carolyn Lorenz, Violet Grunberg, Jean Crowder, Lorraine Dolejsi, Olive Pollard, Mildred Ehrengart, Alice Hibbert, June Chesney, Isabella Fessler, Hazel Vokas.

Third row: Francis Hohn, Marion Ware, Jane Morris, Marie Newton, Marie Louise Lange, Elfriede von Muenchausen, Norma Lee Buchanan, Wilma Wolff, Margaret O'Brien, Hazel Personett, Bertha Perschbacher, Charlotte Mausshardt.

Fourth row: Hans Hinrichs, John Ashner, Richard Bliss, John Wetterer, Ruth Hohenstein, Jeanne Hanft, Marjorie Steinmeyer, Rosa Lee Sanders, Thelma Spain, Jane Schmitter, Lester Epstein, Jack Donahue.

Fifth row: Robert Schwaninger, G. H. Hargitt, Jr., Steve Furbacher, Jack Beardsley, John Schlenker, Charles Malone, Auburn Bouas, Frank Nickerson, Robert Miller, Paul Regna, Joe Tutinsky, Ralph Rauscher.

Members who were absent when picture was taken: Paul Koenig, Claire Ruth Rosen, Gertrude Knoop, Frances Lucie Rauschkolb, John Castleman.



ROOSEVELT CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY—DECEMBER, 1936

Reading from left to right: First row (on bench): Ken Jones, Kathryn Ruester, Steve Furbacher, Violet Grunberg.

Second row: Susanna Strain, Alvin Bemarkt, Ruth Graul, Marvin Marks, Jean Crowder, Genevieve Seagrave, Emily Vlatkovich, Melba Neyer, Elizabeth Trigg, Elsie Robinson, Coada Baker, Marie Morlan, Ruth Thym.

Third row: Walter Godbey, G. H. Hargitt, Jr., Clifford Corneau, Russell Schoenbeck, Jack Beardsley, Phyllis Rau, Virginia Mohr, Majel Slayback, Mary Ann Gewinner, Ruth Hagemeister, Ruth Atkins, Margaret Edmondson.

Fourth row: Herbert Meredith, Laurie Karch, Robert Schroeder, Marilyn Pickett, Leo Bulthaup, Alfred Jenisch, Ted Paull, Maxine Aydelott, Ruth Brune, Margaret Hartmeister.

Fifth row: Joe Tutinsky, Schierlow Van Deusen, Elaine Draper, Robert Skinner, Edward Leezy, Adolph Bertsch, Carolyn Lorenz, Lorraine Ulrich, Patricia Graf.

SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1936

May means merriment after the long, cold winter months. At Roosevelt, May brings a certain kind of merriment—the Senior play.

This year's offering was a comedy in three acts by Sophie Kerr and Anna S. Richardson, entitled *Big-Hearted Herbert.*

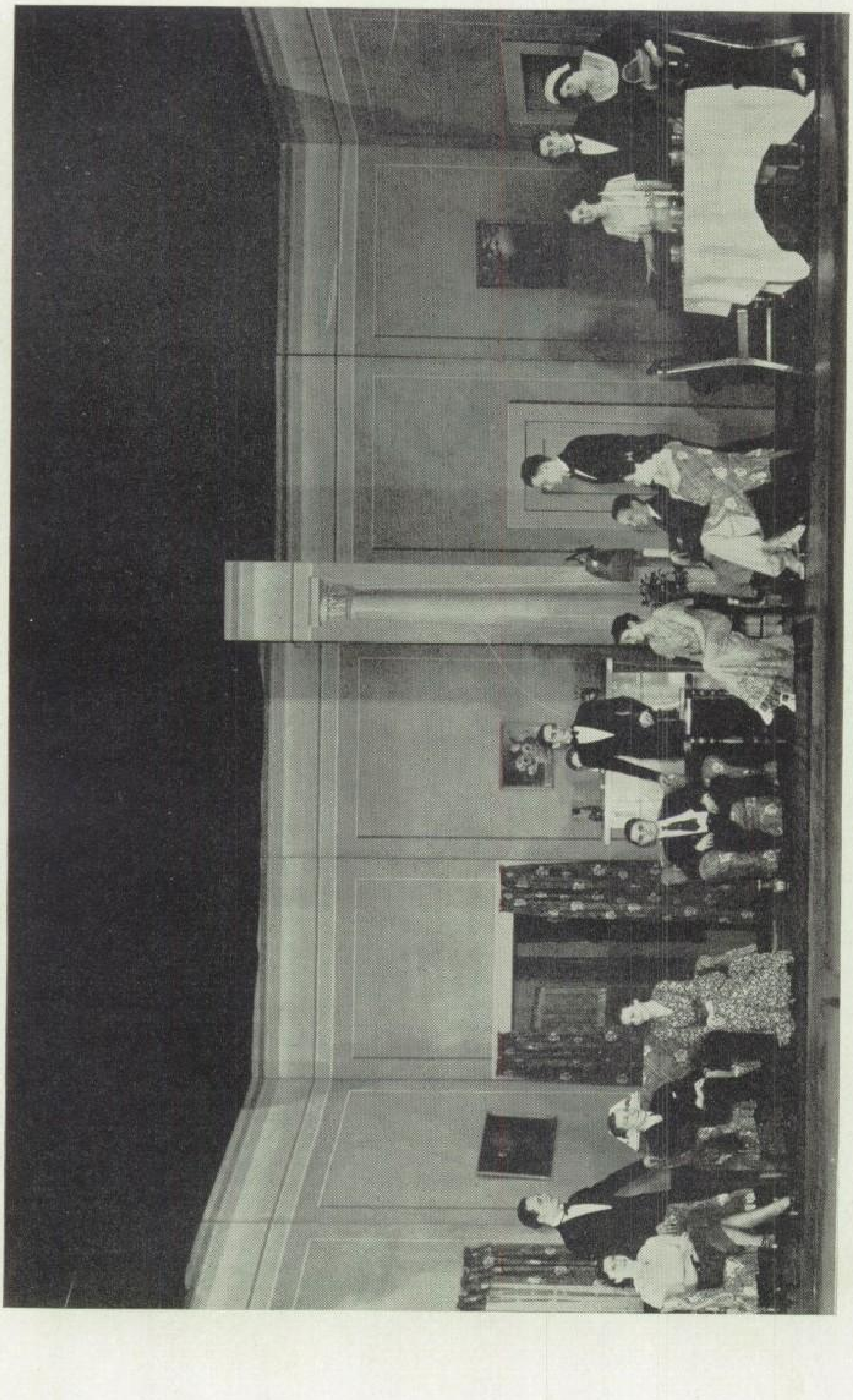
It is the story of a plain man and his ideas for his modern family. Herbert Kalness does not appreciate his lovely home, his sons' ambitions, Harvard men, and modern ways of spending money, but prefers his easy-chair, his father's portrait, and the story of his childhood. When Mrs. Kalness, however, agrees with him that the plain things of life are better, and serves Irish stew to his best customer, Herbert changes his mind.

Wilfred Dixon deserves praise for his splendid acting as Big-Hearted Herbert Kalness, as does Mary Alice Peat, who took the part of his demure wife. Bill Elder and Eddie Doerr took the parts of the two sons, Herbert, Jr., who plans to become an engineer, and Robert, who skips on and off the stage at frequent intervals. The love between Alice Kalness (Frances Rauschkolb) and Andrew Goodrich (Dick Wheatcroft), is one of the causes of Big-Hearted Herbert's ranting. Elsie Lee Young and Clyde Cowan took the parts of the sedate Mrs. Goodrich and the bewhiskered Mr. Goodrich. Milton Gaebler and Mildred Ehrengart, as Mr. and Mrs. Havens, were victims of Mrs. Kalness's trick with her Irish stew. Alice Hibbert and Vernon Fish appeared as Herbert's relatives, Amy and Jim Lawrence, who are sufferers from his lectures. Marian Ware gave a delightful interpretation of Martha, the maid.

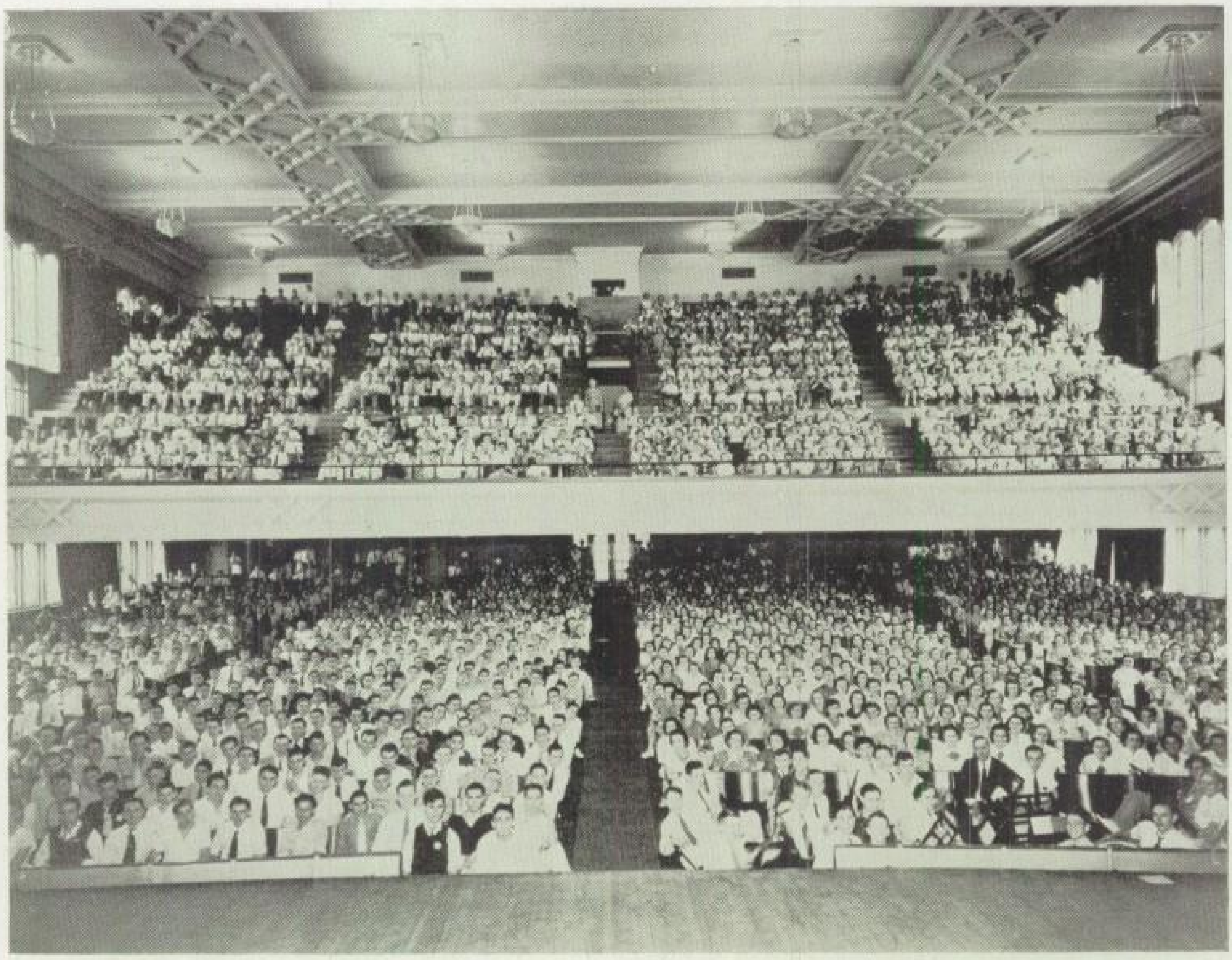
Thanks and congratulations are indeed due Miss Duffett, who cast and coached the play excellently; Mr. Cleland and his orchestra for the music; Marcia and Myra Rynearson, Dorothy Klaupe, and Kathryn Eibert, who entertained between acts with dance numbers.

From the appearance of the crowded auditorium and the enthusiasm of the audience, we may safely say that the play was a brilliant success.

CAROLYN LORENZ



SCENE FROM "BIG-HEARTED HERBERT" (MAY, 1936)



AUDITORIUM SESSIONS

Closely paralleled with the excitement of the cheerful 2:45 bell is the excitement aroused when an auditorium session is rumored.

Say, I hear there's going to be an aud.—Yes, when is it, Rep?—I don't know. I think it's the fourth.—What floors?—I still don't know. Ground and third floors, I think.—Hooray! (variation: Oh, shucks, depending on where you happen to be during the fourth period.)

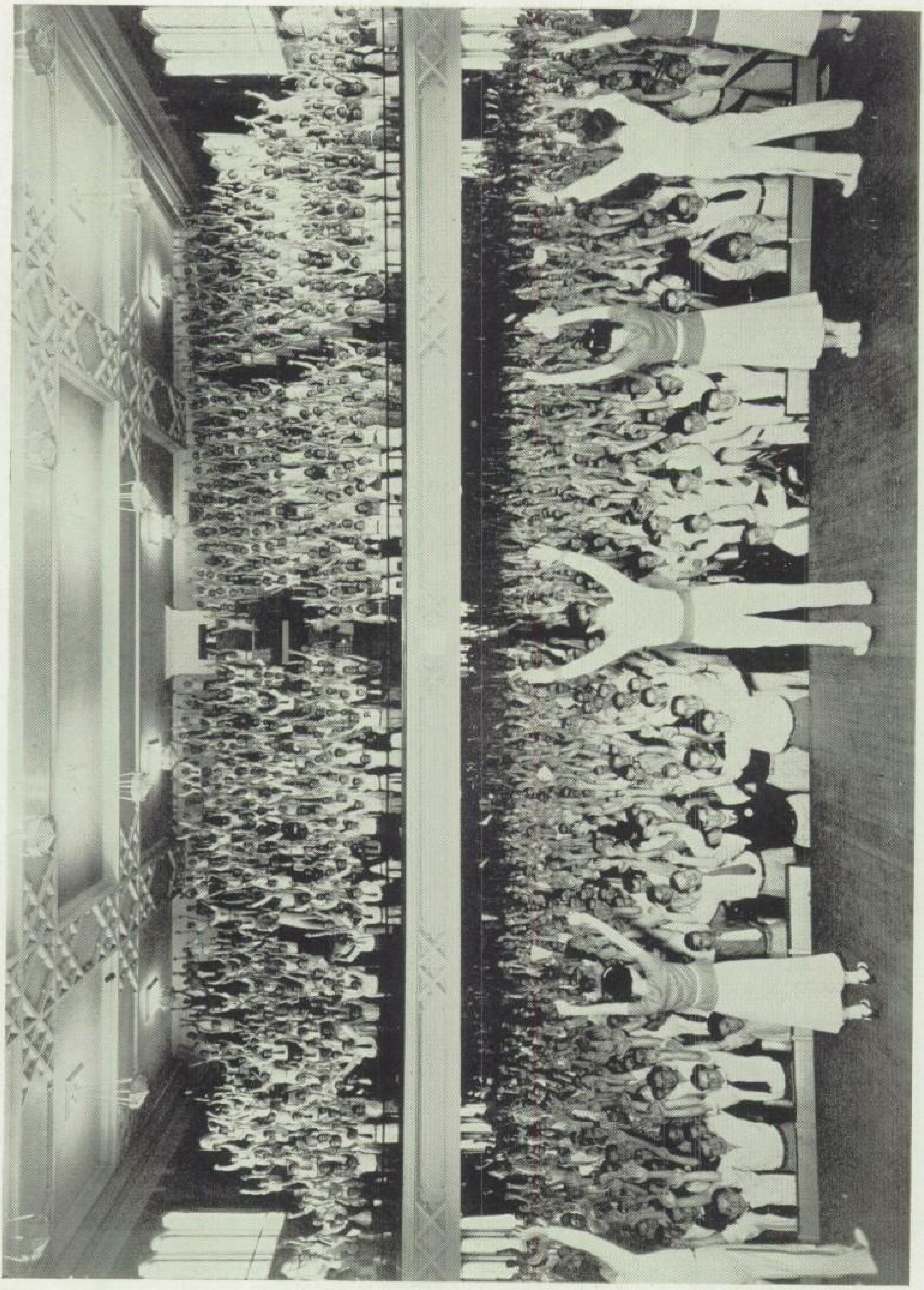
And so it goes, whenever the possibility of an aud. is in the offing.

What do you get out of?—History.—You do? I get out of English.—Me, too.

And now the aud. report is confirmed by the advisor. At 11:08 an army of pupils streams into the auditorium, and sits down. Murmurings float in the air. Now a hush, and every one peers up at the stage, expectantly . . .

And the above photograph is what a well-placed camera saw.

BOB LEWIS



"YEAH, ROOSEVELT! YEAH, HIGH!
YEAH, YEAH! ROOSEVELT HIGH!"

THE SENIOR PLAY

The night has arrived! It is December 11, 1936, the night of the Senior play! At eight o'clock sharp the curtain goes up on the first act of "The Late Christopher Bean."

The entire action takes place in the home of the Haggett family, not far from Boston. Dr. Haggett's household, which consists of his wife, two daughters, Ada and Susan, and Abbey, the maid, seems always to be giving him some trouble. Susan is in love with a promising young artist, Warren Creamer, much to her mother's distress. Ada, the elder daughter, is also worried because she is afraid Susan will be married first. And Abbey, who seems to be the only peaceful person in the house, is leaving for Chicago in the afternoon.

The trouble begins one morning when Dr. Haggett receives a telegram from New York announcing the arrival, that afternoon, of one Maxwell Davenport, an art critic. He is coming to discuss the career of the late Christopher Bean, the doctor's hired hand about twenty years ago.

A man posing as Davenport, arrives shortly and buys one of Bean's pictures for the amazing sum of fifty dollars. Everyone is in very good spirits until Mr. Rosen, another art buyer, makes his appearance and offers the doctor $1,000 for it. In the confusion that follows, Warren and Susan plan, with Abbey's help, to elope.

A portrait of Abbey and seventeen other pictures painted by Chris Bean are found, when it is learned that Abbey had rescued them from the bonfire where Mrs. Haggett had put them when she was cleaning. Maxwell Davenport finally arrives, and there is a great stir over the selling of the pictures. The climax is reached just as Abbey is leaving when she reveals that she married Chris Bean shortly before he died, and the pictures, therefore, belong to her.

Abbey leaves with her beloved pictures, Warren and Susan succeed in their elopement, and the rest of the Haggetts settle down to their usual life as the play ends.

Particular honor should go to May Gordon (Abbey) and to Elmer Osborne (Dr. Haggett). Virginia Wheelhouse (Susan Haggett) and Virgil Light(Warren Creamer) made a perfect young couple. Special mention should also be made of Peggy Byers (Mrs. Haggett), Virginia Dare (Ada), Gene Schaefer (Tallant), Sam Finbloom (Rosen), and Walter Godbey (Mazwell Davenport).

Let us not forget, too, that the play could not have been the success that it was without Miss Grace's able direction.

DOROTHEA SCHAEFER

SCENES FROM "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN"
Senior Play—December, 1936

SIXES

SIXES

SIXES

Purpose: To enable the members of the class to become acquainted and to develop a class spirit.

Moderator:	Miss Ewers

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Thursday—Room 402.

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Bob Stolz
Vice-President:	Marjorie Baldwin
Secretary:	Suzanne Hamilton
Treasurer:	Robert Kuelper
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Gene Veale

GIRLS OF TERM ONE

Dick (Red Grange)

BOYS OF TERM ONE

GIRLS OF TERM TWO

BOYS OF TERM TWO

DEBATING

Resolved: "That the government of the several states should enact legislation to provide for medical care available to all citizens at public expense" was the subject debated by the high schools of Missouri last fall.

The Roosevelt affirmative team, Jack Weinberg and Alvin Goldfarb, opened the season by winning from the St. Louis U. High School's negative team. Our negative team, Tom Tierney and Alvin Bemarkt, then lost to South Side High School.

The affirmative team lost to Cleveland High School. In this debate Durwood Simmons replaced Alvin Goldfarb. The negative, Tom Tierney and Alvin Bemarkt, closed the first half of the season by losing to McKinley High.

In the second half of the season our debaters again won one debate and lost three. The question debated was: Resolved: "That the Federal Government should exercise complete control over the manufacture and sale of all arms and munitions."

The affirmative team won the opening debate against South Side High. Our debaters were Harry Weinberg, the brother of Jack Weinberg, who had graduated, and Durwood Simmons. Our negative team, consisting of Durwood Simmons and Eddie Abchal, lost to Ben Blewett.

The same boys debated on the affirmative side in the next debate and lost to Central. We lost the last debate of the season to McBride. The Roosevelt team debating the negative side was composed of Harry Weinberg and Durwood Simmons.

An auditorium session was held to arouse interest in debating. Miss Grace, Mr. Castleman, and Mr. Tugel were the judges at the debate held at this session. Durwood Simmons and Edward Abchal composed the negative, which won the debate, and Harry Weinberg and Alvin Goldfarb, the affirmative team.

The teams this year were coached by Mr. Schmale, assisted by Mr. Tugel.

ALVIN BEMARKT

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC ORATORICAL CONTEST

April 16, 1936, brought unusual honors to Roosevelt in oratory. Our two representatives, Tom Tierney and Kathryn Ruester, coached by Miss Battle and Miss Grace respectively, both overcame worthy opposition and won the two cups that are awarded to the best boy and best girl orator at the Annual Interscholastic Oratorical Contest at Graham Memorial Chapel, on the campus of Washington University. It was announced at the contest that one cup is to be held permanently by Beaumont, and the other by Cleveland. Permanent possession of these cups is determined by points accumulated by the various high schools on the basis of the standings of their orators each year. Roosevelt holds the cups for this year, however, and two more are to be put into competition next year.

Tom spoke on "Youth's Opportunity"; Kathryn, on "Courage." Both speakers were awarded the Roosevelt "R" for Oratory.

Besides being victor in the Interscholastic Oratorical Contest, Tom Tierney won a state-wide contest sponsored by the American Legion. Great enthusiasm was shown in the final contest; many Rooseveltians went to Jefferson City for the event. Nor were they disappointed. After successfully passing through school, district, and zone eliminations, Tom won the prize of $100 in the final contest on May 2. The theme of the competition was "The Constitution"; the desire was to arouse interest in, and respect for this important document.

CHARLES MALONE

CAMP CEDARLEDGE

IN the beautiful Ozark hills is situated the Girl Scout camp, Cedarledge, owned by the Scouts of our own city. Here during the eight weeks of the camping season, hundreds of Scouts enjoy the healthful outdoor life.

From the time that the bus drivers start loading the suitcases and duffles at the Little House, until this same luggage is taken off at the same place two weeks later, the girls have a jolly time.

There were "swims" every day to make one fairly tingle with excitement; and campfires with songs and friends to make the evenings happy.

The older and more experienced girls' units are Pioneer Hill and the Out Camp. Scouts who prefer "nature in the raw" select the Out Camp. Here, instead of sleeping in tents, they are rocked to sleep in hammocks. These hardy girls cook all of their meals in a natural rock kitchen and drink of the cool water from the nearby spring.

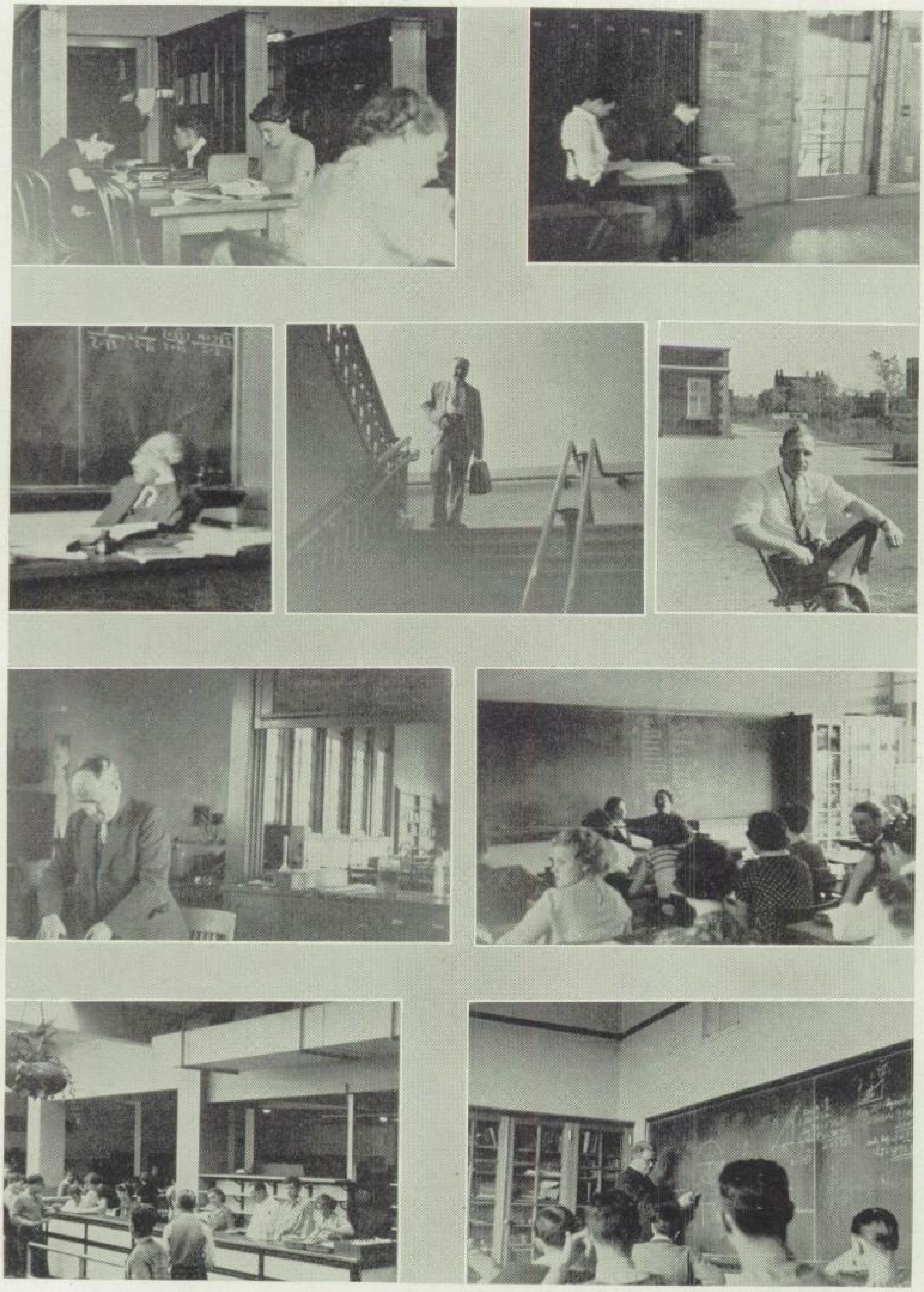
It is indeed a great thrill for these Out Campers to sit on a summer evening in the green meadow surrounded by thick woods and sing songs until the moon finally comes stealing over the tree tops in answer to the summons. The stars never look so bright, nor the sky so blue as when all sound is subdued except for the soft strains of some lullaby which is accompanied by an occasional shrill call of the whippoorwill, or some other noise of the wood.

When the moon is high in the sky, we, the guests, are motioned into the "Indians' " immense tepee, which is made of skins and decorated true Indian fashion with all sorts of signs and pictures. As we enter, we noiselessly squat down in a circle about a very small fire, just the kind we read about in story books. After singing Indians songs full of rhythmic weirdness, and telling entrancing tales of the Red Man, our hosts file out of the tepee, and there on the moonlight-flooded meadow dance a ceremonial dance to the thumping beat of the tom toms. When their cries cease to echo through the forest, we hear the familiar Indian goodnight. We chant the reply and go gack to our tents with never-to-be-forgotten memories of our evening spent with the Indians.

What an enjoyable last Fourth of July we had at camp—and without a single fire cracker. It is the privilege of the Pioneers to wake up the camp on that morning, and oh, what fun it is! We awoke very early in order not to have Reveille, which blows at half-past six every morning, spoil our fun. Having slipped into our clothes, we stole out to the boxes in which the cooking utensils were kept and extracted everything from frying pans to milk dippers—anything to make noise.

Quietly the tin pan procession descended the hill. When the signal was given to "break loose," what a hanging and clanging and crashing broke forth! Half scared to death, one camper after the other popped out of bed and soon the whole unit was in an uproar. Breaking forth with renewed vigor

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS



CANDID CAMERA SHOTS

in each successive unit, we eventually had the entire camp awakened, and we returned to the Hill with all sorts of queer looking things which had once been pots but now—oh, now!

But the day did not pass without some sign of fireworks. Evening saw everyone gathered around the swimming pool, which was illuminated by red and green torches. Each Scout had a box of sparklers, and the brilliant shower of sparks reflecting on the deep blue waters of the pool made a beautiful spectacle.

Parting is always hard. As the embers of the last campfire slowly fade, the strains of Taps echoing from the beautiful cedar-covered hills cause a lump to rise in the throat of every Scout as she realizes that the care-free time is ending.

Yet the girls have made happy plans for future reunions, and so, as the loaded buses pull away, the cry goes up, "So long, Camp Cedarledge, we'll be seeing you again next year."

RUTH GRAUL

SCHOOL CALENDAR

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1936

January 27—Here we are again, teachers!

February 5—The last Symphony Concert of the season is held.

February 11—Election day—Wilbert Berg stars again.

February 12—The track men come through with flying colors at the Arena track meet.

February 18—The Schoenbeck dynasty leads the Sevens; this time it's Russell.

February 20—Karl Das does right well in the senior elections.

February 24—*Bwana* is to be under the guidance of Clyde Cowan and Lorraine Jacquemin.

March 4—Talented Rooseveltians make their debut in the amateur contest.

March 20—Open house—pupils excluded.

April 11—Old records are shattered by Roosevelt's speed demons at the Maplewood relays.

April 15—The Sixes organize.

April 16—More laurels for Roosevelt as Tom Tierney and Kathryn Ruester out-talk competitors in the Washington University Oratorical contest.

May 1—Senior play reveals unknown dramatic abilities.

May 2—Tom Tierney, Roosevelt's Patrick Henry, triumphs in the state-wide oratorical contest.

May 12—Selected Rooseveltians are inducted into the National Honor Society, Torch.

May 19—Sevens have their fling at their social at Chain of Rocks.

May 21—We find the Seniors in all their glory, enacting scenes from their school days in their Color Day Program.

May 22—Field Day!!! Adele McQuade, our track queen, spurs the boys on to their ninth victory.

May 23—The mighty Seniors lose their dignity while on their picnic at Ganahl Dairy.

May 26—Senior girls get "chesty" as they defeat the new-seniors at softball.

June 5—Seniors will remember this day for their Class Day banquet.

June 11—Seniors wear caps and gowns at their graduation ceremony.

June 12—No more pencils, no more books———.

ADELE McQUADE
DOROTHY SCHAEFFER

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September 8, 1936, to January 28, 1937

September 8—New Jays: "Here we are, you lucky people!"

September 17—Such a scramble for seats in Student Council. Come, come, don't you know our Council "Reps" should be more dignified?

September 22—"And I promise you that when elected"—Oh, well, what's election day without campaign promises? Don't you marvel at the way some speakers can talk at length about nothing at all?

September 24—Mayor Beardsley receives the "big stick" at Council meeting. Mayor Beardsley thinks, "Won't it make a swell walking stick?"

September 26—Our football team shows promise in defeating McBride.

October 1—Seniors elect! That happy grin on Joe "Tut's" face tells the story. Modestly enough, he thanks everyone from the custodian to the sergeant-at-arms.

October 3—First league football game and we emerge victorious over Central. Guess we showed them!

October 21—Need we talk about report cards? Surely Mom and Dad covered that subject thoroughly.

October 22—New Seniors agree that Dick Lund is just the one for president of the class.

Sixes decide, at class election, that Stolz as president would be just "too, too divine."

Freshmen and seniors, alike, await their turn to register in order to vote at presidential election sponsored by the Council.

October 23—"Sign here, please," registration continues.

Seniors establish new high record for attending senior play tryout. Major Bowes, you just don't know what you're missing!—Or, do you?

October 24—Do we like night football games and do we like beating St. Louis U. High? Decidedly. Are we getting good!

October 28—Club photographers for *Bwana*. Remember, everyone, the smile of beauty.

October 30—Club pictures continue. The only time we see some club members!

November 2—A-ha, the moment we've been awaiting—actual voting in presidential election. Roosevelt carried Roosevelt, eh, what?

Eights flaunt the emblems of their seniority. Ain't it grand?

November 6—"Mizzou" band entertains. We certainly enjoy the occasional times when we hear a band.

November 7—The football team may have met their "Waterloo," but just the same, wasn't this Beaumont-Roosevelt game the most exciting you can remember?

November 11—An event! A'Capella Choir entertains over the radio.

November 12—Our liking for music most decidedly includes the Student Symphonies! Isn't Mr. Golschmann splendid?

November 13—Many senior girls attend the tea given by Washington University.

November 14—Practically everyone turned out for this football game, doubly exciting in that it was our last league game and was played with Cleveland, our traditional rival. Only one defeat in the league games!

November 17—All seniors in a state of exhaustion accompanied by headache. A test lasting two periods.

November 18—Same for New Seniors.

Bwana poetry contest results announced. Winning three places out of six we call quite a record, Editor Lewis.

November 19—At their roller skating social, New Seniors begin to doubt that pride is always the cause of a fall, regardless of what proverbs tell us.

November 20—Seniors begin to boast about how many times they have, or haven't, fallen while roller skating at social.

We wonder if we couldn't have enjoyed Open House more if we had brought teacher some apples during the term.

November 26 and 27—Need we mention the Thanksgiving holidays?—your "fullest" of the year.

December 2—Students from McKinley, as well as from Roosevelt, enjoy the Symphony's annual concert.

The Swimming Team starts their season at the Washington University Water Carnival, where they enter the relays.

Much excitement in Room 109 among the seniors and new seniors. Our newly elected Torch members learn of this honor. It looks as though the "Ruths" had it in the New Senior election as five out of the twelve elected answer to this name.

December 3—Just to make it unanimous, the Sixes roller skate at their social, too.

The Swimming Team progresses to finals at Water Carnival and wins place in the relays. Can you keep it up, boys?

December 7—Encore! The travelogue moving picture was liked so well that it was brought back that the rest of the school might enjoy it.

December 9—At last, winners of *Bwana's* short story contest are announced. Congratulations, Kensinger! Seldom does a student win first place in both the poetry and story contests.

December 11—The long awaited and much heralded evening—Seniors present "The Late Christopher Bean." Some people have the cutest accents.

December 18—Torch Inductions—this speaks for itself, does it not?

December 24-January 4—We love holidays!

January 28—What can be said about this, the most important occasion of a senior's life?

ELAINE DRAPER
ADOLPH BERTSCH

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AT ROOSEVELT

The Student Council conducted a presidential straw vote for its term project during the past fall semester. This election corresponded very well with the national presidential election on November 3, 1936.

Registration was required, and periods of thirty minutes before and after school on October 22, 23, and 27 were set aside for the proper registering of each would-be voter. Each pupil registered in one of several rooms, according to the alphabetization of his surname. Name, age, advisory, and signature were recorded in registration books. Then he received a 3x5 slip advising the registration clerks where his name was listed.

Election day at Roosevelt High School was November 2. Each pupil went to the room in which he had been registered, returned his 3x5, and received a ballot on which he marked his choice.

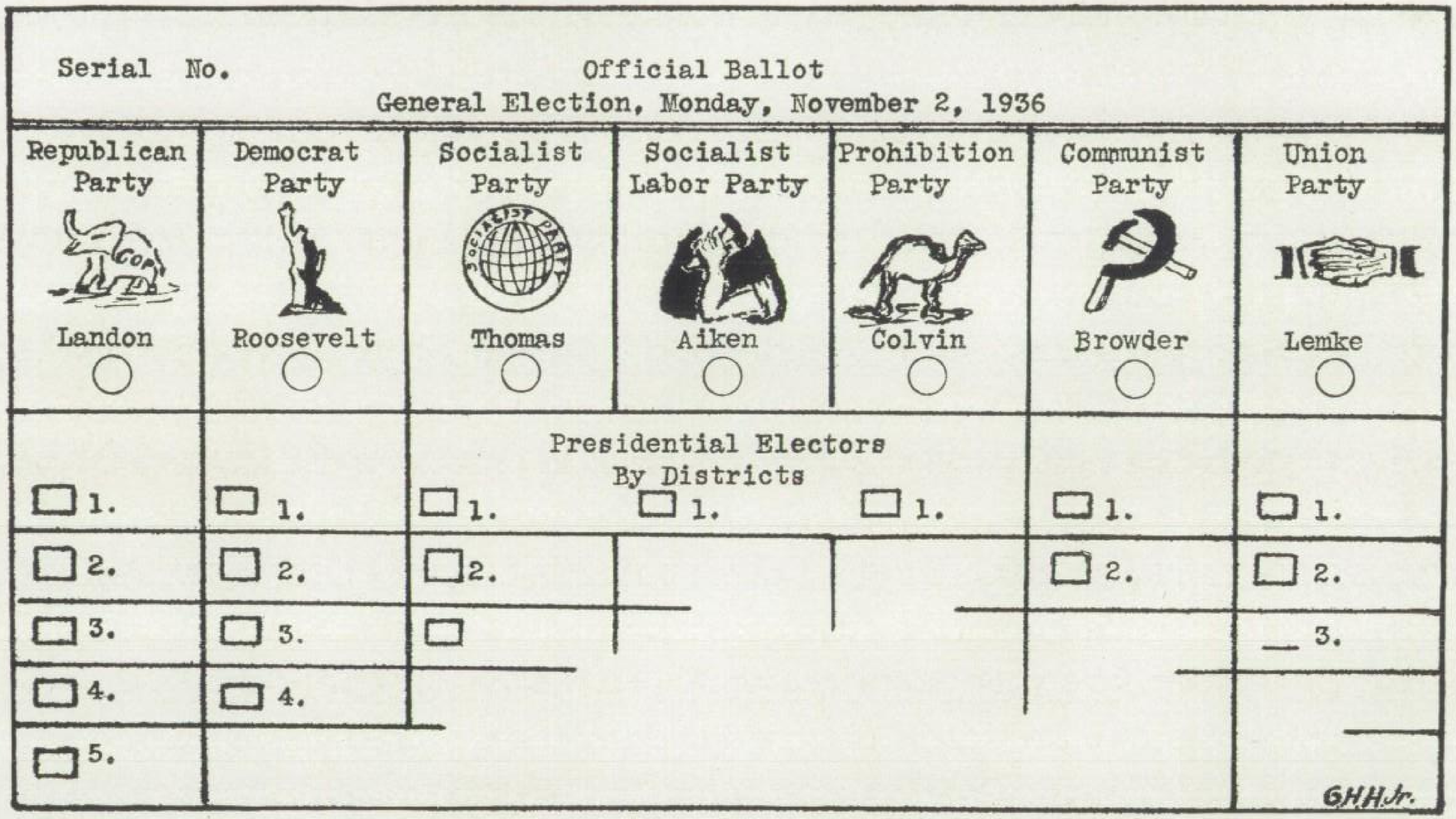
Returns were made known the following morning in a special mimeographed edition of the *Rough Rider*. Mr. Roosevelt was first with an imposing plurality. The results:

Roosevelt	1321
Landon	706
Browder	87
Lemke	21
Thomas	17
Colvin	2
Aiken	0

Miss Crowder, the Citizenship Committee, and the Student Council representatives who acted as registration clerks, election clerks, and tellers must be congratulated upon their very able and successful management of the election. We owe thanks to them, also, for enabling Roosevelt students to become informed of the function and mechanics of balloting in order to be able to vote properly when the time comes.

BOB LEWIS

MARK TWAIN CAVE



Serial No.

Official Ballot
General Election, Monday, November 2, 1936

Republican Party	Democrat Party	Socialist Party	Socialist Labor Party	Prohibition Party	Communist Party	Union Party
Landon ○	Roosevelt ○	Thomas ○	Aiken ○	Colvin ○	Browder ○	Lemke ○
		Presidential Electors By Districts				
☐ 1.	☐ 1.	☐ 1.	☐ 1.	☐ 1.	☐ 1.	☐ 1.
☐ 2.	☐ 2.	☐ 2.			☐ 2.	☐ 2.
☐ 3.	☐ 3.	☐				__ 3.
☐ 4.	☐ 4.					
☐ 5.						

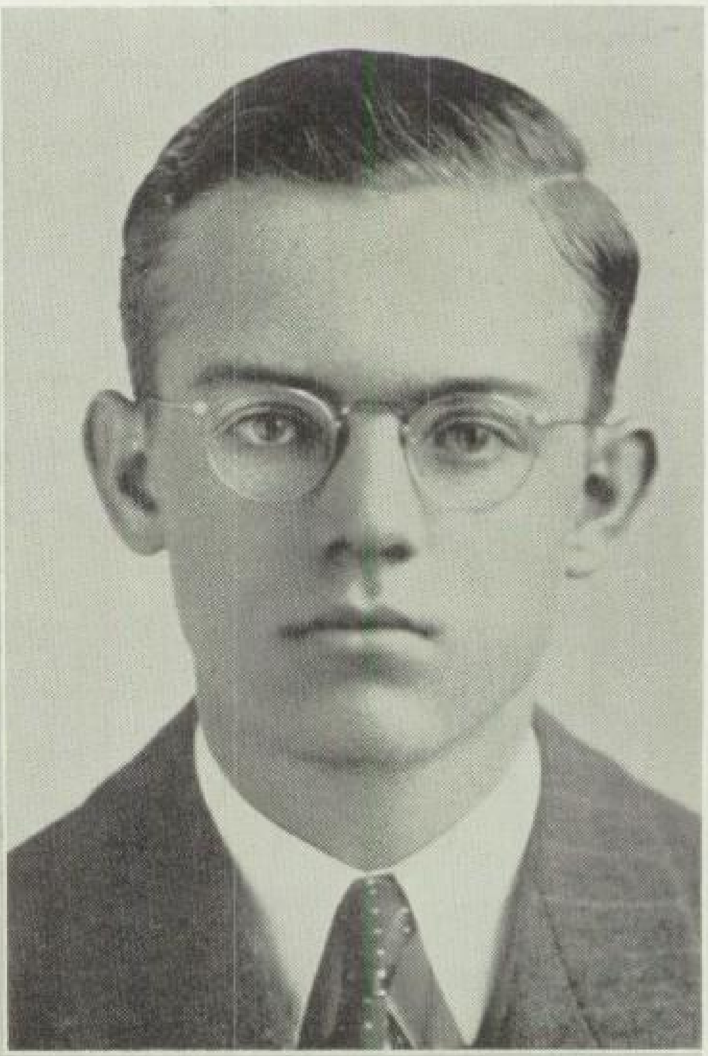
GHH Jr.

Clyde Cowan

Lorraine Jacquemin

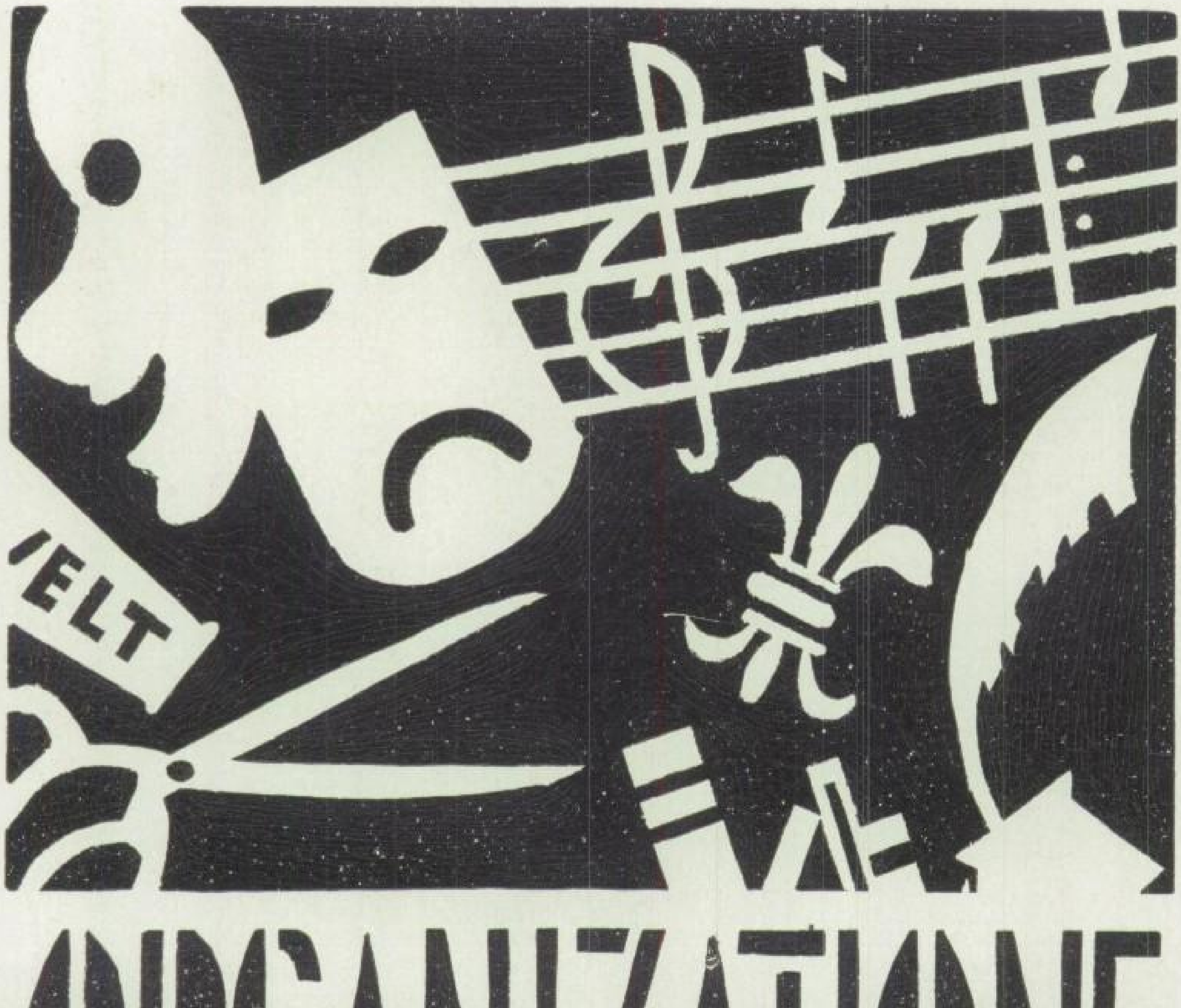
EDITORS, SPRING, 1936

Carolyn Lorenz



Bob Lewis

EDITORS, FALL, 1936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ORGANIZATIONS
BJK

BWANA STAFF

January 1936-January 1937

Maxine Aydelott
Coada Baker
Alvin Bemarkt
Adolph Bertsch
Mary Jane Brown
Leo Bulthaup
René Chouteau
Jean Crowder
Marion Dorsch
Elaine Draper
John Eibert
Harry Fischer
Steve Furbacher
Mary Ann Gewinner
Ruth Graul
Ralph Gusky
Robert Huffstot
Ken Jones
Marie Louise Lange
Edward Leezy
Bill Limebrook
Betty Jane London
Dick Lund
Adele McQuade
Charles Malone
Helen Means
Irene Meyer
Harold Nicholas
Ray Null
Ralph Rauscher
Elsie Robinson
Millicent Roworth
Gerry Russell
Dorothea Schaeffer
Russell Schoenbeck
Larry Schulenberg
Genevieve Seagrave
Lee Shelley
Jordan Simonoff
Robert Skinner
Susanna Strain
Lorraine Ulrich
Hazel Vokas
Marion Ware
John Wetterer

Majel Slayback, Florence Stroh — Typists

Arthur Kluegel, Mildred Rutledge — Art Representatives

BWANA STAFF

A'CAPELLA CHOIR

Purpose: Choral singing for unaccompanied mixed voices.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: 8:00 o'clock, every morning, Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Charles Malone
Vice-President: Edward C. Leezy
Secretary: Virginia Wheelehouse
Librarian: Pat Patterson

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Gene Schaefer
Vice-President: Edward C. Leezy
Secretary: Virginia Wheelehouse
Librarian: Charlotte Kingston

ART CLUB

Purpose: To foster interest in art among members, to make articles of artistic merit, and to be of service to school and community. A study of the history of costume is the work of the Art Club for this year. The members are keeping records with drawings in color and with written notes. There are occasional talks at the Art Museum on costume as illustrated in painting and sculpture of the period under consideration.

Moderator: Miss Place

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Tuesdays in Room 308 at 3:00 o'clock. Second and fourth Tuesdays at Art Museum at 4:00 o'clock.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Arthur Kluegel
Vice-President: Bernice Ramont
Secretary: Helen Fischer
Treasurer: Ruth Brune

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Ruth Brune
Vice-President: Frank Foley
Secretary: Anna Spala
Treasurer: Bernice Ramont

ART FELLOWSHIP CLUB

ART FELLOWSHIP

Purpose: To promote interest in the appreciation of the exhibits at the Art Museum; to co-ordinate the study of history, geography, and literature with a study of the art of various periods.

Moderator: Miss Simon

Time and Place of Meeting: A Thursdays at the Art Museum.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Jean Massie
Vice-President: Frances Shepherd

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Robert Halley
Vice-President: Estelle Eyerman

ATHENÆUM

Purpose: To bring variety to student life.

Moderator: Miss Elmore

Time and Place of Meeting: B Thursdays in Room 8.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Ruth Davidson
Vice-President: Hayward Hirsch
Secretary: Bernelle Hellstern
Treasurer: Eddie Abchal
Sergeant-at-Arms: Bill Holmes
Editor of *Mercury*: Marjorie Erskine
Associate Editor: Viola Fischer

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Hayward Hirsch
Vice-President: Mildred Sewell
Secretary: Alice Goodwin
Treasurer: Helen Borman
Sergeant-at-Arms: Leo Bulthaup
Editor of *Mercury*: Marjorie Erskine
Associate Editor: Dolores Von Doersten

ATHENAEUM
PEP R
PEP R

ATHENAEUM CLUB

Billie
Oeck

AVIATION CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate interest in the promotion of commercial aviation and scientific model building.

Moderator: Mr. Piliboss

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Thursday in Room 229.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Frank Fletcher
Secretary-Treasurer: Rich Kliefoth

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Frank Fletcher
Secretary-Treasurer: Rich Kliefoth

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: First period daily—402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Miles Wilhelm
Vice-President: Oliver Steideman
Secretary: Gorman Heimuller
Treasurer: Eddie Abchal
Librarians: Chick Adams, Bob Baird

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Eddie Abchal
Vice-President: Bob Grant
Secretary: Chick Adams
Treasurer: Bob Stolz
Librarians: Gorman Heimuller, Byron Pfeifer

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

BOWLING CLUB

CAROL CLUB

Love,
Virginia
Connelly

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Moderator: Miss Varian
Place of Meeting: Girls' Gymnasium
Time of Meeting: Every Thursday

CAPTAINS

Idamae Brandau
Pauline Hays
Lillian Heun
Melba Goolsby
Ruth Graul
Pauline Kuechler
Jeanne Parle
Elizabeth Trigg

BOWLING CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate an interest for bowling.

Moderator: Mr. Griggs

Time and Place of Meeting: Arway Alleys—Wednesday at 3:30.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Bob Stanton
Vice-President: George Nulsen
Secretary: Mary Jane Forestner
Treasurer: Eddie Doerr

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Charlotte Nolan
Vice-President: Marjorie Schmidt
Secretary: Albert Tubbesing
Treasurer: Dorothy Klasey

CHEMISTRY CLUB

CAROL CLUB

Purpose of Club: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Fourth period daily—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Jeannette Houston
Vice-President: Patty Mansfield
Secretary: Genevieve Seagrave
Treasurer: Marilyn Pickett
Librarians: Patty Graf
Isabel Patterson

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Patty Mansfield
Vice-President: Doris Kilgore
Secretary: Genevieve Seagrave
Treasurer: Marilyn Pickett
Librarians: May Ruester
Pearlmay Snasdell
Sergeant-at-Arms: Gertrude Koenig

CHEMISTRY CLUB

Purpose: To promote and stimulate interest in scientific methods of manufacture and in chemistry as it effects our every-day life.

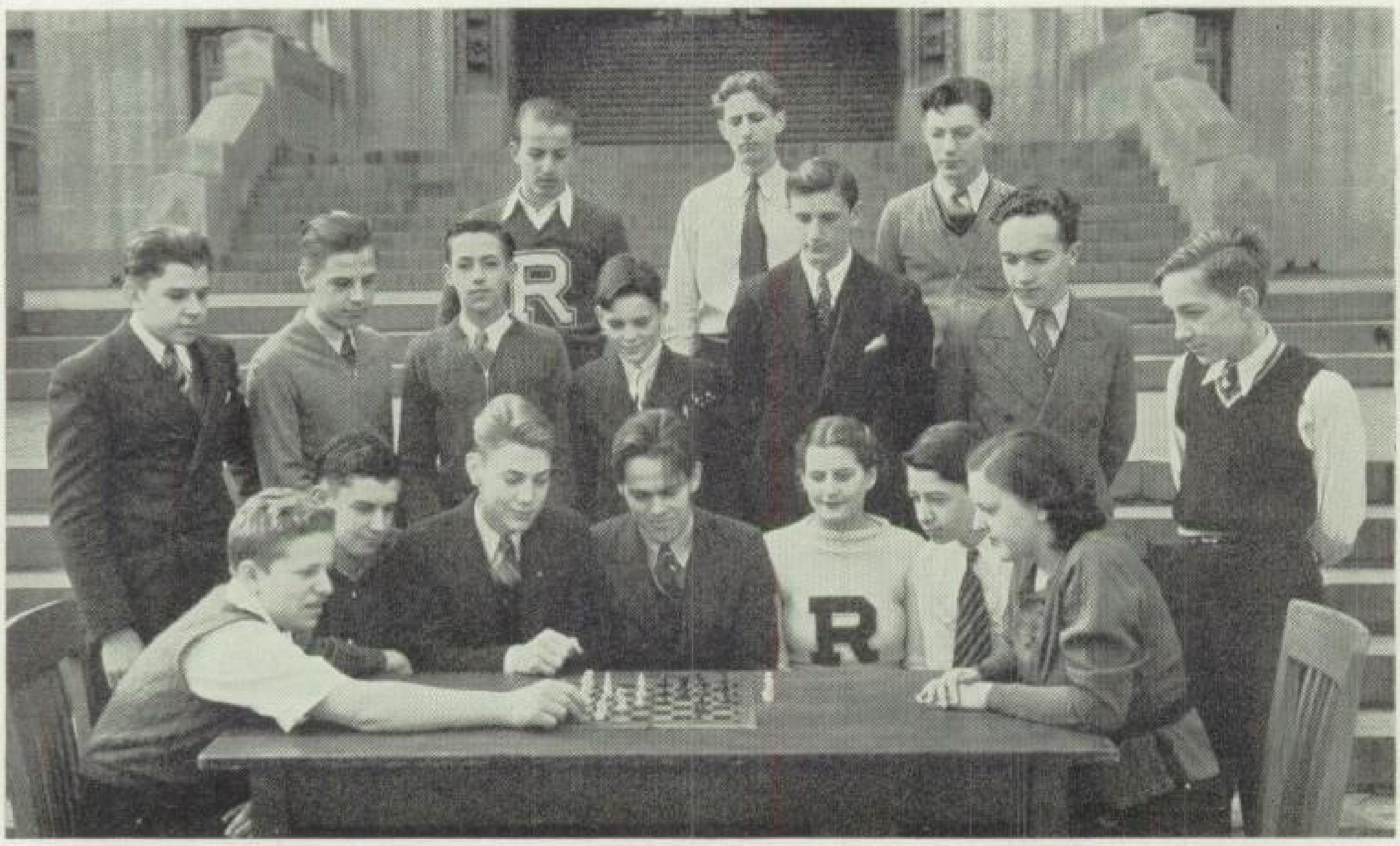
Moderator: Mr. Chervenka

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Tuesday after school—Room 13.

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Ken Jones
Vice-President: May Gordon
Secretary: Ruth Barrington
Treasurer: Erwin Henderson
Sergeant-at-Arms: Helen Henry



CHESS CLUB

Purpose: To learn to play chess.

Moderator: Mr. Bock

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Monday—Room 310.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Lester Epstein
Vice-President: Frances Hohn
Secretary: Venita Schnitzer
Treasurer: Durwood Simmons
Sergeant-at-Arms: Hans Hinrich
Librarian: Auburn Boas

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Valentine Miller
Vice-President: Harvey Euge
Secretary-Treasurer: Venita Schnitzer
Librarian: John Bliss

COLLEGE CLUB

Purpose: To furnish opportunity for the development and expression of individual talent, especially in the literary field, and to train its members in the art of public speaking.

Moderator:	Miss Dockery

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Fridays—301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President:	Carolyn Lorenz
Vice-President:	Violet Grunberg
Secretary:	Lorraine Jacquemin
Treasurer:	Kathryn Ruester
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Betty Swinehart
Corresponding Secretary:	Virginia Mohr

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Kathryn Ruester
Vice-President:	Virginia Mohr
Secretary:	Violet Grunberg
Treasurer:	Jane Dierberger
Corresponding Secretary:	Katherine Eibert
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Martha Adolf

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Purpose: To swim after school and have competition with Cleveland's girls.

Moderator:	Miss Hehrlein

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Monday after school.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

Captains:	Lucille Holmes Molly Wilson Dorothea Weick

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Captains:	Lucille Holmes Blanche Wimer
Secretary:	Marjorie Heede
Treasurer:	Margie Ratz

COLLEGE CLUB

COLLEGE CLUB

Bernice

ENGINEERING CLUB

Purpose: To furnish vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them the work and the conditions of the various engineering professions.

Moderators:	Mr. Katterhenry Mr. Gammeter

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesdays—Rooms 15 and 213.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President:	Hans Hinrichs
Committee:	Bob Luft Herbert Moder
Secretary-Treasurer:	Harold Nicholas
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Erwin Henderson

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Herbert Moder
First Vice-President:	Fred Kiesel
Second Vice-President:	Leo Bulthaup
Secretary-Treasurer:	Glenn Kellogg
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Howard Wendt

Annabel Kinsler

ANATOLE FRENCH CLUB

Purpose: To increase the knowledge of French by doing things which cannot be done in class—singing, telling stories and jokes.

Moderator:	Mr. De la Roche

Time and Place of Meeting: A Wednesdays—Room 23.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

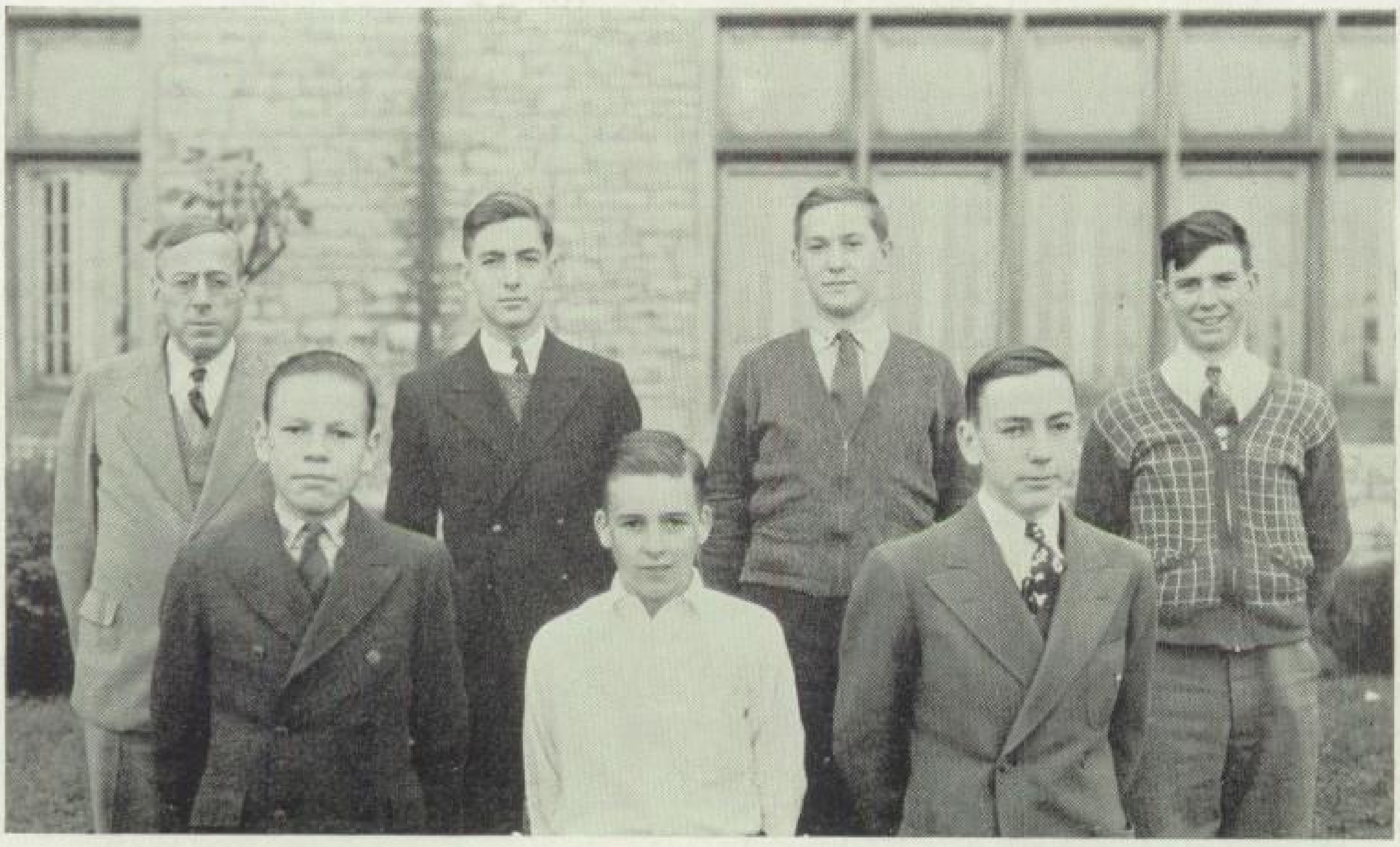
President:	Marion Ware
Vice-President:	Olive Pollard
Secretary:	Frances Rauschkolb
Treasurer:	Lillian Marecek
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Robert Jones

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Robert E. Jones
Vice-President:	Karine Fischer
Secretary:	Charles Guenther
Treasurer:	Lee Shelley
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Betty Bertrand

GLEE CLUB



GOLF CLUB

Purpose: Interscholastic City High School Contest.

Moderator:	Mr. Cleland

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays—Room 37.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President:	Robert Hoffstot
Secretary:	Robert Grant

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President:	Robert Grant
Secretary:	Bill Stephens

FORUM

Purpose: The purpose of this society is to promote an interest in public questions, literature, debating, and public speaking.

Moderator: Mr. Castleman

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday—Room 215.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Ted Paull
Vice-President: Lester Epstein
Secretary: Bob Lewis
Treasurer: Harry Weinberg

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Eddie Abchal
Vice-President: Bob Lewis
Secretary: Ted Paull
Treasurer: Robert Skinner

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose: To give its members practice in public speaking and dramatic art.

Moderator: Miss Lancaster

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 109.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Marilyn Pickett
Vice-President: Eddie Doerr
Secretary: Jack Hardgrove
Treasurer: Gus Craig
Sergeant-at-Arms: Bob Stolz
Librarians: Patty Graf
Bill Schleiffarth

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Geraldine Lilie
Vice-President: Laurie Karch
Secretary: Edith Bartman
Treasurer: Don Solomon
Sergeant-at-Arms: Walter Wallace
Librarians: Ruth Mellick
Jack Hardgrove

MASK AND BUSKIN CLUB

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Purpose: This is an honorary club. Its purpose is to promote an interest in mathematics, to realize and appreciate the great contributions made by mathematics to the world's progress. Only students interested in mathematics are eligible, and they must be recommended by a teacher. High grades must be maintained. A pupil taking at least three terms of mathematics and graduating with high grades is entitled to an emblem showing that he has graduated with honors in mathematics.

Moderator: Miss Schlierholz

Time and Place of Meeting: A Wednesdays—Room 232.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Elmer Smitt
First Vice-President: Marvin Marx
Second Vice-President: Jack Eckrich
Secretary: Dorothy Schmidt
Treasurer: Max Lampkin

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Elmer Smitt
First Vice-President: Marvin Marx
Second Vice-President: Jack Eckrich
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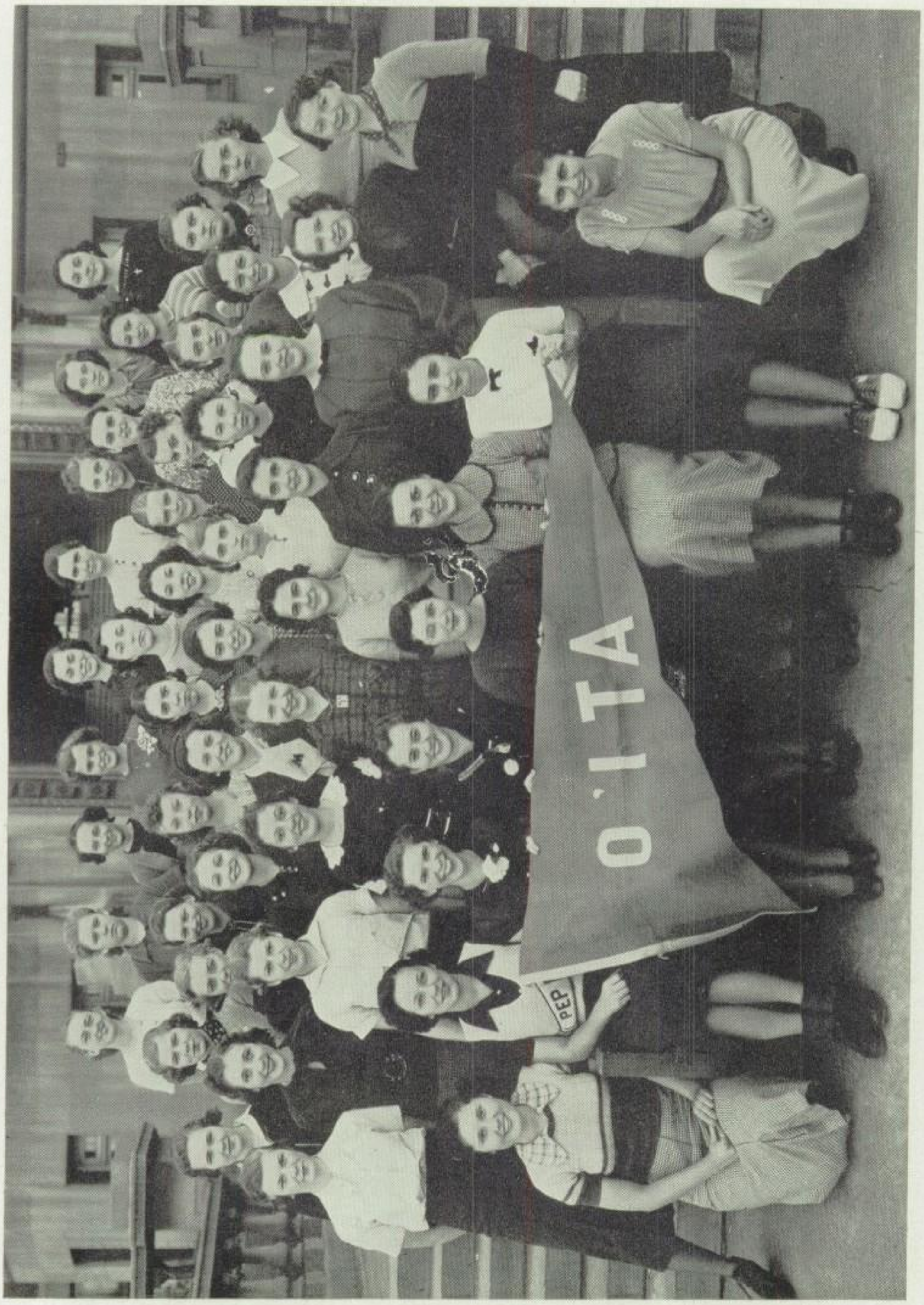


O'ITA CLUB

O'ITA

Purpose: To improve its members in literary attainments.

Moderator: Miss Binnington

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 301—First and third Fridays.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Lorraine Dolejsi
Vice-President: Pat Patterson
Recording Secretary: June Chesney
Treasurer: Marion Ware
Sergeant-at-Arms: Bobbie Holmes
Corresponding Secretary: Melba Myer

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Melba Myer
Vice-President: Patty Graf
Recording Secretary: Virginia Pepple
Treasurer: Willa Rieken
Corresponding Secretary: Berta Mae Allen
Sergeant-at-Arms: Ruth Hennis

PHOTOPLAY APPRECIATION CLUB

Purpose: To develop a critical appreciation of photoplays.

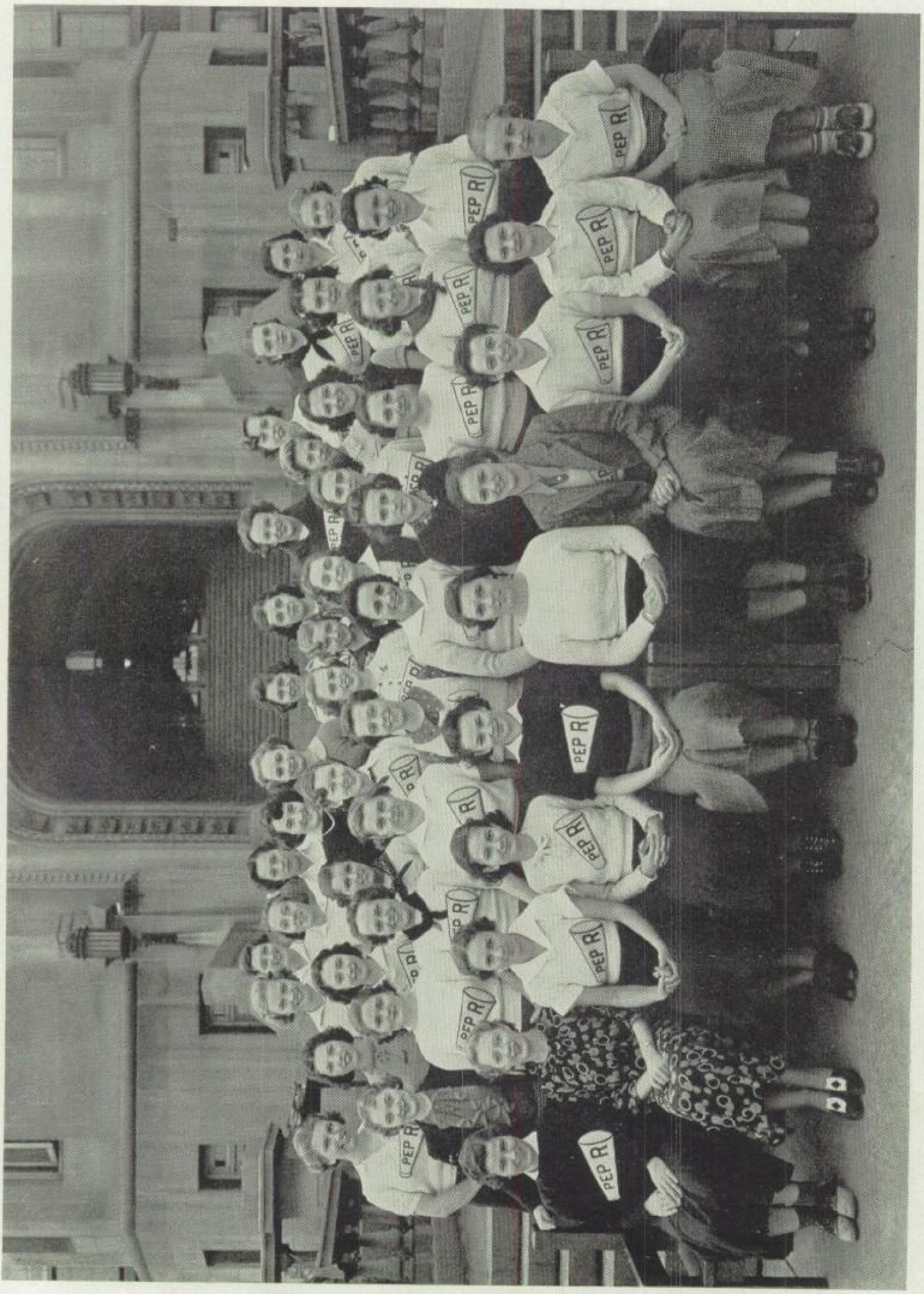
Moderator: Miss Manheimer

Time and Place of Meeting: B Thursdays—Room 306.

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Jane Schmitt
Vice-President-Librarian: Betty Fisher
Secretary-Treasurer: Adele Fouke



PEP R CLUB

PEP R

Purpose: To promote school spirit by supporting school activities.

Moderator: Miss Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: A Wednesdays—Room 228.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Eloise Davis
Vice-President: Violet Grunsberg
Secretary: Betty Swinehart
Treasurer: Marilyn Pickett
Sergeant-at-Arms: Laurie Karch

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Violet Grunberg
Vice-President: Katherine Ruester
Secretary: Carolyn Lorenz
Treasurer: Doris McKay
Sergeant-at-Arms: Jean Crowder

PHILATELIC

Purpose: To promote interest in the art of collecting stamps and studying philatelic principles.

Moderator: Miss H. J. Harris

Time and Place of Meeting: A Tuesday—Room 209.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Auburn Bouas
Vice-President: Don Mattingly
Secretary: George Neumayer
Treasurer: Harvey Euge

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Don Mattingly
Vice-President: Edward Meier
Secretary: Bob Sorgenfrei
Treasurer: George Neumayer

PRISCILLA

Purpose: To make garments and toys and to entertain poor children.

Moderator: Miss Gilmore

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday—Room 16.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Gladys Philips
Vice-President: Mae Gordon
Secretary: Lorraine Stolze
Treasurer: Elanore Ludwig
Corresponding Secretary: Ardel Becker
Sergeant-at-Arms: Mildred Fahnestock

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Mae Gordon
Vice-President: Mildred Bokamper
Secretary: Marie Susek
Treasurer: Eleanor Ellebrecht
Corresponding Secretary: Ardel Becker
Sergeant-at-Arms: Bernice Schauer

QUILL CLUB

Purpose: To promote creative writing.

Moderator: Miss H. C. Peterson

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Wednesday—Room 315.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Bob Lewis
Vice-President: Clyde Cowan
Secretary: Marjorie Abbott
Treasurer: Gertrude Griese

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: George Tichacek
Vice-President: Wilbert Jankowitz
Secretary: Schierlow Von Deusen
Treasurer: Virginia Pepple

RADIO CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in the science of radio communication.

Moderators: Mr. Colmey
Mr. Grossman

Time and Place of Meeting: Fridays—Room 12.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Robert Seigle
Vice-President: Gerald Pfaff
Secretary-Treasurer: Cameron Morrison

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Robert Seigle
Vice-President: G. H. Hargitt
Secretary-Treasurer: Hamilton Robinson

ROLLER SKATING

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Moderator: Miss Watt
Place of Meeting: Auditorium Stage
Time of Meeting: B Mondays

QUILL CLUB

SILVER SKATES CLUB

Purpose: Skating.

Moderators: Miss Eisenhardt
Miss Wolff

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday after school at the Winter Garden.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Doris Allen
Vice-President: Marvin Froeckmann
Secretary: Margaret Colburn
Treasurer: George Schmidt

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Marvin Froeckmann
Vice-President: Lorraine Reiff
Secretary: Ralph Matejka
Treasurer: Dorothy Roeder
Assistant Secretary: Bob Stolz

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

Purpose: Organized for the study of Shakespeare.

Moderator: Miss Nicholson

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesdays—Room 231.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: John Eibert
Vice-President: Norma Vogel
Secretary: Betty Underwood
Treasurer: Lillian Heun
Librarian: Charles Guenther

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Hazel Oberle
Vice-President: Lillian Heun
Secretary: Norma Vogel
Treasurer: Harold Blais
Librarian: Elvera Hoffman

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

SILVER SKATES CLUB

SPORTSMAN CLUB

Purpose: To develop sportsmen with a purpose, "Gentlemen of the field and stream."

Moderator: Miss Heddergott

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Wednesday of each month in Room 110.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Carl Prives
Vice-President: Bill Unwin
Secretary: Vince Ebert
Treasurer: Buck Jones
Sergeant-at-Arms: Stanley Hudson

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Vince Ebert
Vice-President: Stanley Hudson
Secretary: Martin Marecek
Treasurer: Buck Jones
Sergeant-at-Arms: Bob Unwin

SPANISH CLUB

Purpose: To acquaint the members with Spanish countries, customs, and literature; and to develop interest and pleasure in using the language.

Moderator: Miss Comfort

Time and Place of Meeting: A Tuesdays—Room 324.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Genevieve Seagrave
Vice-President: Lorraine Dolejsi
Secretary: Kathleen Heege
Treasurer: Frank Nickerson
Sergeant-at-Arms: Charles Malone
Editor of *Arco Iris:* Ruth Tartar
Assistant Editor: Jane Morris

OFFICERS

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Lorraine Rieff
Vice-President: Genevieve Seagrave
Secretary: Geraldine Lilie
Treasurer: Betty Rumer
Sergeant-at-Arms: Don Crecelius
Editor of *Arco Iris:* Ruth Tartar
Assistant Editor: Helen Brown

TAP DANCING

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Moderator: Miss Watt
Place of Meeting: Girls' Gymnasium
Time of Meeting: A Mondays

VOLLEY BALL CLUB

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Moderator: Miss Garesche

Time and Place of Meeting: Mondays after school in the Girls' Gymnasium.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS

Idamae Brandau
Karine Fischer
Elfrida Roesseler
Juanita Sassin
Ruth Schulz
Aline Stone

SPANISH CLUB

ROUGH RIDER

Faculty Advisers	Mr. Kammerer Miss O. Solfronk

STAFF

January to June, 1936

Editor	Wilbert Dipboye
Editor	Edith Reed
Business Manager	Wilbert Berg
Assistant Business Manager	Joe Tutinsky
Exchange Manager	Jack Flachmann

REPORTERS

John Ashner
Ruth Helen Brune
Leo Bulthaup
Adrienne Champion
June Chesney
Fern Cornelison
Jean Crowder
Jane Dierberger
Jack Donahue
Elaine Draper
Jack Flachmann
Steve Furbacher
Alvin Goldfarb
Ruth Graul
Gertrude Griese
Jack Hardgrove
G. H. Hargitt
Alice Hibbert
Buck Jones
Ken Jones
Laurie Karch
Robert Klug
Helen Kouri
Bob Lewis
John McGary
Helen Means
Irene Meyer
Patricia McGary
Jerry Monroe
Lindle Moore
Marilyn Pickett
Paul Regna
Willa Rieken
Russell Schoenbeck
Marjorie Steinmeyer
William Unwin
George Yehling

CARTOONISTS

Earl Ehret
Bill McHale

TYPISTS

June Chesney
Helen Croft
Eloise Davis
Lorraine Fried
Pat Jones
Virginia Mohr
Doris McKay
Janice Neville
Marie Newton
Willa Rieken
Claire Rosen
Etta Snow

DISTRIBUTORS

John Clark
Frank Hartman
Max Lamkin
Val Humme
Nelson Koerner
Bill McHale
Ken Main
Jack Scott
Robert Stone
Erwin Taryle
Joe Jaeger

September, 1936, to January, 1937

Editor	Steve Furbacher
Editor	Jean Crowder
Business Manager	Joe Tutinsky
Exchange Manager	Frank Hartmann

REPORTERS

Ruth Helen Brune
Leo Bulthaup
Scott Cherry
Elaine Draper
Sylvia Ellermann
Jack Flachmann
Robert Grant
Ruth Graul
Gertrude Griese
Jack Hardgrove
G. H. Hargitt
Helen Henry
Wilbert Jankowitz
Buck Jones
Ken Jones
Pat Jones
Laurie Karch
Betty Jean Kennedy
Helen Kouri
Bob Lewis
Helen Means
Irene Meyer
Virginia Pepple
Marilyn Pickett
Margie Ratz
Willa Rieken
Joe Rommel
Robert Rumer
Russell Schoenbeck
George Yehling

TYPISTS

Berta Mae Allen
Coada Baker
Catherine Cable
Helen Croft
Bob Jeffe
Pat Jones
Doris McKay
Virginia Mohr
Phyllis Rau
Lorraine Reiff
Willa Rieken
Kathryn Ruester
Nonie Schlosser
Virginia Ullrich

DISTRIBUTORS

Ray Alsbury
John Gamble
Joe Jaeger
Pat Jones
Paul Kessling
Max Lamkin
Ed Leezy
Bob Losse
Bill Mathae
Bill McHale
Lewis Neeb
Jack Scott
Bob Stone

ROUGH RIDER STAFF

STUDENT COUNCIL

Moderator: Miss Crowder

OFFICERS

January to June, 1936

President: Wilbert Berg
Vice-President: Joe Tutinsky
Secretary: Marion Ware
Sergeant-at-Arms: Herbert Meredith

September, 1936, to January, 1937

President: Jack Beardsley
Vice-President: Joe Tutinsky
Secretary: Kathryn Ruester
Sergeant-at-Arms: Buck Jones

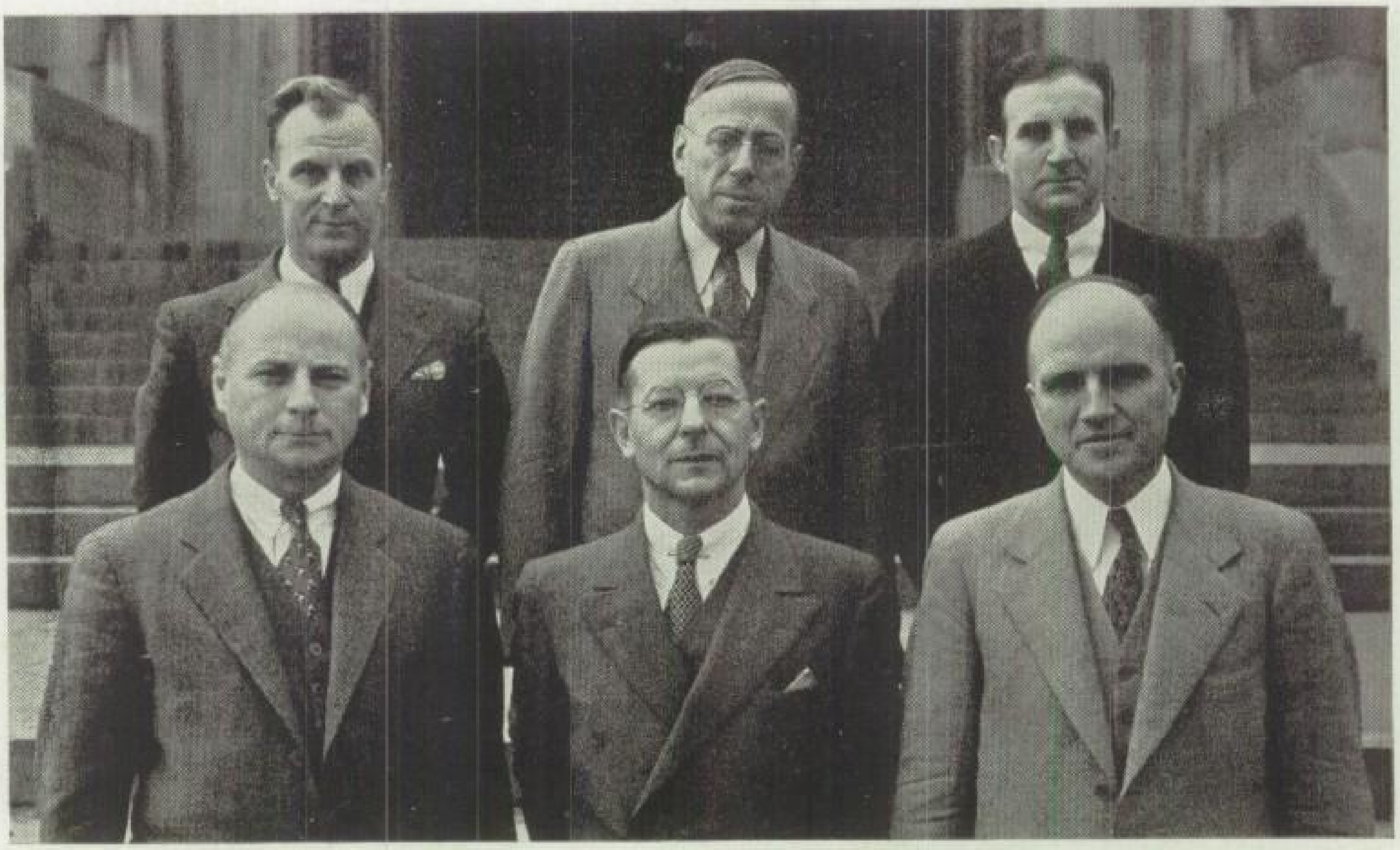
The Student Council, composed of representatives from each of the advisory groups, is the governing body of Roosevelt High School. At its meeting on each Thursday during the fourth period, it discusses, and tries to solve, any school problems that may arise. However, besides seeing that each school difficulty is surmounted as it is reached, the Student Council works ahead on a definite term project which benefits the pupil individually and the school as a whole.

The Student Council of January, 1936, to June, 1936, adopted as a goal for all Rooseveltians the project of the setting up of a concept of an ideal student. As a result, it was decided that an ideal student should have good scholarship, should participate in school activities, such as clubs and athletics, and should be friendly with teachers and fellow students. In addition to this, he should be courteous, ready to render service to others, and should have good attendance. The Council worked earnestly and steadily to set this ideal before the school.

An important project of the Student Council of September, 1936, to January, 1937, was that of carrying on a straw vote in the Presidential election. The machinery of the election was as much like that of our United States government as possible. Pupils had to register on specified days in certain specified rooms to be eligible to vote on election day. Clerks and judges managed the whole election in a most orderly manner.

Through an Extra published by the Rough Rider, pupils were informed of election results, which showed a majority for Roosevelt. By teaching them how to register and to vote, and how to accept victory or defeat, this "straw vote" has benefited the pupils of Roosevelt High School.

STUDENT COUNCIL



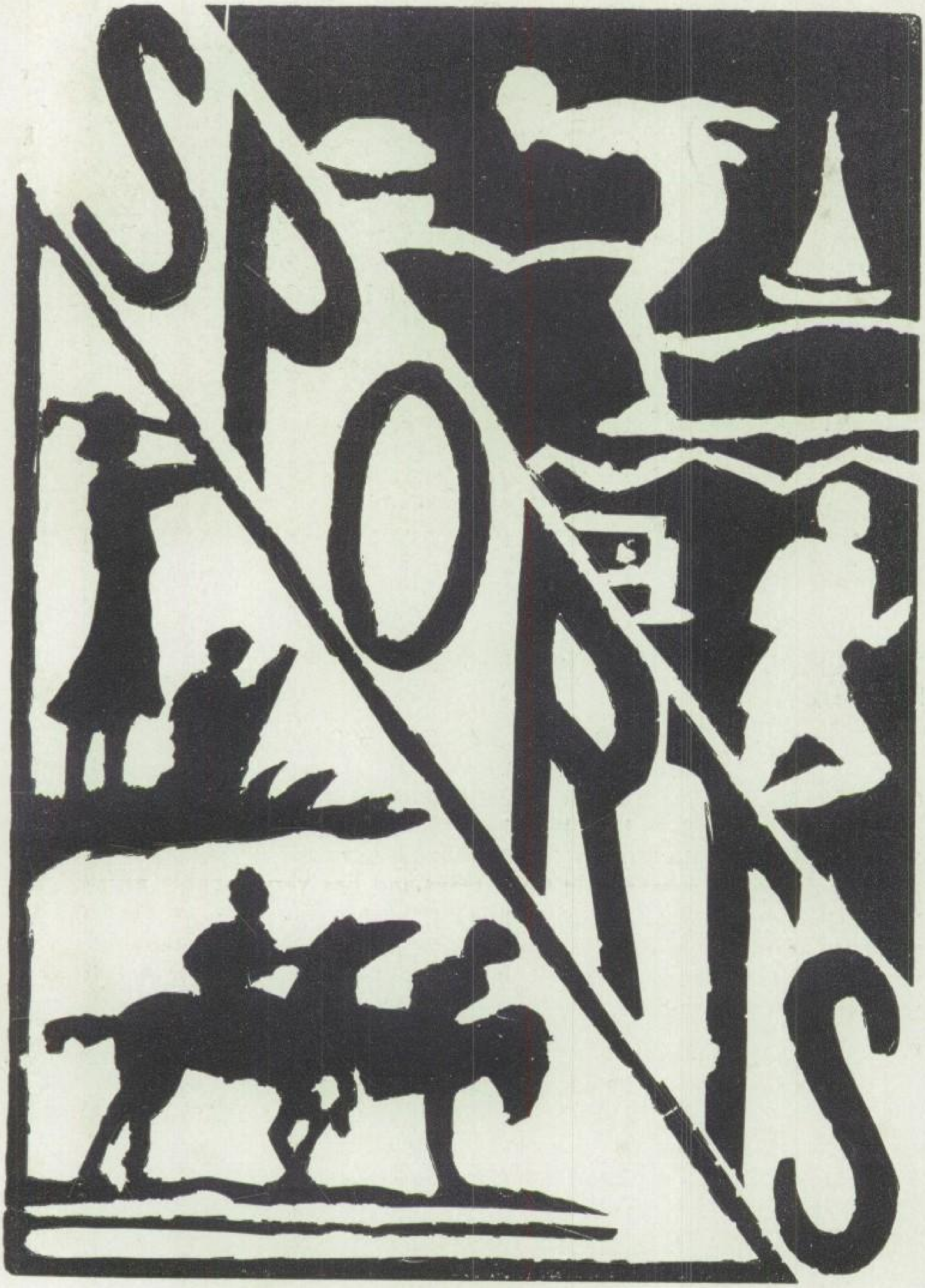
ROOSEVELT COACHES

The enviable reputation in athletics possessed by Roosevelt High School is due to the noteworthy ability and industry of the Roosevelt coaching staff.

It is due to Mr. Neeb, our athletic director, who has conducted well the business and finances of the sports program; to Mr. Carlson, who has managed our baseball and football teams with distinction; to Mr. Granger, who has produced another remarkable track team and has very capably assisted Mr. Carlson in developing the football squad; to Mr. Lorenzen, whose guidance of the tennis and basketball teams was excellent; to Mr. Neumann, who ably directed the swimming team; and to Mr. Cleland, whose work as golf coach is again praiseworthy.

Guided by such capable coaches, our teams will certainly maintain their high standards of achievement during the new year.

ROBERT LEWIS


SPORTS

BASEBALL 1936

Roosevelt won three league games, and lost three, thereby tying for fourth place.

Because the weather was inclement, few practice games were played. Those that were played resulted in the following scores:

Roosevelt vs. Venice, Illinois, 15-6
Roosevelt vs. Webster Groves, 2-5
Roosevelt vs. Venice, Illinois, 4-2
Roosevelt vs. St. Louis U. High, 2-4

The box scores of the league games are as follows:

Roosevelt 4—Cleveland 8

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Caswell	3	1	1	1	Knock	3	1	0	0
Main	4	1	0	1	Lamping	4	0	0	0
Benish	3	2	2	0	Briedert	4	2	0	0
Mueller	4	0	2	0	Blitz	4	1	4	0
Von der Ahe	4	0	0	1	Kminiski	3	1	1	0
Meredith	2	0	0	0	Rineike	4	1	1	0
Bender	2	0	0	0	Turner	3	1	1	0
Wackl	3	0	0	1	Dickerman	4	0	1	2
Watson	0	0	0	0	Pezic	0	0	0	0
McHale	4	0	2	0	Jarvas	3	1	1	1

Roosevelt 4—Soldan 0

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Caswell	3	0	1	0	Sunan	3	0	0	1
Main	3	1	1	1	Rosenberg	3	0	1	1
Benish	2	0	1	0	Glazner	2	0	0	0
Mueller	3	0	1	0	Seipman	3	0	0	0
Bender	3	0	0	0	Baker	3	0	0	0
McHale	2	0	0	0	Notewitz	3	0	0	0
Niehoff	3	1	1	0	Colpi	3	0	0	0
Weckl	2	1	1	0	Dimitriades	1	0	0	0
Meredith	3	1	1	0	Griffin	2	0	0	0

Roosevelt 3—McKinley 8

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Caswell	4	1	0	0	Hatch	1	2	1	2
Main	4	0	1	1	Jost	2	2	1	0
Benish	4	0	0	0	Martin	4	0	0	0
Mueller	4	1	2	0	Connors	4	1	2	0
Bender	4	1	1	0	Marciak	4	1	2	0
Niehoff	3	0	0	0	Turley	4	1	0	0
Meredith	1	0	0	0	Mungavero	2	1	0	0
Weckl	3	0	0	1	Neicheck	0	0	0	0
McHale	1	0	1	0	Burge	2	0	1	0
Rauscher	1	0	0	0	Burnsen	2	0	0	2

BoB
Berish

BASEBALL SQUAD

Roosevelt 12—Beaumont 9

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Meredith	4	3	2	0	Treise	5	1	2	2
Main	5	3	3	2	Heydt	4	1	1	0
Benish	3	2	2	0	Schwenk	4	0	0	0
Mueller	3	1	0	0	Hertling	3	2	2	0
Bender	5	1	1	0	Amato	2	0	0	0
Niehoff	3	0	1	0	Butcher	2	1	0	1
De May	2	0	1	0	Moran	2	1	0	0
Weckl	4	0	0	0	Blumntreh	4	1	1	2
Caswell	3	1	1	0	Songsberry	3	2	1	1
Rauscher	1	0	0	0	Whomshoff	0	0	0	0
Polizzi	3	1	1	1					

Roosevelt 7—Central 6

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Meredith	3	0	1	0	Wulfmeyer	2	2	1	0
Main	4	1	1	0	Kiviatkowski	4	2	3	0
Benish	1	2	0	0	Zidler	3	0	0	1
Mueller	4	1	2	0	Cissell	3	1	1	1
Bender	3	1	1	0	Schneider	4	0	2	0
Niehoff	2	1	1	0	Schaeffer	4	0	0	0
Caswell	3	0	0	0	Foege	3	0	0	0
Weckl	2	1	1	1	Weise	3	0	2	0
Polizzi	2	0	0	0	McDermott	1	0	0	0
					Janz	2	0	0	0
					Rielly	1	1	1	0
					Huber	0	0	0	0
					Battieger	1	0	0	0

Roosevelt 6—Blewett 18

	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Meredith	4	0	0	0	Gold	1	3	0	0
Main	4	2	1	1	Evers	2	1	0	3
Benish	4	0	2	0	McCarron	3	2	2	0
Mueller	4	1	1	0	Cunningham	4	3	2	0
Bender	4	0	0	3	House	3	3	1	0
Niehoff	2	0	1	0	Piskzer	2	2	2	0
McHale	2	0	0	0	Tash	3	2	0	1
Caswell	3	2	0	0	Mahaughey	1	0	0	0
Weckl	2	0	1	0	Kransberg	5	0	1	0
Polizzi	0	0	0	0	Emison	4	1	2	0
Rauscher	2	1	1	1					

The boys who received their letters this season are Captain Joe Weckl, Sheldon Bender, Robert Benish, Robert Caswell, Alvin De May, Ken Main, Bill McHale, Herbert Meredith, Carl Mueller, Ed Niehoff, Joe Polizzi, Ralph Rauscher, and the managers, David Bone and William Hardgrove.

The final averages for the season are as follows:

	AB.	R.	H.	E.	%
Meredith, l. f.	17	4	4	0	235
Main, 2nd b.	24	8	8	6	333
Benish, 1st b.	16	6	8	0	500
Mueller, c.	22	4	8	0	364
Bender, s. s.	21	3	6	4	286
Niehoff, r. f.	13	2	4	0	308
Weckl, 3rd b.	16	2	3	4	188
Caswell, c. f.	18	5	3	1	167
Polizzi, p.	5	1	1	1	200
McHale, p.	9	0	3	1	333
Rauscher, p.	3	1	1	1	333
De May, c.	2	0	1	2	500
Von der Ahe, 2nd b.	5	0	0	1	000
Team average					288

GOLF

The Interscholastic Golf title went to Beaumont High for the second consecutive year.

The North Siders had the lowest aggregate of 72 holes of medal play with a total of 1423 strokes. Cleveland followed the leaders with an aggregate of 1598 strokes; Soldan, with 1654; Central, with 1722; Blewett, with 1737; and Roosevelt, with 1795. McKinley withdrew from competition. The tournament was completed in four weeks and was played under excellent golfing conditions as the weather was fine and the course in good condition.

The Rough Riders were up against stiff competition throughout the tournament as the scores are being continually lowered in the High School league. Lack of experience is the main reason Roosevelt did not fare well, for only one experienced player was on the team.

Athletic "R"s were awarded to Jack Conrades, Harry Ritterer, Bill Stephens, and John Stoll.

Mr. Cleveland predicts that the Roosevelt team will be better next year as Jack Conrades and Harry Ritterer, both letter men, will be back. These golfers will be aided by a few of this year's substitutes who weren't fortunate enough to earn their letters. Mr. Cleland also announced that hereafter the contest will be held in the spring instead of in the fall.

Next year, no doubt, the Roosevelt team will rank higher by reason of this year's experience.

DICK LUND

BASKETBALL 1935-1936

Coach Walther Lorenzen's new system of preparing the basketball team for the season proved successful. This year the candidates for the team were assigned to a special seventh period gym class and as a result the players were in excellent condition before the first test.

To start the ball rolling, Roosevelt traveled across the Mississippi to East St. Louis for a scrimmage. The team showed signs of promise by sinking eighteen field goals and eleven free throws for a total of forty-seven points. East St. Louis was held to thirty-five.

The Rough Riders then had a picnic at Kirkwood. The loyal Kirkwood supporters were rather dismayed when the first half ended with the score 25-2. One of their forwards succeeded in dropping in one field goal. When the game was over, we were on the long end of an overwhelming 48-9 score.

McBride of the Prep League offered a little more competition. The Green and Orange held down our scoring somewhat, but our defence was even better than theirs. The score was 21-13. Karl Das won eight points for Roosevelt.

Conditions continued to look bright when the Crimson-White left St. Charles with another victory. The small court at first seemed to be a handicap, but it didn't take the St. Louis quintet long to begin moving. At mid-time we led 23-3. The final count was 44-12.

In a scrimmage the Kansas All-Stars succumbed 22-7.

During the Christmas holidays, the Normandy Tournament was held. As its first opponent Roosevelt drew Bayless, a team that had previously won seven consecutive games. Rauscher scored the first goal of the tournament by dropping in a set-up. After this the Rough Riders were never behind. The final gun sounded with the score 37-23.

In the second round the Crimson met McKinley. This was an exciting game throughout. In the fourth quarter both Koenig and Rauscher left the game on fouls and McKinley came close. The score was 34-31.

Ben Blewett was our opponent in the semi-final round. Blewett proved qualified for a semi-final contestant by holding us to a tight 27-25 score. This was the second time during the season that we went under thirty points.

Then the big night came for the championship game against Maplewood. The audience was brought to its feet frequently as the teams battled for supremacy. Berg, Gaebler, and Koenig dropped in shots at crucial moments. Roosevelt led 9-8 at the end of the first quarter. We were trailing 16-19 at the half. This was the first time during the season that Roosevelt was behind at the end of a period. At the three-quarter mark we led 26-22. The last part of the game had to be played without Gaebler, but the gun found us ahead 31-28 and the tournament was won. This is the first Roosevelt basketball team that ever won a tournament. Our school was presented with a beautiful trophy; and Wilbert Berg, our left forward, brought more glory to himself and the team by receiving the "Most Valuable Player Award." He certainly deserved the trophy, and we congratulate him.

BASKETBALL SQUAD

The Maplewood game was the Rough Riders' eighth consecutive victory. The next game with St. Louis U. High was the turning point. The defence of both teams was outstanding. In the last second of play a St. Louis U. High guard dropped in a short shot to win the game for his team 19-17. Gaebler led Roosevelt, scoring with ten points.

The first Public High School League game was with McKinley. The Rough Riders jumped to an early 11-6 lead, and at the half we led 19-9. At the end of the third quarter the Crimson tide was running away with a 29-16 lead. But then the ultimate champions put on a final stand and two foul shots in the last second gave them the victory, 34-32.

We defeated our rival, Cleveland, 31-21 in the second game. Karl Das accounted for sixteen points.

Against Central the Crimsonites put on a spurt in the second quarter to make the score 18-18 at the half. The score was still tied 22-22 at the end of the third quarter. Central finally came out on top 30-24. Berg led in points.

The Rough Riders steam-rollered Soldan in the next contest 37-19. Everyone participated in the free scoring.

After a wait of an hour for the referee to make his appearance, Blewett won 28-22.

Roosevelt lost the last game to Beaumont 29-20.

In the District Tournament the team dropped a 30-14 game to Central.

Next year Coach Lorenzen will have to build his team around Elmer Das and Bob White, the only returning lettermen. The regulars: Milton Gaebler, Wilbert Berg, Karl Das, Ralph Rauscher, Paul Koenig, and Marshall Dugger will be lost to the team through graduation. We wish Coach and his team all the luck in the world.

RALPH RAUSCHER

FOOTBALL NOTES

The Roosevelt football team of the 1936 season was one of the best in recent years. Though the Rough Riders played a difficult schedule, they suffered but one defeat, a hard-fought encounter with Beaumont. The Rough Riders garnered second place in the Interscholastic standings by virtue of victories over Central, Soldan, McKinley, and Cleveland.

ROOSEVELT 13—McBRIDE 0

The Rooseveltians gave the first indications of their power by upsetting the favored Prep School eleven 13 to 0 in a practice game. The Hartford Street boys' first score came in the second quarter, when Seidel cut off left tackle, reversed his field, and, aided by the good blocking of White and Kochs, crossed the double-marker. Bill Kochs converted the extra point on a place kick.

Toward the end of the third quarter the passing attack netted another touchdown. Roosevelt's line proved its versatility by stopping all of the Prepsters' scoring threats in addition to opening numerous holes for the backfield.

ROOSEVELT 18—CENTRAL 0

The Rough Riders opened the Interscholastic season by crushing Central 18 to 0. Early in the first quarter, Main, left halfback, carried the ball fifty yards on an off-tackle sweep to place the pigskin on the Red and Black five-yard line. On the next play Main scored a touchdown.

Later in the first period, the Cowboys scored on a beautifully executed pass from Main to Al Seidel good for twenty-three yards. The powerful line made this play possible by charging through to block a Central punt.

A completed pass and some good broken field running by Seidel added the final six points to make the score read 18 to 0.

ROOSEVELT 18—EAST ST. LOUIS 12

The Rough Riders demonstrated a much better brand of football than the score indicates. The East Side eleven scored the first touchdown on a fluke play.

Al Seidel reeled off several long runs and finally raced fourteen yards to register a touchdown for the Hartford Street boys. Successive runs by Main and Seidel, followed by a nice pass, made the score 12 to 6 in their favor.

The Orange and Black knotted the count at 12 all in the final stanza. With only a few minutes to play, White passed to Tutinsky for the winning touchdown.

ROOSEVELT 13—SOLDAN 12

The Rooseveltians had a close call as they barely nosed out the game West Side Eleven. The Cowboys scored all their points in the first quarter. The Riders quickly grabbed the lead when Ken Main raced fifty-five yards around end for a touchdown. Line bucks by White and Seidel, and a long end-run moved the ball deep into Soldan territory. Seidel slid off tackle and crossed the double-marker by some good broken field running.

The Riders were awarded the all-important point afer touchdown on interference to the intended pass receiver. Soldan pushed over two touchdowns in rapid succession to make the score read Roosevelt 13, Soldan 12 as the final gun went off. The Crimson attack was handicapped by the absence of McDougall, left end, who was unable to get into the game, and by the loss of Main, who was forced to leave at the end of the first period because of an injury.

ROOSEVELT 33—ST. LOUIS U. HIGH 6

The Roosevelt powerhouse rolled over St. Louis U. High, burying the Junior Billikens under a 33-6 score in a non-league tilt. Al Seidel opened the game by returning the kickoff ninety yards to count the first score of the game. Runs of thirty yards each by Seidel and Main accounted for two more touchdowns. A pass from Brown to Main added six more points to make the score 25 to 0 at the half. Durphy's third period run-back of sixty yards of an intercepted pass and a safety completed the Rough Riders' scoring. The Crimson defense squelched the opposing attack while the scoring power reached a new peak.

This was the first night game played by a Roosevelt team since the nocturnal contest at Centralia in 1934.

ROOSEVELT 19—McKINLEY 0

The Rough Riders beat the Gold Bugs of McKinley by scoring a touchdown in each of the last three periods.

In the second stanza, White broke through tackle and dashed seventy yards for a touchdown. A sustained drive of some seventy-six yards netted a touchdown in the third period. Al Seidel converted the point after touchdown. Another drive netted a third touchdown in the final quarter of the game.

ROOSEVELT 6—BEAUMONT 21

The stage was set for the game of the year, as both teams were undefeated, and were tied for the lead in the Interscholastic League.

The first quarter was a kicking duel between Rapplean of Beaumont and Al Seidel, with neither man having a decided advantage. A good Beaumont punt and a Roosevelt fumble gave the Blue Jackets the ball on the Riders' eighteen-yard line. The Roosevelt line hurled back three line thrusts on which Beaumont lost ten yards. The next play was the turning point of the game. The Blue Jackets were given the ball on the four-yard line on interference with the pass-receiver. On the third down the North Siders shoved over a touchdown.

The Rough Riders got back into the game when Seidel made the outstanding run of the day, a sixty-five-yard dash through many would-be tacklers to score.

Beaumont came back and scored two more touchdowns to put the game on ice.

Mel

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Nelson
Kraemer

The Roosevelt line stopped the attack of the famed Schwenk, but the less famous backs of the opponents supplied the winning punch. Bob White's defensive play was outstanding.

ROOSEVELT 14—CLEVELAND 13

The Rooseveltians clinched second place by nosing out Cleveland 14 to 13 in the annual South Side classic. A sustained first quarter drive of sixty yards netted the first touchdown for the Rough Riders. Seidel converted the extra point on a place kick. Cleveland's razzle-dazzle style of play baffled the Rooseveltians, and Cleveland tied the score with a touchdown in the second quarter. With Seidel and Main doing most of the ball-carrying, the Rooseveltians scored a touchdown in the third quarter. Al Seidel converted the extra point, which later proved to be the margin of the victory on a place kick.

The Roosevelt first team for the season was:

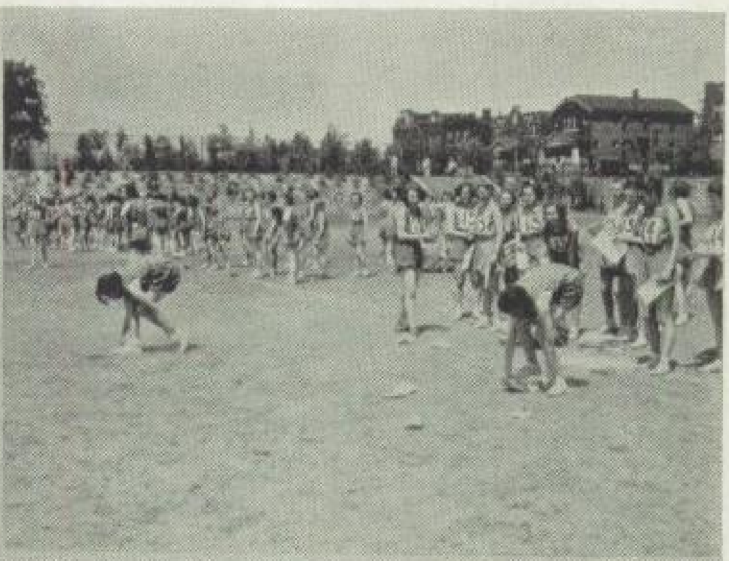
L. E.—McDougall and Tutinsky
L. T.—Genail
L. G.—Cross
C.—Ansehl and Savage
R. G.—Koerner
R. T.—McCue
R. E.—Crocker
Q. B.—Kochs
L. H.—Main
R. H.—Al Seidel
F. B.—White

The following substitutes played in enough games to earn a letter: Jerry Seidel, Brown, Capra, Matousek, Durphy, Zimmer, and Ballou.

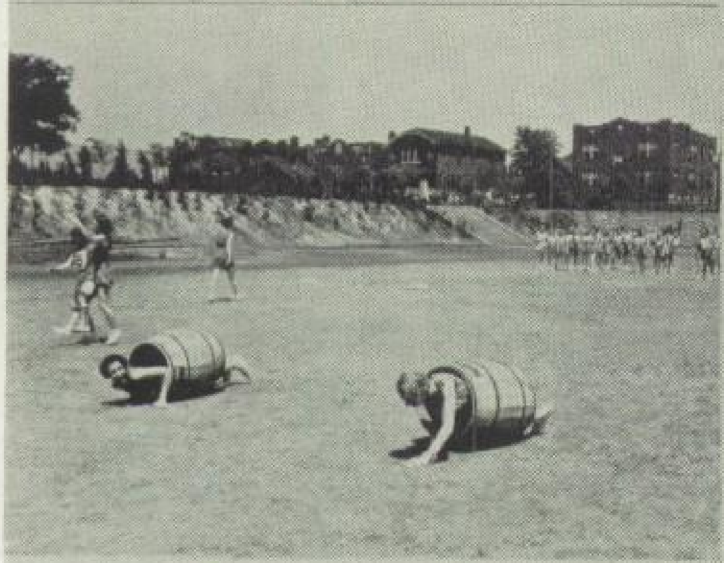
Three players of the 1936 eleven were awarded places on the All-Star team, one was placed on the second team, one received honorable mention. Joe McCue, co-captain, was chosen All-Star tackle for the third straight year. Joe's great defensive work in addition to his ability to open holes for the backs won him this berth. Al Seidel, the other captain, was given the position of right half-back. His punting, passing, and open field running were responsible for his selection. Ken Main starred as line-bucker, pass thrower, and receiver at his position, left halfback. Nelson Koerner's defensive work and hard tackling earned him a place on the second team, while Dick McDougall through his all-around play was given honorable mention as an end.

STEVE FURBACHER

Volley Ball



Eliza Over the Ice



Barrell Relay Race

Throwing For Distance

PLAY DAY

May 21, a big day at Roosevelt! For several days we have observed much excitement and expectancy in the corridors, girls carrying large red and white squares bearing huge numbers, typists busy forming lists, participants receiving final instructions, sponsors and captains checking teams and schedules—the school a veritable bee-hive of activity. Small wonder, too, for today is the big event of the year for every girl—Play Day, of course!

At last the time has arrived. At the end of the fourth period, all girls who are sponsors, captains, or participants, don their now immaculate suits, and proudly display the large sign which signifies on what team they will play. Then they hurry to the campus where the teams are being lined up. And such teams! Every girl has a look on her face that shows that she is determined to do everything that she can. Moreover, we espy famous feminine athletes—Loretta Menetre, star that she is, and others almost as well known for their athletic ability.

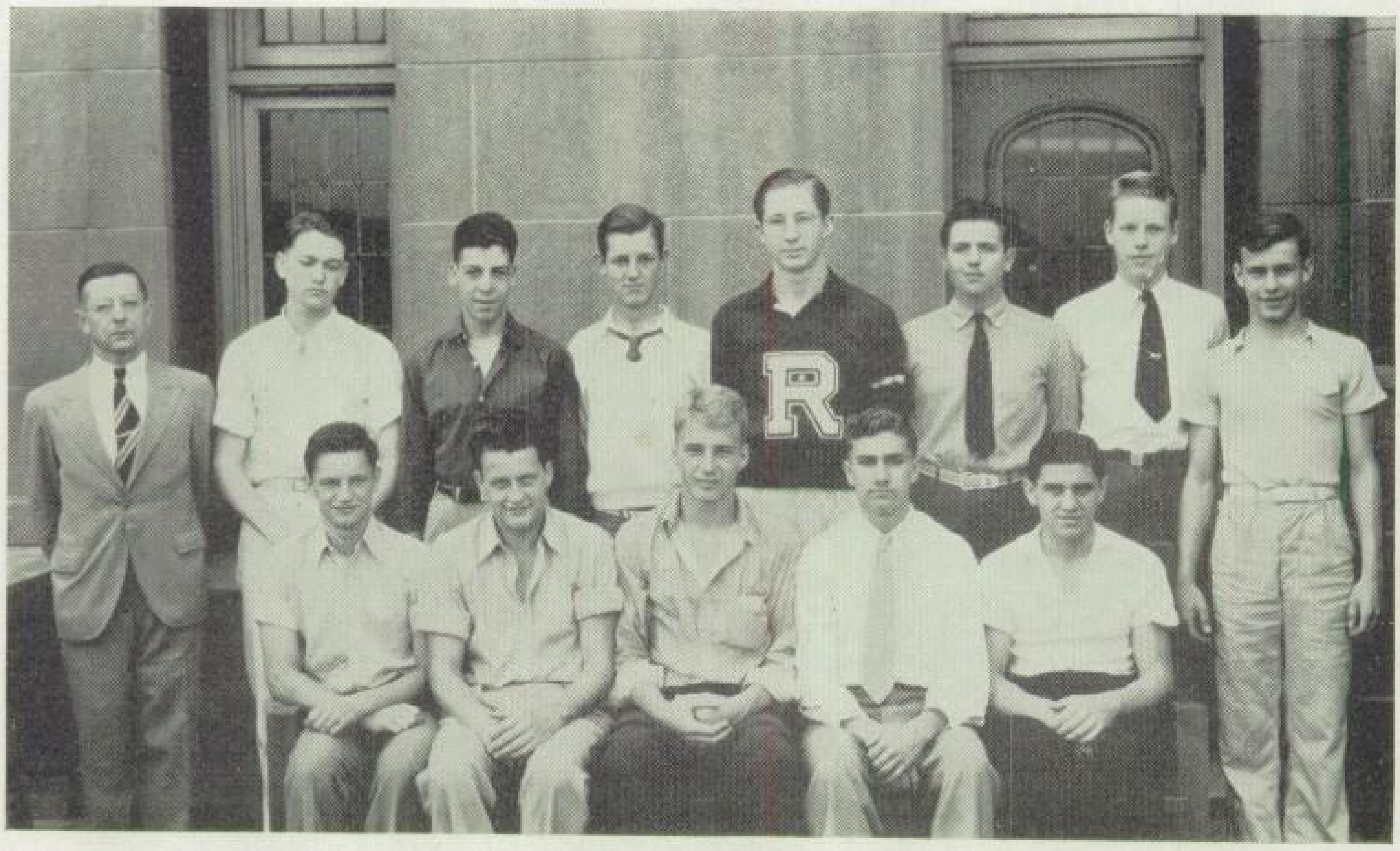
A silence now settles over all, as Miss Varian gives final instructions to sponsors and captains. At last she blows the whistle, and the fun begins!

Over here, in this corner, we see two opposing teams pitching to a frame. Many a cheer goes up as some "Dean" girl scores. Good-natured banter and friendly rivalry are in order. Over there, girls are crawling through barrels— the fat ones get quite a squeeze, but they puff merrily along. In another corner the dress parade is in progress. How sorry we feel for the girl as she tries to hurry along wearing flapping pajamas, a hat that tumbles off, shoes that just won't stay on and carries an umbrella that insists on folding up! Over there is a game of Nation Ball. The girls are dodging and twisting, jumping and ducking as they evade the ball thrown by the skillful hands of their opponents. Then, too, we see basketball and rope relays and the always popular baseball. And we see red!—sunburn, and plenty of it!

The afternoon moves smoothly as the teams pass from one event to another. At last the final whistle blows, and the girls fall in line behind captains and sponsors to walk to the lunch room where they eat their hard-earned ice-cream sandwiches.

Now the cheering begins as the girls shout their approval of the gymnasium teachers who have made possible the afternoon's enjoyment. All the girls seem dirty and tired, but, oh, so happy! We see them leave in small groups. It is with deep regret that we realize that the Third Annual Play is over. In our hearts there arises a fond longing—may there be many another Play Day for the girls of Roosevelt High!

OLIVE POLLARD



SWIMMING

Roosevelt's Swimming Team this year lacked its usual prowess for several reasons. One of the main ones was that but one letter-man from the previous year was eligible for competition. The team was also disabled by the loss of the services of Coach Fred C. Voss, but the transfer of Mr. Rowland F. Neuman, from Central, gave Roosevelt the services of an efficient and capable coach.

The team lost seven dual meets, won three, took seventh place in the Interscholastic Swimming Meet held at Washington University, and placed its medley relay team in the State Meet held at the same place.

The following are the results of the dual meet schedule:

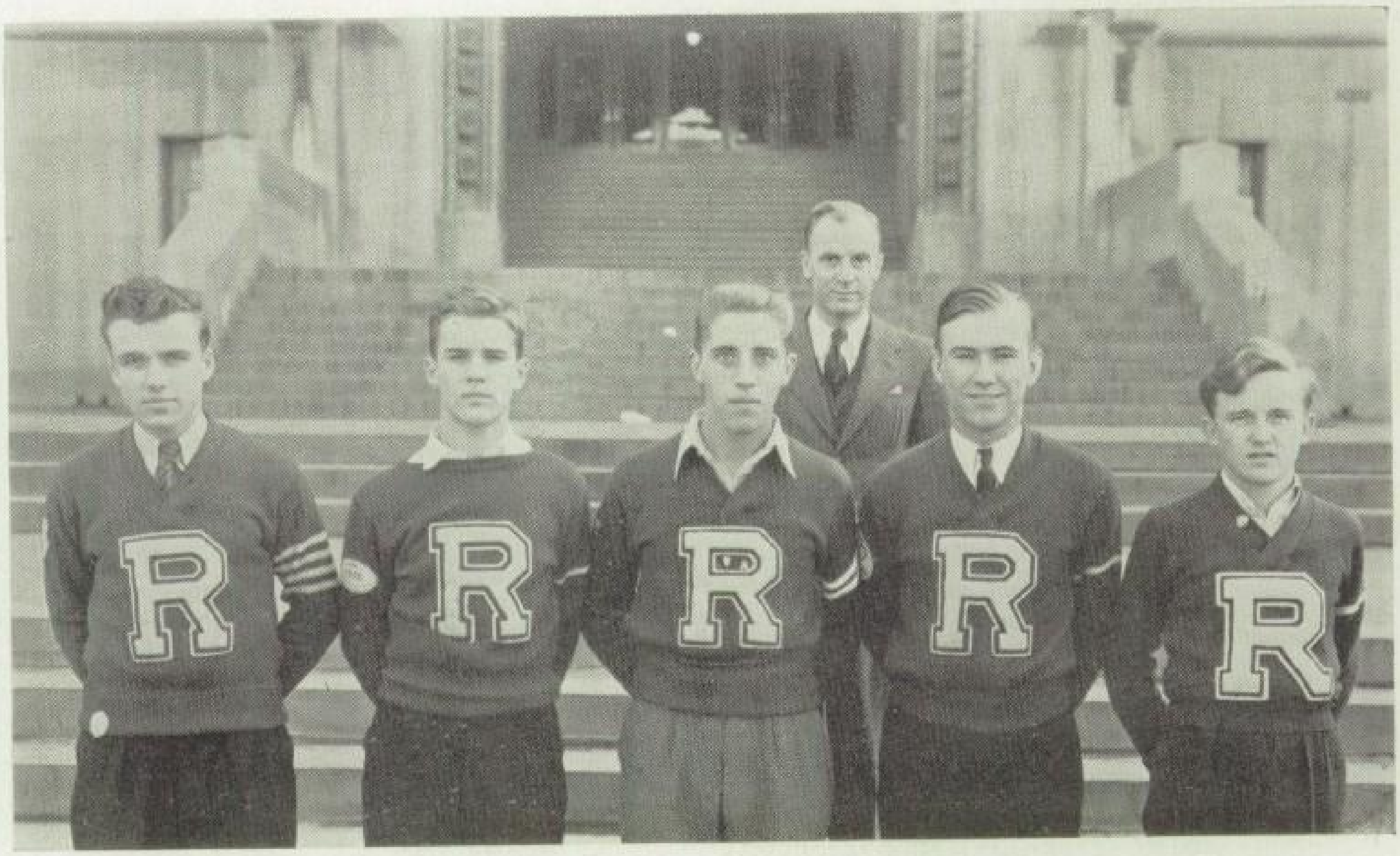
McKinley	35	Roosevelt	22
Beaumont	4	Roosevelt	31
Roosevelt	38	Blewett	37
Roosevelt	38	Central	37
Cleveland	44	Roosevelt	31
Principia	46	Roosevelt	29
Roosevelt	38	McKinley	37
Washington U. Freshmen	43	Roosevelt	32
Soldan	44	Roosevelt	31

In the Interscholastic finals held March 7, Roosevelt's points were gathered by Lloyd Beare, Bob Hausner, Charles Howard, and Dick Lund. The 150-yard medley relay team, composed of Lund, Beare, and Howard, gave the Rough Riders their only points in the State Meet.

Letters were awarded to Lloyd Beare, Bob Hausner, Charles Howard, Dick Lund, captain, and Vernon Fish, manager.

Rooseveltians have reason to feel assured that a better showing will be made by the team next year. The experience of last year should prove to be a valuable asset.

DICK LUND



TENNIS 1936

Coach Walther Lorenzen had great hopes, previous to the opening of the tennis season, for the future success of his team, and there were grounds for his hopes. Four lettermen: Dick Wilhelm, Bob Schroeder, Herb Merideth, and Ed Leezy were back, and the vacancy left by Merril Lindley was filled by Bobby Nelson, a municipal champion.

The team vanquished Blewett in fairly short order, although Nelson had rough going against Lacidar for a while.

They received a bye the next day and then met Beaumont. Here the team suffered a serious setback as Dick Wilhelm was the only member to win his match.

Bob Schroeder was not well the day he played Blattner of Beaumont and was sick in bed the next day when the team played Soldan. This vacancy caused the singles players to move up one position, and Ed Leezy, of the doubles team, played third man; Jack Allen, a prospect for next year's team, was then paired with Herb Merideth and the matches were started. When the dust had cleared, our third man and doubles team had been defeated, and our hopes for the championship had been practically blasted. Because of the rain, play had to be postponed for several days after the match with Soldan, and when our team took to the courts again, they were there in their original strength. McKinley and Central went down in short order, our team split four matches with Cleveland and managed to tie for second position with it.

Though our team did not win the championship, two members obtained positions on the All-Star Interscholastics Tennis Team. Dick Wilhelm, with his splendid record of six victories and no defeats, obtained second position on the team, and Ed Leezy, who was made eligible for substitute's position through his playing third man when Schroeder was sick, obtained that place. Needless to say, the team was disappointed that the championship was lost. It is hoped next year's team will once more bring the tennis championship to Roosevelt.

The individual rating of the players is as follows:

	WON	LOST
Schroeder, first man	3	2
Wilhelm, second man	6	0
Nelson, third man	5	1
Merideth and Leezy, doubles team	3	2
Leezy, sub-third man	0	1
Allen and Merideth, sub-doubled team	0	1

EDWARD C. LEEZY

GIRLS' TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The girls' fall tennis tournament was again held this year under the direction of Miss Garesche at the Reservoir Park courts.

Roosevelt's champion girl tennis player for 1936 is Betty Branding, who won in both the singles and doubles tournaments.

Let us review the singles tournament. In the first round, Jeannette Huning, Betty Hummel, and Jane Stretch were eliminated. In the second round of play, Merna Slater defeated Lucille Jostes; Helen Klupe defeated Jeanne Mears; Gladys Yourtee defeated Virginia Loida; Juanita Sassin defeated Jane Rubin; Marjorie Heede defeated Ruth Graul; Idamae Brandon, Karine Fischer; and Betty Branding entered the third round by reason of default.

Those who survived the stiff competition in the quarter-finals were: Helen Klupe, Gladys Yourtee, Merna Slater, and Betty Branding.

In the semi-finals, Merna defeated Helen, while Betty defeated Gladys.

Betty then proved herself beyond all doubt worthy of the championship title by defeating her opponent 6-0, 6-1.

DOUBLES

Betty Branding and Marjorie Heede are the 1936 doubles champions of Roosevelt, and here is how they did it:

Lucille Jostes and Ruth Edwards easily conquered Jane Rubin and Virginia Weiss; but Marjorie and Betty were almost upset by the Juanita Sassin-Helen Klupe combination.

The comples entering the semi-finals were: Ruth Graul and Idamae Brandon; Jane Stretch and Jeanne Mears; Jeannette Heining and Karine Fischer, and, of course, Betty and Marjorie.

The latter pair played against Ruth Graul and Idamae Brandon, while Karine Fischer and Jeannette Heining eked out a victory over Jane Stretch and Jeanne Mears.

In the finals, as in all their previous matches, Betty and Marjory displayed their superior tennis ability by easily defeating their opponents, Karine and Jeannette, and winning the doubles championship. RUTH GRAUL

POINT WINNERS IN TRACK MEET

THE 1936 TRACK SEASON

THE ARENA MEET

After two months of strenuous indoor training which began early in February, the Roosevelt track squad opened the season with a victory in the Arena Meet. The meet was held in conjunction with the Women's Division of the American Athletic Union, so there were but two high school events, a hundred-yard dash, and an 880-yard relay race. The Rough Riders won both these races; Jerry and Al Seidel took first and second in the century; the relay team composed of the two Seidels, Berg, and Soldofsky won its event.

Although there were but four men entered in this meet, Coach Granger's men proved that they were again of championship calibre.

THE ST. LOUIS RELAYS

Two weeks after their victory at the Arena, the Rooseveltians came back with another victory, this time in the St. Louis Relay Meet held at the Municipal Auditorium. Ray Alsbury was the only Rough Rider to gain a first place in this meet, but our cindermen amassed enough points by their seconds and thirds to beat their nearest competitor, University City, by four points. Alsbury won the low hurdles with McDougall a close second, while the two Seidels placed second and third in the fifty-yard dash. In a 1280-yard relay race our team composed of Berg, Dipboye, and Al and Jerry Seidel finished second.

THE STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On April 6, Coach Granger's tracksters journeyed to Columbia, Missouri, where they placed third in the State Indoor Track Meet. The Rooseveltians seemed to be "jinxed," for Ray Alsbury, ace hurdler, after twice tying the record in preliminary races, fell in the finals and didn't place. Dick McDougall placed third in this event although he, too, had previously equalled the record. In the Medley Relay fate again took a hand, for Bob Soldofsky was accidentally tripped. Although he finished the race, the handicap was too great to overcome. Jerry Seidel finished second in the 60-yard dash, while Wilbert Berg placed fourth. Gaebler heaved the shot-put far enough to win third place. Al Seidel leaped into second place in the broad-jump, while the relay team made up of Alsbury, Berg, and the two Seidels crossed the line in second place.

THE MAPLEWOOD RELAYS

On April 13, Roosevelt's team came through with a victory in the track and field events of the Maplewood Relays. Competing with the best of the Middle West, the Rough Riders easily demonstrated their superiority. The Seidel twins were again Roosevelt's high scorers in the meet, totalling sixteen points between them. Jerry won the 100-yard dash and placed third in the 220. Al netted third in the broad jump and fourth in the century, while they both ran on the relay teams which took second in both the relay races. Wilbert Berg easily out-distanced the field in the quarter mile, while McDougall led the way to the tape in the low hurdles. Bill Kochs and Bob Soldofsky completed the Crimson squad, running on both the relay teams.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

For the ninth successive year, the Roosevelt cinder-men romped off with the Interscholastic Track Meet. The Junior and Senior Rough Riders came through in fine style. Although the Midgets surrendered first place to a strong Soldan team, the large number of points scored in the higher divisions swelled Roosevelt's total to 104½ points, thirty-nine ahead of the second place, which was held by Beaumont.

In the Senior division, Jerry and Al Seidel together totaled 21½ points. Jerry won both the 100 and 220-yard dash, while Al placed second in three events: the broad-jump, the century, and the furlong. These two boys, together with Alsbury and Berg, were members of a record-breaking relay. Berg also won the quarter-mile; Hrubes finished fourth in that event. Alsbury finished second in the low hurdles and tied for second in the high-jump. McDougall sprinted in first in the low hurdles, and Meredith took the best leap in the broad jump. McCue and Gaebler finished fourth in the 880-yard dash and shot-put. Gast and Marecek placed third and fourth in the mile run.

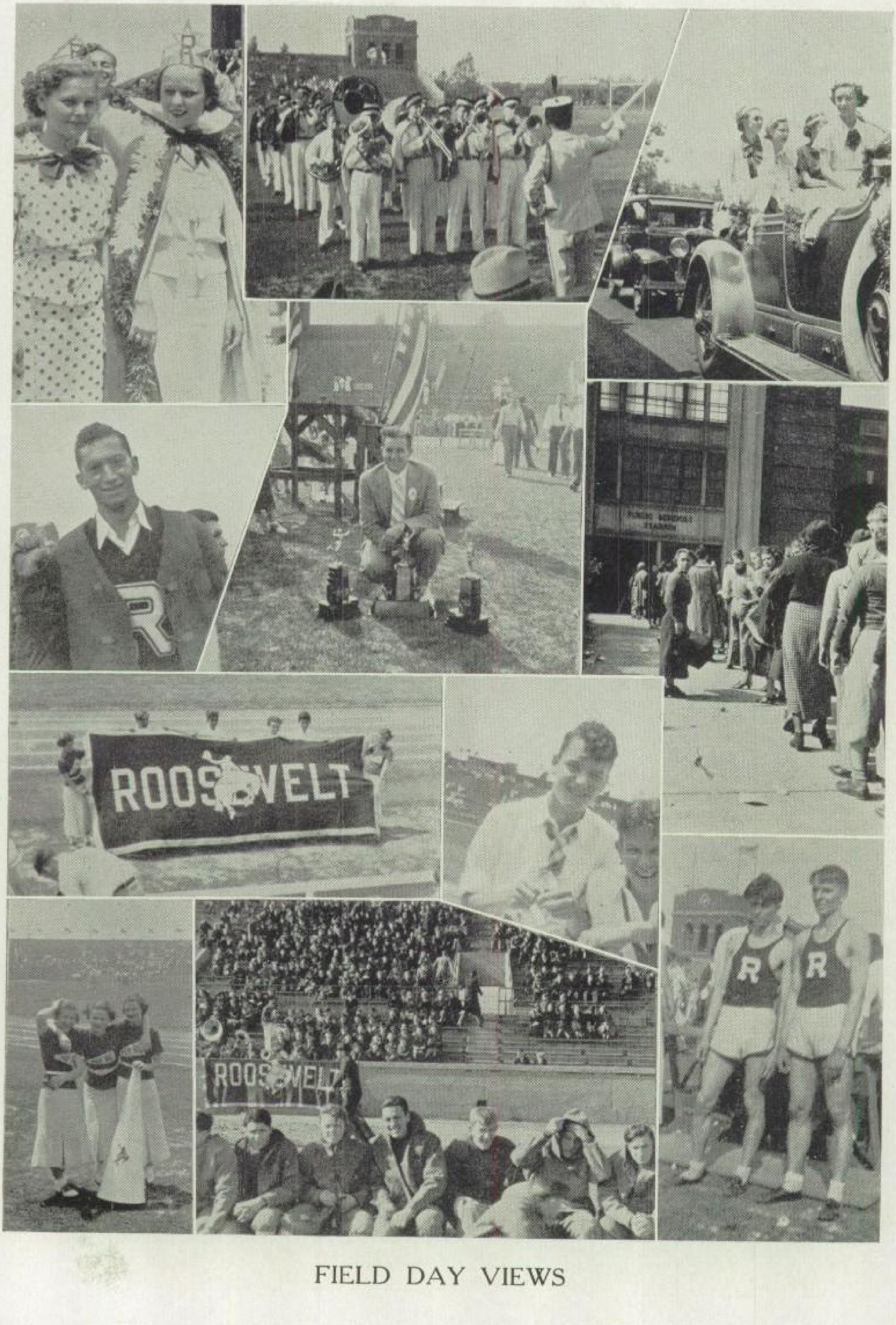
The Juniors, led by their captain, Bob Soldofsky, easily won in their division. Soldofsky won both the 100 and 220-yard dashes, and together with Gamble, Schaeffer, and Bettlach set a new record in the relay. Corneau and Schoenbeck finished first and second in the hurdles, with Schoenbeck also getting third in the broad jump. Gamble and Skinner placed fourth in the 440 and 880-yard races. Stone won the pole vault, while Hamilton tied for first in the high-jump.

The Midgets put up a fine fight, but were just nosed out of first by a fine Soldan squad. Captain Hollingsworth placed second in the 50-yard dash, third in the 75-yard race, and fourth in the broad-jump, besides running on a third place relay team. Smith and Carosello placed second in the hurdles and shot-put, while Lund captured first place in the broad-jump. Lund, Jordan, and Carosello completed the relay team.

This victory brought to a close a very successful track campaign for Roosevelt. During the year, the team won five beautiful trophies for the school, besides winning several individual medals. Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Granger. He patiently worked with the squad from early in February till late in May. Besides instilling into the boys the knowledge that made them track champions, Coach Granger, by his fine example, taught the boys to be true sportsmen at all times.

RUSSELL SCHOENBECK

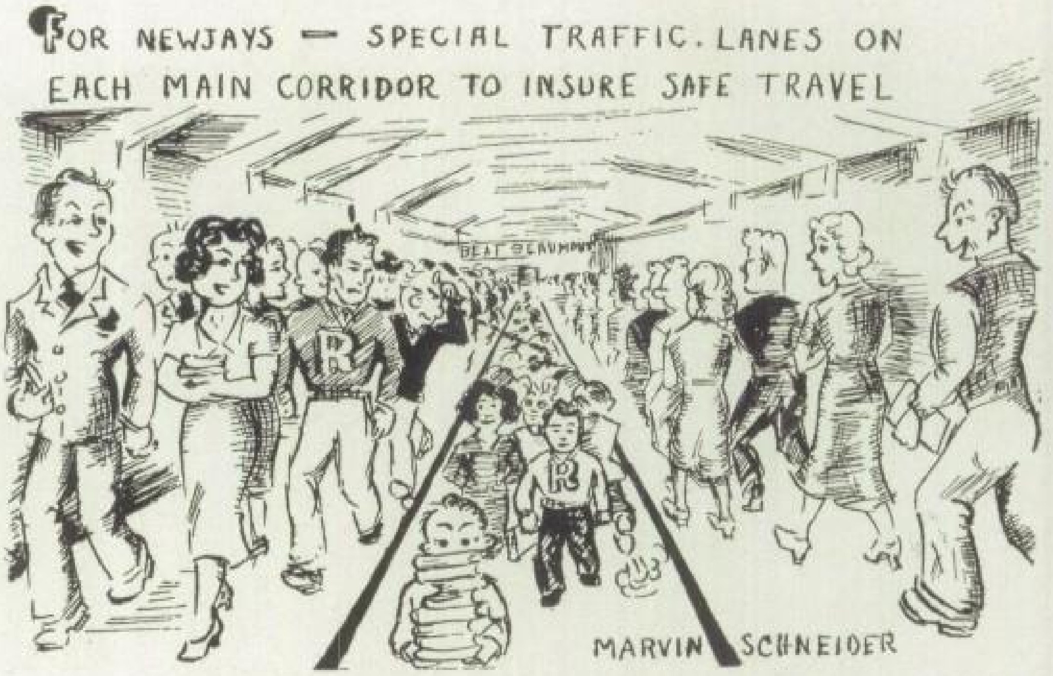
TRACK QUEEN AND MAIDS


ROOSEVELT
ROOSEVELT

FIELD DAY VIEWS

TRACK TEAM

HUMOR


FOR NEWJAYS — SPECIAL TRAFFIC. LANES ON EACH MAIN CORRIDOR TO INSURE SAFE TRAVEL
BEAT BEAUMONT
R
R
MARVIN SCHNEIDER

A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and not wishing to spend more money than necessary wrote like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.)

The Scotchman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (Nineteen words.)

* * *

THE FUN OF WORDS

Struck by the notice, "Iron Sinks," in a hardware shop window, a wag went inside and said that he was well aware of the fact that "iron sank."

The smart shopkeeper, not to be outdone, retaliated: "Yes, and time flies, sulphur springs, jam rolls, grass slopes, music stands, Niagara falls, moonlight walks, holiday trips, rubber tires, the organ stops, and ——"

But the visitor had bolted; collecting his thoughts, he returned and shouted, "Yes, I know, and marble busts."

* * *

FAMILIAR

Guide: "This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

Visitor: "Um, they must have the same landlord we have."

* * *

REVENGE

The lady was visiting the aquarium. "Can you tell me whether I could get a live shark here?" she asked an attendant.

"A live shark? What could you do with a live shark?"

"A neighbor's cat has been eating my goldfish, and I want to teach him a lesson."

* * *

FOLLOWED THROUGH

A new police officer was being shown over his night beat. "You see that red light in the distance? Well, that is the limit of your beat. Now get along with you."

The young policeman set out and was not seen again for a week. When he did show up, the sergeant demanded furiously where he had been.

"You remember that red light?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was a moving van bound for Chicago."

* * *

LUCKY

First Novice Pilot (in a tailspin): "Say, just look at the earth, will you?"

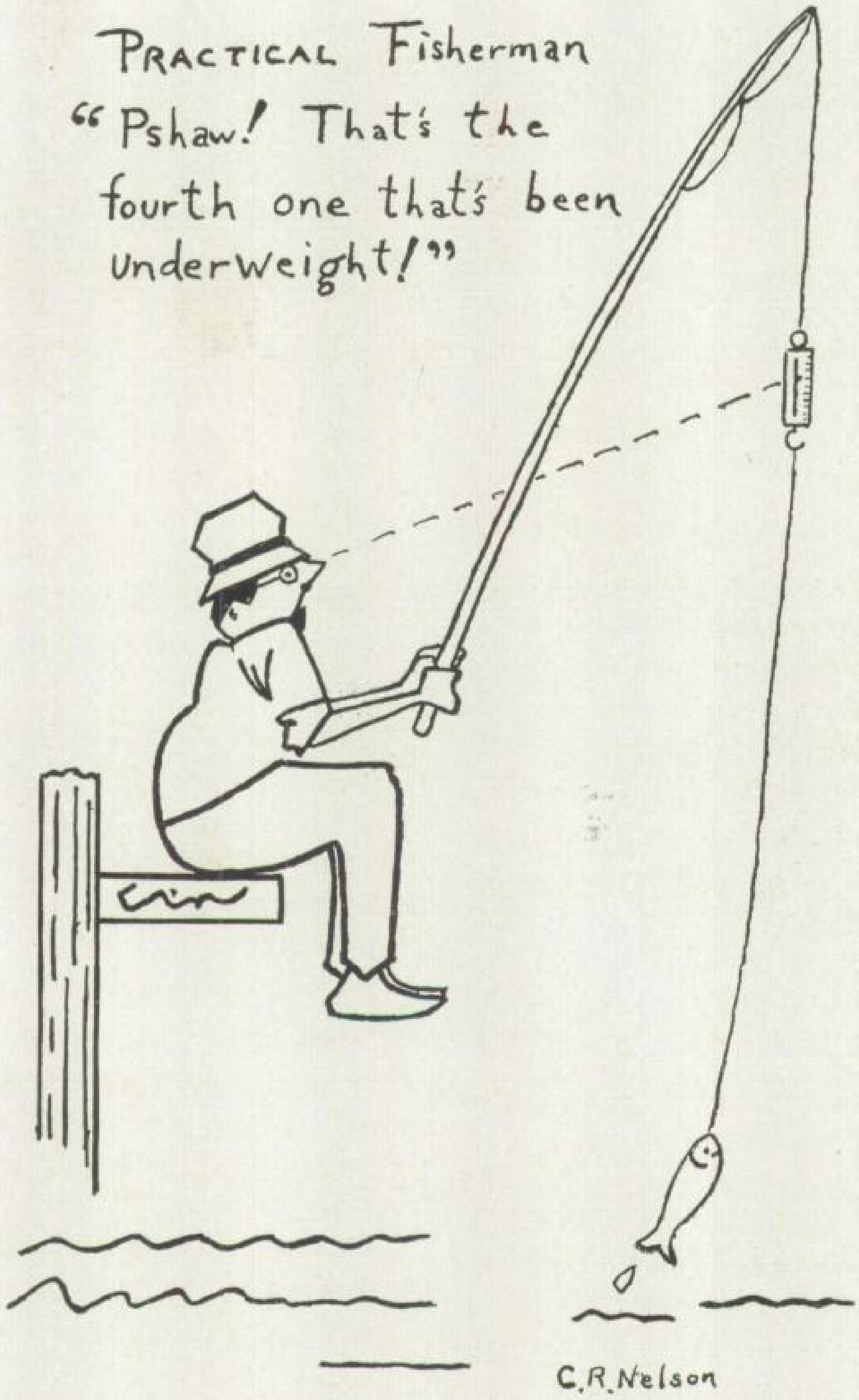
Second N. P. (looking over side): "Boy, we're lucky we left it when we did. It sure is acting queer."

* * *

EXPLAINED

Author, to Editor: "You said that my story was both good and original—and yet you refused to print it. How do you explain that?"

Editor: "Well, the part that was good wasn't original, and the part that was original wasn't good."


Practical Fisherman
"Pshaw! That's the fourth one that's been underweight!"
C.R.Nelson

JOBS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE

Veterinary dentist on a poultry farm.

Tailor on a South Sea island.

Blacksmith in a one-horse town.

Traffic cop on the Sahara Desert.

Snow shoveler in the tropics.

Gardener in a subway.

Forest ranger in the petrified forests.

Clothes presser for Mahatma Ghandi.

Boat builder on the Sahara.

Steam regulator for a peanut stand whistle.

HIS PATIENTS LIKEWISE

"Now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" one of his relatives asked.

"I shall study medicine and become a great surgeon," replied the youth.

"The medical profession is pretty crowded already, isn't it," ventured the relative.

"Can't help that," snapped the youth. "I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."

ON EVERY HAND

First Guest: "I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel The Palms, do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest: "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the whole staff keeps for the guests on the last day of their stay."

* * *

STILL HE LANDED

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on the boat, took a desperate leap and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped. "A few seconds later I should have missed it."

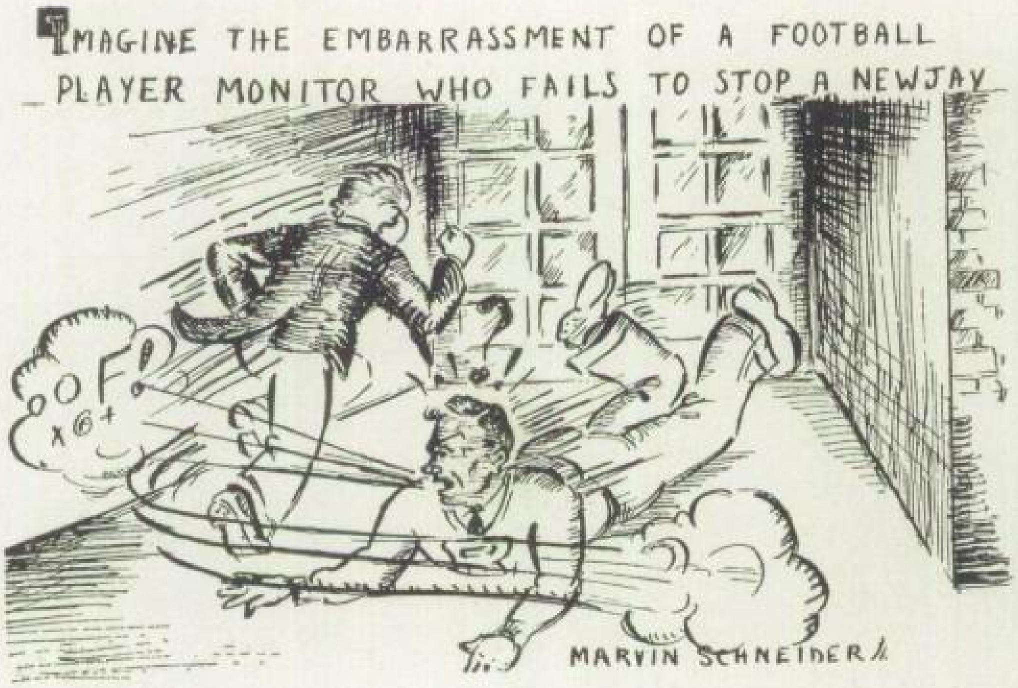
"Missed it!" exclaimed the officer who helped him to his feet. "This boat is just coming in."

* * *

REVERSED

Teacher: "What is a geyser?"

Boy: "A geyser is a waterfall going up."


IMAGINE THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER MONITOR WHO FAILS TO STOP A NEWJAY
OOF!
MARVIN SCHNEIDER

BORROWED BITS OF FUN

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California, as pointed out by a native Californian.

"What a beautiful grapefruit!" he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small, owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?" asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Californian.

Presently they reached the Sacramento River.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea, "somebody's radiator is leaking!"

* * *

Postman's Wife: "Why, Pa, you look all tuckered out."

Postman: "I sure am. I've been all over town lookin' for a guy named 'Fragile.'"

* * *

It was the day before a big baseball game and the coach and the pitcher were watching the rain come down.

Pitcher: "I hope this rain keeps up."

Coach: "What! Why?"

Pitcher: "Because if it keeps up it won't come down."

* * *

INDIGESTIBLE

Teacher: "William, construct a sentence using the word 'archaic.'"

William: "We can't eat archaic and have it too."

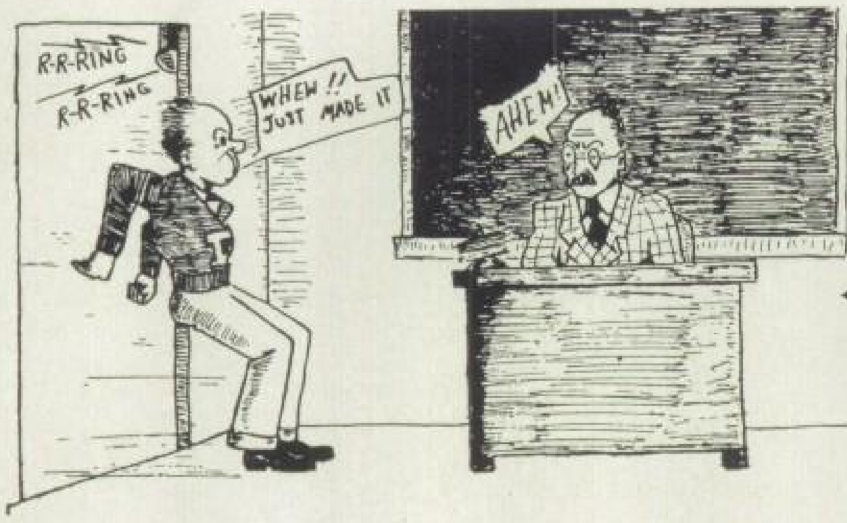
* * *

AND THEN HE TURNED RED

Young lady, to cop at busy intersection: "What's the idea—no traffic light here?"

"I'm the light at this corner, lady."

"Then turn green, so I can cross."



THE TRACK STAR WHO DOES HIS TRACK PRACTICE DURING SCHOOL HOURS.

A SWOLLEN MILE

"Daddy, why is it that a nautical mile is nearly a seventh longer than a mile on land?"

"Hm-mm—er—er—that's simple enough. You know things swell in water."

* * *

REMARKABLE STATEMENTS

"1066 is the date of the fall of the empire."

"John Milton's writings are very good for any person who is blind."

"The Home Rule question means immigration."

"The president declared that if the people did not believe as he wanted them to, he would put them on the diet of worms."

" 'Conjectures' means talking with hands."

"By 'derisively' we mean 'derived from.' "

" 'Demolishing' means growing smaller."

"An 'essay' is anything written by a man who is not an author."

" 'Odious' means the odor of a plant or object."

* * *

RELEASED

Brown had been standing in the coal cellar for an hour with his fingers glued firmly over a leak in the water main.

Suddenly he heard his wife calling.

"George," she shouted, "you can take your hands off that leak now."

"Thank heaven!" replied her husband. "Has the plumber come at last?"

"No. The house is on fire."

EXCUSED

The readiness of Irish wit is exemplified in the story about some passengers traveling from Liverpool to London. One missed his handkerchief—a colorful, expensive affair—and bluntly accused his neighbor, an Irishman, of taking it.

Rising, the man found he had been sitting on the handkerchief. A third passenger suggested that the accuser apologize. But the Irishman said:

"Oh, there is no occasion for an apology. There was a mutual mistake. He took me for a thief, and I took him for a gentleman."

* * *

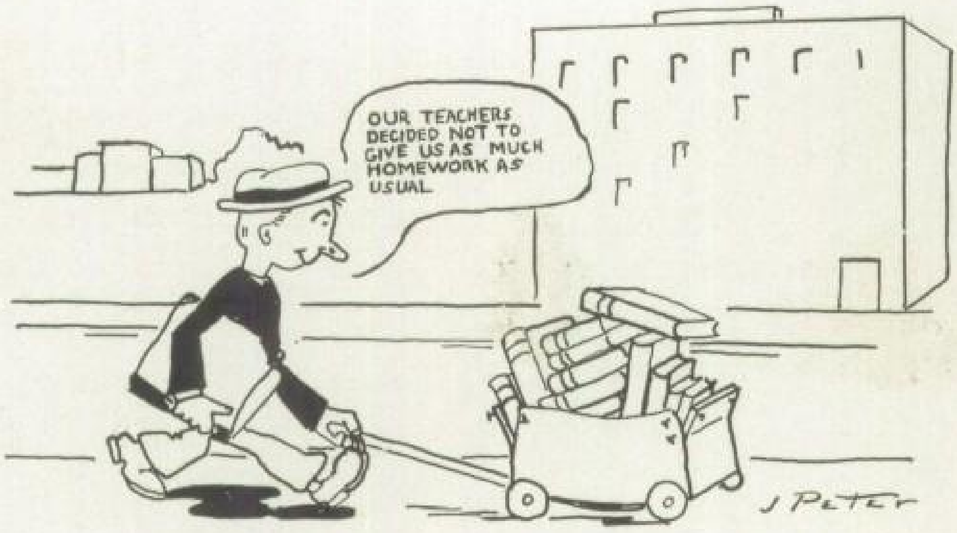
TOO REALISTIC

At a territorial camp a battalion was being instructed on "How to take a convoy through open country." One company was told off to represent a convoy, the men being told that they were to represent horses, cows, and wagons. When the order to advance was given, the convoy moved on; but the major noticed that one man continued to lie down. He galloped up to him and said, "Why don't you advance?"

The man replied, "I can't, sir."

"You can't? What do you mean?"

"I'm a wagon, and I've got a wheel off."


OUR TEACHERS DECIDED NOT TO GIVE US AS MUCH HOMEWORK AS USUAL
J PETER

UNHAPPY LANDING

He sailed out one pleasant eve
To call upon a miss,
And when he reached her residence
this
like
stairs
up
ran
He
Her papa met him at the door,
He didn't see the miss
He'll not go there again though—for
He
went
down
stairs
like
this

* * *

THE PROFESSOR AGAIN

Then there was the absent-minded professor who thought that he had left his watch at home and then he took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back for it.

* * *

A newspaper recently said that scientists have invented an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock. What most of us need is an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

* * *

Chauffeur: "Sir, your car is at the door."

Master: "Yes, I heard it knocking."

MISSING

Joe didn't listen, look, or stop.
They towed his flivver to the shop.
It didn't take a week or two
To make the car look good as new.
But though they hunted high and low
They found no extra parts for Joe.

* * *

THE ANATOMY LESSON

It was in anatomy class. The junior who hated girls was reciting, pointing out the main characteristics of a skull.

"It is a well-shaped skull," he said. "This woman——"

"Woman!" said the instructor. "Just how do you know that this is a woman's skull?"

"The mouth is open," said the junior who hated girls.

* * *

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

A hundred years ago today,
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went hunting for the deer.

But now the sport is somewhat changed,
And on a New Deal plan;
With powder on her cheeks the dear
Goes out and gets her man.

* * *

Storekeeper: "What kind of soap do you want, my boy?"

Henry: "Just any kind that's got lots of perfume in it so's Ma kin smell it and won't make me wash all over agin."

* * *

Mrs. De Lancy: "Here's a dress advertised by Sello Brothers that's priced at a song."

Mr. De Lancy: "Well, my dear, if you expect me to furnish the notes, you may as well change your tune."

NOT GUILTY

Emperor: "John, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

Boy: "I wasn't working, sir."

* * *

An old Indian came to town one day, and for the first time he saw a man riding a bicycle.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "White man heap lazy. Sits down to walk."

* * *

Teacher: "Yes, Mr. Bryce, your daughter Jane is a good worker, but she talks too much."

Mr. Bryce: "You should come up sometime and meet her mother."

* * *

Skemp: "Just before Joe Smith died he made his wife promise she wouldn't marry again."

Snapp: "That was just like Joe—always doing something to help his fellow man."

* * *

He: "Cady refused to recognize me today. I suppose he thinks I am not his equal."

She: "Of course you are; he is nothing but a conceited idiot."

* * *

SOLUTION

How did you make your neighbor keep his hens at home? One night I hid a half dozen eggs under a bush and the next day I let him see me gather them."

* * *

She was pretty and spoke with a delightful accent. The cashier's heart beat fast as she handed him a check.

"I'm afraid you haven't endorsed this correctly?"

"Indeed?"

"No. It's made out to 'Jane H. Mattingly' and you have written 'Jane Mattingly.' "

"Jane Mattingly is my name."

"You don't quite understand," replied the cashier. "What I mean to say is you left out the H."

"Oh, so I have," she exclaimed, smiling sweetly as she took back the check and dipped her pen in the ink. "Age twenty-one," she wrote.

* * *

OBLIGING

Hotel Manager: "Do you want the porter to call you?"

Guest: "No, thank you, I awake every morning at seven."

Hotel Manager: "Then would you mind calling the porter?"

* * *

DON'T WORRY

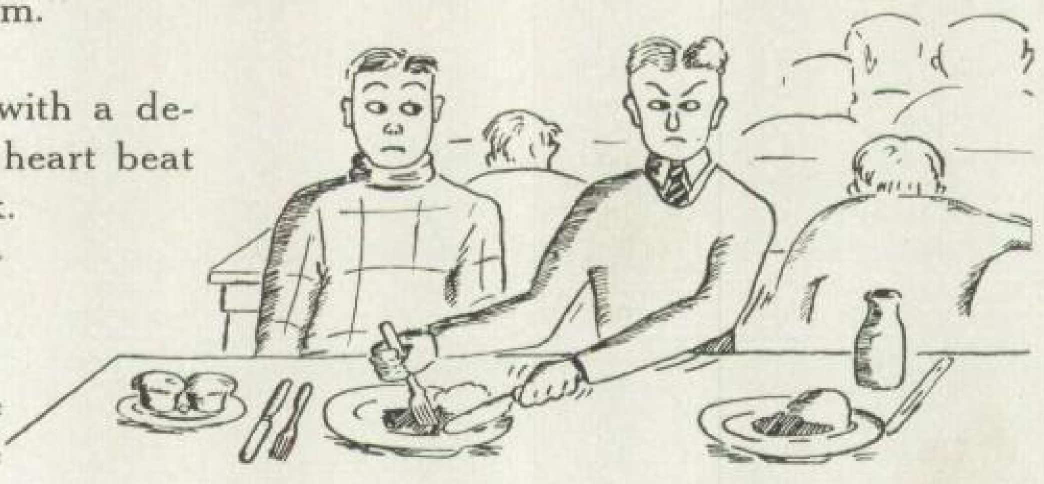
Mrs. Jones: "There! Broke my looking-glass! Now, I suppose I shall have seven years' bad luck."

Mrs. Brown: "Don't you believe it, Mrs. Jones. A friend of mine broke hers, and she didn't have seven years' bad luck. She was killed in an explosion the next day."

* * *

Teacher: "Now if there were five flies on a table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

Pupil: "One dead one, sir."



What would you do?

C.W.H.

SILENCE

A stranger who was rather deaf entered a little Scotch church. He seated himself in a front pew and placed an ear trumpet on his knee. An elder of the kirk, who had never seen an ear trumpet, watched him with grave suspicion.

When the minister entered, the man lifted the trumpet from his knee, but before he could adjust it, he felt a tap on his shoulder and heard the indignant elder saying: "One toot, an you're oot."

* * *

"Why the camera on the hood of your car?"

"Oh, that's a movie machine. You see, I go too fast to look at the scenery."

* * *

Willie (after first day in kindergarten): "I had a swell time."

Oscar: "Yeah, but wait till you're in the first grade—it's a lot tougher."

* * *

"When you married me, you knew you were marrying a bank clerk; didn't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought perhaps you imagined you were marrying a bank."

* * *

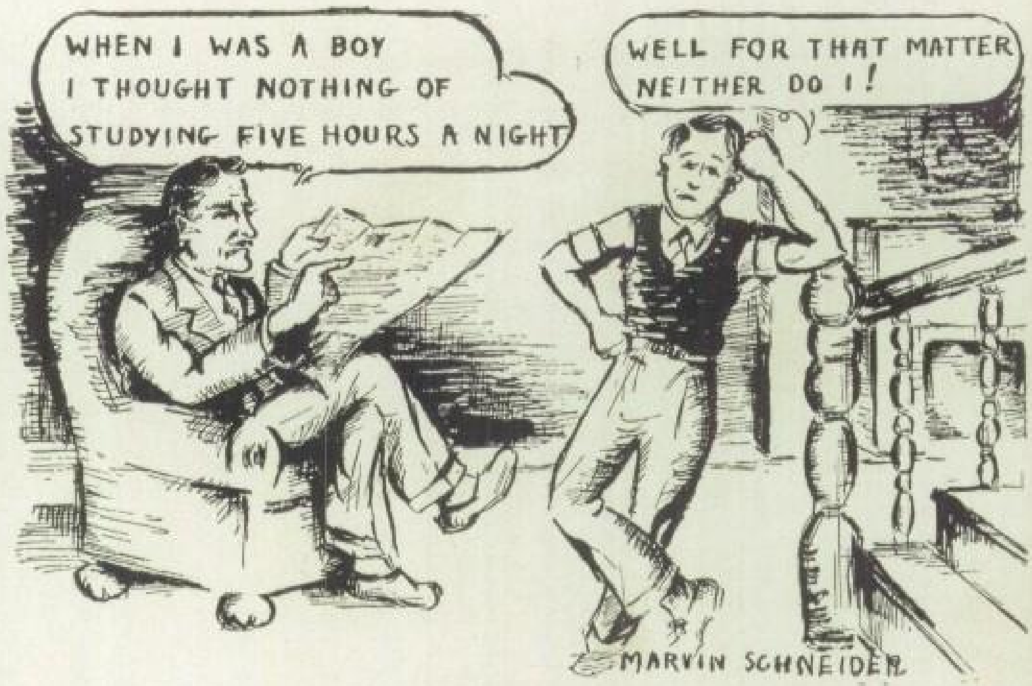
HE'D BE A NUT

"Oh, boy! I'd like to be on that boat bound for London."

"You'd be a mighty unpopular passenger."

"How so?"

"Because everyone else on board wants to go to Brazil."


WHEN I WAS A BOY I THOUGHT NOTHING OF STUDYING FIVE HOURS A NIGHT
WELL FOR THAT MATTER NEITHER DO I!
MARVIN SCHNEIDER

THE BILL OF FARE

Lieut. (inspecting mess hall): "What's the menu?"

Mess Sergeant: "We have a thousand things to eat, sir."

Lieut.: "What are they?"

Mess Sergeant: "Beans."

* * *

The question in the physical examination read: "How may one obtain a good posture?"

The country boy wrote: "Keep the cows off of it and let it grow up awhile."

* * *

PULL

Tom (walking into the house): "Dad, I just pulled up a cornstalk."

Dad: "You sure must be getting strong, Tom."

Tom: "I guess so. All the rest of the world was pulling against me."

* * *

PIECE DE RESISTANCE

Father had company for dinner that night and everything was going along fine until his daughter, Virginia, said: "Isn't this meat roast beef, Dad?"

Dad: "Yes. Why?"

Virginia: "I thought you said you were going to bring home an old muttonhead for dinner."

WHEN THE TESTS WERE OVER

There are two parts of a sentence, the subject and the predicament.

The heart is an infernal organ.

The teeth are grind organs.

Nicotine is such a deadly poison that a drop of it on the tail of a dog would kill a man.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Gravitation is such that if there were none of it we should fly away.

Definition of salt: Salt is what makes potatoes taste not so good if you don't put any on them.

NO CAUSE FOR CONDOLENCE

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, "I have been on my feet for nearly ten minutes, but there is so much interruption I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, my friend," came a voice from the rear, "you are not missin' much."

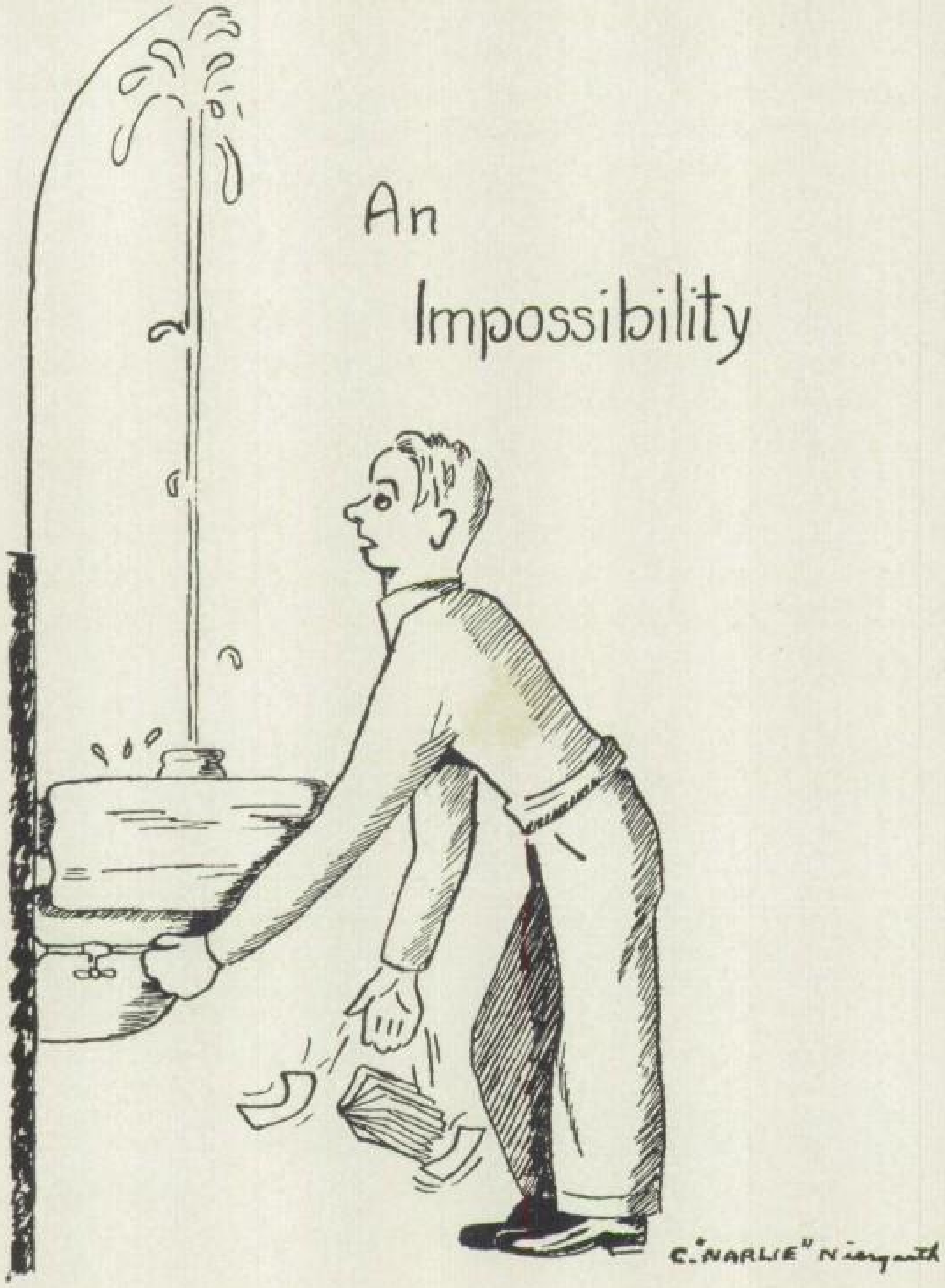
* * *

AT LAST!

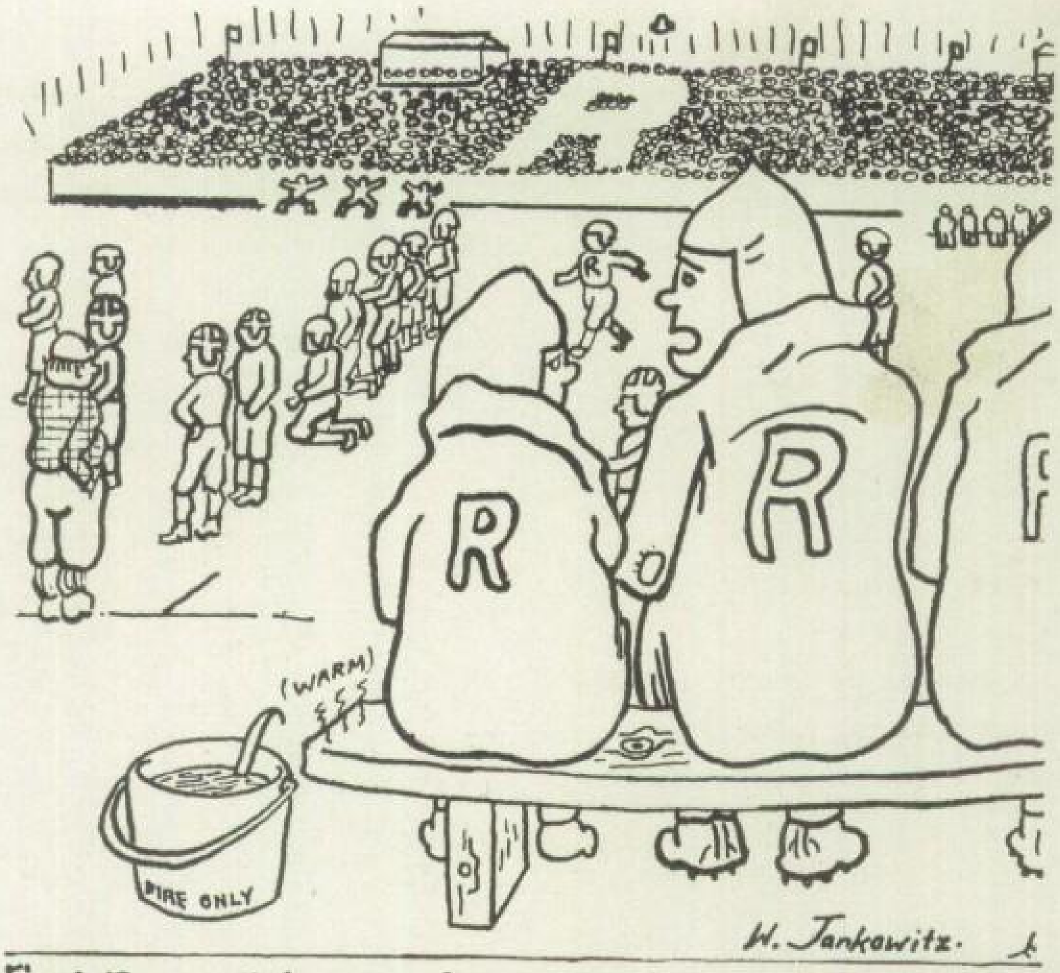
"I've an invention at last that will mean a fortune!"

"What is it this time?"

"Why, it's an extra key for a typewriter. When you don't know how to spell a word you hit that key, and it makes a blur that might be an e, an a, or almost anything else you like."



An Impossibility



First Bench Warmer: What they looking for?
Second Bench Warmer: On the last play, Schultz worked the hidden ball trick, and now he can't remember where he hid the ball....

OVERHEARD ON THE COURT

"Is he much of a tennis player?"

"Well, he admits he is singularly bad in doubles, and everyone else says he is doubly bad in singles."

* * *

MINOR EMERGENCIES

Searching for needles in a portable phonograph.

Tying a bow tie.

Putting up a one-man top.

Accepting a collect telegram.

Turning off a strange radio.

Hunting for a blotter.

Changing razor blades.

Reading a timetable.

Introducing people you know by first name only.

Cashing a personal check.

AND CREAM?

Tramp: "Could you spare me something for a cup of coffee?"

Scotsman: "Hoots, mon! D'ye think I carry lumps o' sugar around in my pockets?"

* * *

NUMBER 1 SYSTEM

Ted: "Are you saving any money with your budget system?"

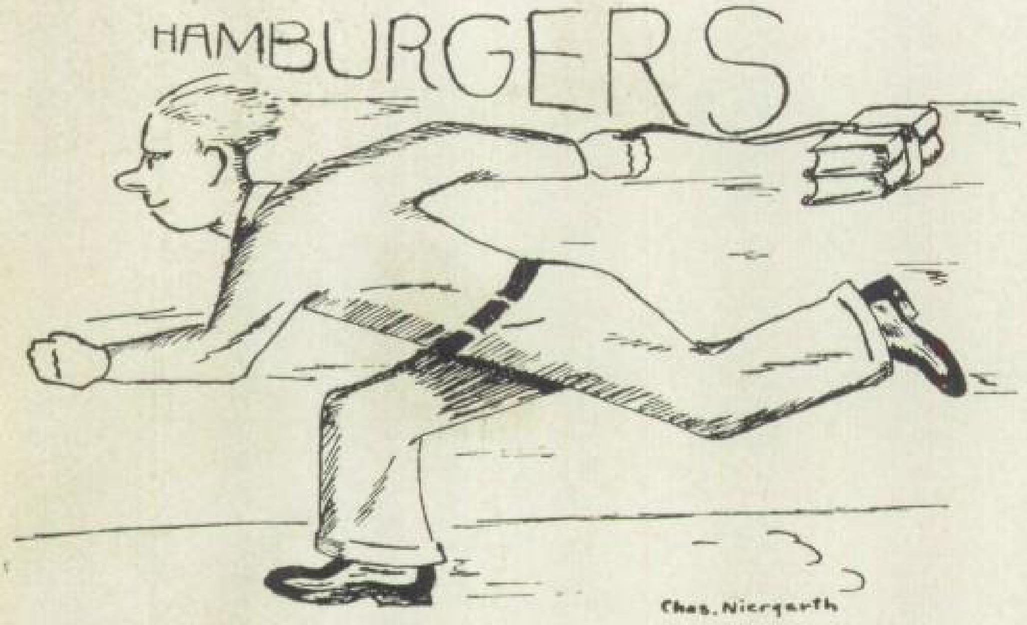
Ned: "Sure. By the time we have balanced it up every evening it's too late to go anywhere."

* * *

ROUGH STUFF

Timid Referee (at football game): "Now the last thing I wish for is unpleasantness."

Player: "Have you any more last wishes?"



Pupil: "What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

Teacher: "The law of gravity, of course."

Pupil: "Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed?"

* * *

Inquisitive Employer: "Ella, what's become of old Simon?"

Ella (the cook): "He done died wid lead poisonin'.

Employer: "Lead poisoning? I didn't know Simon was a painter."

Ella: "Nossuh, he was in de chicken business."

* * *

"Yo' sells fire insurance?" asked the colored woman.

"Certainly," replied the insurance agent politely. "What premises do you want covered?"

"Naw premises at all; it's ma old man Ah wants fixed up," she said.

"Oh, then you want life insurance."

"Nossir, Ah do not. Ah wants fire insurance. Dat no-good nigger has been fired fo' times in da last fo' weeks."

* * *

CRASH! BANG!

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, Mama," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broken when it tips over."

STILL GREEN

Boss: "You are twenty minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start work at this factory?"

New Employe: "No, sir, they're always at it when I get here?"

* * *

She: "Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful? Such harmony! So inspiring!"

He: "You'll have to speak louder. Those confounded bells are making such a racket I can't hear you."

* * *

Dorothy: "But, Mother, why do you object to my becoming engaged? Is it because of my youth?"

Mother: "Yes, he's hopeless."

* * *

Mrs. Scollop: "It says here that women have more courage than men."

Mr. Scollop: "Yes, I can't imagine a man with only a quarter in his pocket trying on five or six suits of clothes."

* * *

Deigh: "There is nothing that can surpass the warmth of a woman's love."

Knite: "Oh, yes, there is—the heat of her temper."

* * *

Dr. Slycem: "And how are you feeling this morning?"

Chubbwitt: "Much better, but I am still having trouble with my heart."

Dr. Slycem: "Indeed; we must find some way to stop it."

* * *

Mettler: "I see Milt Fall is all set for his fishing trip."

Dowell: "How do you know?"

Mettler: "Last night I saw him buying an enlarging device for his kodak."

AND AIR MAIL IS QUICKER

A cub reporter was sent to interview a prima donna on the eve of her farewell tour of the States. The next day this item appeared in the paper:

"Madame S—, whose singing has charmed thousands, will depart on an extended concert tour. Her husband, also a musician, will accompany her on the flute."

It may or may not have been a coincidence that the next line read: "Try Parcel Post."

* * *

COLLEGE GIRL

"Dad," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calistenics."

"Well, daughter," replied the fond father, "if your heart's set on him, I haven't a word to say, but I always did hope you'd marry an American."

Speed Fiend (as he slowed down a bit): "Whee! Don't you feel glad you're alive?"

Timid Passenger: "Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed."

* * *

PROFITABLE EXCHANGE

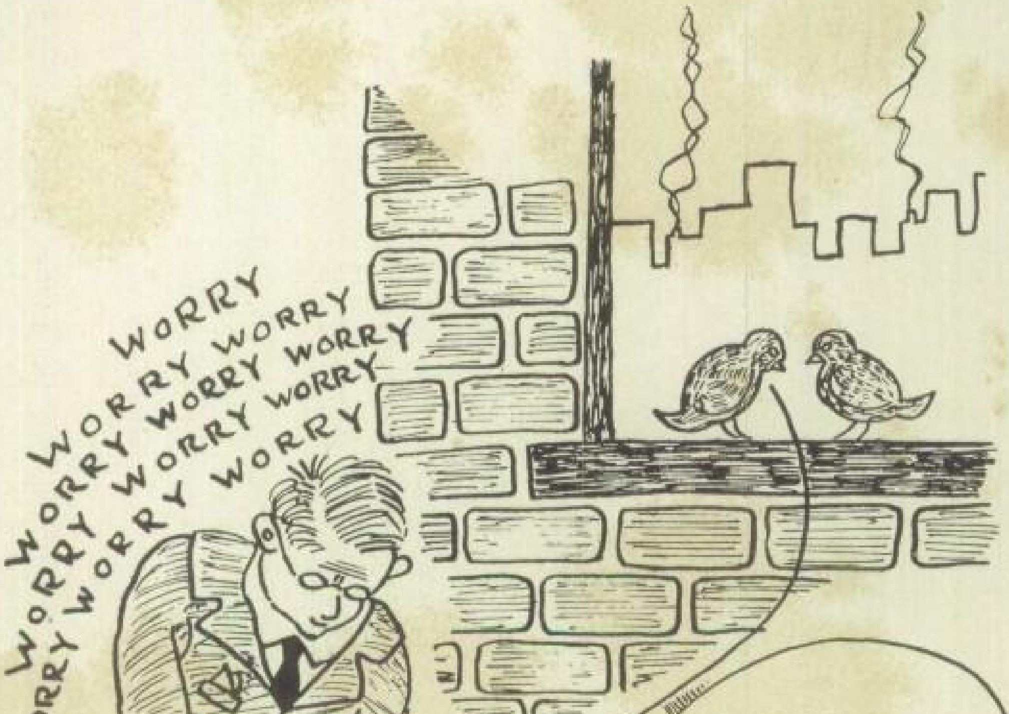
Head Clerk: "I am very sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place?"

Manager: "Very much, if you can get the undertaker to arrange it."

* * *

A mother was pleased one Sunday morning to see her usually restless young son remain with head bowed and hands clasped through a lengthy prayer at church services. At home she told him how pleased she was by his attention.

"Oh," he said, "that was because a fly walked in and out of my hand exactly one hundred and sixty-seven times."


WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY
SHH... SHH! THAT'S THE EDITOR OF BWANA! ...
bob lewis fecit.

Rosemary Becker